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Montana. Historical society.
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CONTRIBUTIONS

TO THE

Historical Society of Montana;

WITH ITS

TRANSACTIONS, ACT OF INCORPORATION,
CONSTITUTION, ORDINANCES,

OFFICERS AND MEMBERS.

VOL. I.

HELENA. MONTANA :
ROCKY MOUNTAIN PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1876.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Historical Society of Montana was incorporated by an act of the Legislative Assembly, approved February 2, 1865. To it was confided the trust of accumulating information illustrative of the early history of the region of country embraced in what is now the Territory of Montana. The trust seemed, at first, a barren and thankless one. There is not, probably, in the United States a region of equal area about which so little information can be gleaned as that parallelogram along their northern border which contains the springs of the Columbia and the Missouri.

In the discharge of the trust thus confided to the Society, it has sought to gather from this barren field such information as books would afford, and to acquire from the adventurers and early pioneers whatever of interest their memories had preserved.

The Territory seems to have been just between the two lines of early travel across the continent. To the north, the fur-traders from Montreal, passing through Lake Superior to Lake Winnipeg, and thence up the Saskatchewan, across the Rocky Mountains, to the Flatbow river, proceeded down the Columbia. At a later day, but early in the present century, adventurous traders from St. Louis and New York, passing up the Platte and through the South Pass, crossed Green river to the Lewis Fork of the Columbia, and passed by Fort Hall down toward Astoria. The travelers along the northern line of communication

do not seem to have deflected so far from their route as to have familiarized themselves with the topography or geographical features of the Territory. Those who journeyed along the southern line, making Deer creek, Green river, Cache valley, or Fort Hall their rendezvous, pursued the vocation of trappers, hunters, or traders throughout the adjacent country, and not unfrequently visited our Territory. Indeed, at an early day the Missouri and Yellowstone rivers were utilized as means of transportation; and long before 1832, when the steamboat ("The Yellowstone") first greeted the astonished gaze of the Assiniboines at Fort Union, their waters had borne large fortunes from "the shining mountains" to St. Louis, in the shape of furs and peltries which had been gathered in this region. Prior to these events, indeed, the country had been visited, perhaps, by devoted missionaries—certainly by that strange class of people which, for want of an apt name, we may designate as "Leather Stockings." Not that they had much in common with "Hawk-eye," or Natty Bumppo. Indeed, it may be doubted whether that character, as drawn by Cooper, ever had a very faithful representative in actual life.

The representatives of the white race among the red men of the remote West seldom returned to civilization. They were a gloomy, reticent, moody class, sometimes mingling in the exciting episodes of savage life, but, so far as can be ascertained, maintaining in every exigency a stolid imperturbability.

Those who left the employ of the Hudson Bay Company were mostly natives of the Orkney Islands, and bore the impress of the Vikings and Jarls, whom their ancestors too well knew. Those who left the employ of the other fur companies, or drifted independently to the haunts of

the Indians, were mostly French Canadians, doing little, save in exceptional instances, to retrieve the reputation of their people for supreme thriftlessness. The influence of this class of persons upon the Indian tribes was small. Trapping, hunting, and fishing were alike their amusement and toil, and success in these filled the measure of their ambition.

It is believed that this class of persons were not rare in this country a century ago. Nor is it probable that the devoted Catholic missionaries were wholly unknown in this region at that early time; but many difficulties conspire to prevent a verification of this fact. Coronado, in search of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," journeyed from Mexico to Arizona, and, searching for Quivira, traveled a short distance south of Montana, in 1541, where he lost some of his followers by desertion. It is not improbable that some of them became identified with the surrounding Indian tribes, and may have been the advance guard of the Leather Stockings in Montana. Indeed, from the time of the expeditions of Hernando Cortez and Ferdinand DeSoto to the expedition of Governor Stevens, desertions to the Indians have been frequent causes of complaint on the part of the commanders. Fifteen or twenty years after the expedition of Lewis and Clarke, another government expedition came to what is now Montana, or, at least, to Fort Union, from which point a detachment visited the mouth of Milk river. Thenceforward, with characteristic enterprise and vigor, succeeding expeditions have followed, until there is little that is not known of the general topography of the country.

The Indian history in Montana during the last and first third of the present century is much obscured. Nor are we encouraged to believe that we can lift the veil which

hides the story of the rise and fall of their nations—the migrations, misfortunes, and disasters of the tribe—the names or histories of the warriors who rode forth with valor and confidence to many a bloody fray.

The fur trade has a romance all its own, fortunately not wholly—perhaps not largely—lost to mankind; and to the relation of this story we propose to devote such attention as seems proper. To this end, in past times, the society has sought to accumulate all the information extant in the form of written reports, books of adventure, or in any way descriptive of this branch of industry. All the markets of our own country have been searched, and, in instances where it seemed probable that valuable information could be obtained, the society has secured books from foreign countries which were out of print, by advertising for them in bulletins for that purpose. A sketch of pleasure-seekers, who visited these regions before their occupancy by civilized man, has attractions justifying our attention. The story of the early discovery of the wonders along the Madison and Yellowstone rivers, in the form of thermal springs and geysers, is of interest, which the society seeks to preserve. The discovery of the gold and silver mines; the settlement of the country; the development of the various industries here; the history of towns and communities; sketches of various officials and administrations; the story of our early social disorder; the perils, sacrifices, and labors of our early pioneers; the material, social, intellectual, and religious progress of our people—all justify the attention of the society.

These various subjects the society has sought to care for in a spirit of fidelity to its mission. It has not considered that it was its province to pass judgment upon events,

but to gather facts with impartial justice. It does not trouble itself to approve or condemn, but to preserve.

In pursuit of the purposes herein indicated, the society had accumulated a respectable library of books, some of which had been procured after much trouble, and were of great value. It had manuscripts, too, pertaining to the matters which interested it, of great merit. It had a collection of territorial newspapers, nearly complete, which it highly prized. Indeed, it is not believed that a collection so complete is now in existence. To preserve this property securely has been an object of solicitude to the officers of the society. The library buildings in Helena had been once tried by fire, and had survived a threatening and dangerous conflagration; and here the society had deposited for safe-keeping its valuable collection, in rooms secured to it for that purpose. But, on the morning of the 9th of January, 1874, the larger portion of the town was burned so unexpectedly and so suddenly that only a small part of the possessions of the society was preserved. The story of Chicago, and of Boston—that there are scarce any actual fire-proof buildings—was repeated, and, as a result, the Historical Society suffered a great, and, in some particulars, an irretrievable disaster. Nothing daunted, it is pursuing its purpose industriously and persistently. Relying largely on the devotion of our own citizens, and of its members, it has nevertheless received encouragement and aid from sister societies; from officers of the Federal, State, and territorial governments; from many gentlemen interested in historical inquiry, and from authors and publishers, which it would not ask, and for which it has not dared to hope. A continuation of this aid will add much to the efficiency of the society.

As indicating the character of information and contributions which the society desires, we mention :

1. Manuscripts and diaries giving a sketch of the country, or of events occurring therein—those kept at the various forts and trading-posts, prior to the settlement of the Territory, being especially desirable.

2. Files of newspapers, complete or partial, heretofore published in the Territory. To replace the files lost by the fire, any contribution will be valuable ; and, where desired, the society will undertake to return to the donors those not needed to complete its files. A special effort on the part of the people, at once, is the only possible method of preserving, with any completeness, the list of various newspapers heretofore published in the Territory.

3. Early maps of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Columbia valleys.

4. Reports of government expeditions from the Mississippi or Missouri river, across the plains, or to the Rocky Mountains, or up the Missouri river.

5. Reports of private expeditions of adventure or business upon the plains or in the Rocky Mountains.

6. Sketches of journeys in the territories heretofore under the jurisdiction of the Hudson Bay Company.

7. Biographies of missionaries, and of the leading traders and trappers connected with the fur trade, and histories of the Northwest Fur Company, the Columbia Fur Company, the Pacific Fur Company, the American Fur Company, the Missouri Fur Company, the Hudson Bay Company, and of the independent expeditions of Captain Nathaniel Wyeth, Major Pilcher, Captain Bonneville, and others.

8. Histories of the Indian tribes, and such special information as to the tribes of the plains and the Rocky

Mountains as will illustrate their characteristics, or give information of their wars, migrations, expeditions, treaties, reservations, hunting-grounds, chiefs, and numbers, with information of missionary labors in their behalf.

9. Information as to the location of the various trading-posts and forts of the fur companies, along the Yellowstone, Columbia, and Missouri, and their tributaries.

10. Legislative journals of the States and Territories under the jurisdiction of which Montana was, at any time prior to 1864.

11. Statistical and historical documents of the States and Territories published by them.

12. Histories of the discoveries of mines, the settlement of towns, prospecting expeditions, and descriptions of current events in the Territory, as they are seen day by day.

13. Books for its library—historical, biographical, or otherwise. The library, under restrictions adopted to preserve it intact, is for the use of our citizens generally.

14. Contributions to its cabinet. As this is the only cabinet of a permanent public society preserved for the whole Territory, it is hoped that whatever is appropriate, curious, and rare will be preserved therein, and no longer scattered abroad.

15. Catalogues of works relating to American history, and any information of books or manuscripts of local interest to the society.

The contributions herewith published have been accumulating since our fire, and they will be followed by others of increasing interest. The memoirs of the members of the society contained in this volume possess a claim of local interest to the citizens of the Territory, which they will not elsewhere attain, for the subjects were widely known, and resided within the limits of Montana long before there

were organized communities of civilized men here. In the hope that this volume will intensify the interest which is felt in our local history, and that it will be accepted as a personal appeal to each of the pioneers and others to place their experiences here in an enduring form among our archives, it is issued by the directors of the society, in fulfillment of a duty, and in partial discharge of a trust which they sincerely hope may be more adequately and worthily discharged in the future.

OFFICERS

OF THE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA.

1876.

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Helena, Montana.

VICE-PRESIDENT.

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“ CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.	“ JOSEPH HENRY.

* Deceased.

ACT OF INCORPORATION.

AN ACT to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana.

SECTION I. *Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana,* That in order to collect and arrange facts in regard to the early history of this Territory, the discovery of its mines, incidents of the fur trade, etc., H. L. Hosmer, C. P. Higgins, John Owen, James Stuart, W. F. Sanders, Malcolm Clark, F. M. Thompson, William Graham, Granville Stuart, W. W. De Lacy, C. E. Irvine, and Charles S. Bagg, their associates and successors, are hereby made and constituted a body politic, under the name and style of the Historical Society of Montana.

SEC. II. Said corporation may have and use a common seal, and alter the same at pleasure, and shall have power in its corporate name to sue and be sued, to contract and be contracted with, plead and be impleaded, in any of the courts of law and equity in this Territory, and own such real estate as may be necessary for the transaction of *their* business.

SEC. III. The persons herein named, or a majority of them, shall meet at such time and place as may be designated by a call signed by at least three of the persons named in this act, to be published in some newspaper in this Territory, and choose a president, secretary, treasurer, historian, and a board of five trustees, which officers shall continue in office one year, or until others are chosen in their places.

SEC. IV. The board of directors, or a quorum thereof, shall have power to form such by-laws and ordinances as shall from time to time seem to them needful and proper, and to alter and amend the same at their pleasure, in accordance with the constitution of the United States and the laws of this Territory.

SEC. V. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved February 2, 1865.

AN ACT to amend an act entitled an act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana.

SECTION I. *Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana*, That the act entitled "an act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana," approved February 2, 1865, be amended by adding to section three thereof the following: "And there shall be an annual meeting of said society, at such time and place as the said and other officers and members thereof shall determine; and if they shall fail to fix a time and place for such meeting, then said society shall hold its annual meeting at a time and place to be designated by the president and secretary, of which there shall be at least three weeks' notice published in a newspaper of the city where said meeting shall be held, at which meeting those present shall constitute a quorum.

SEC. II. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Approved May 5, 1873.

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AN ACT making certain appropriations to the Historical Society. . .

SECTION I. *Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Montana, . . .*

SEC. II. That the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars be and the same is hereby appropriated each year out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to the Historical Society of Montana, to be expended for the purchase of manuscripts and books illustrating the early history of the region of country now embraced within this Territory, and in paying the postage and express charges thereon, and for such necessary printing as its officers may deem necessary, to be expended by the president, secretary, and librarian thereof.

SEC. III. That on or before the 1st day of June, 1873, and each year thereafter, before said date, it shall be the duty of the territorial auditor, upon the request of . . . the officers of the Historical Society mentioned in section two of this act, or any two of them, to draw his warrant on the territorial treasurer for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, payable to the order of said officers, or one of them, and deliver the same to them, or some one of them, in pursuance of this act, and annually thereafter to draw and deliver like warrants, on or before June 1st of each year, and to deliver the same as is herein provided in this section, and according to section two of this act, in like form and with like interest and payable on like terms as are other warrants on the treasury; *provided*, that the . . . officers of said society shall annually, on or before December 1st of each year hereafter, make to the governor of the Territory a report of the expenditure of said money and the condition of the . . . *library*, with

such suggestions as to *its* increase and usefulness as may occur to them, with such other information as in their judgment would be of interest to the people of the Territory, and which said *report* the governor shall transmit to the legislative assembly; *and provided further*, that if the said auditor shall see fit, he may at any time require security for the faithful application of said moneys so appropriated, and unless said society shall accept the terms and conditions in this section imposed as to its report, and signify the same to said auditor within six months from the taking effect of this act, it shall not be entitled to avail itself of the privileges and advantages conferred by this act thereafter.

SEC. IV. . . .

Approved May 7, 1873.

CONSTITUTION
OF THE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA.

ARTICLE I.

This association shall be styled "The Historical Society of Montana."

ARTICLE II.

The society shall consist of the members named in the act of incorporation, and such associates as they shall, in the manner in this constitution prescribed, elect active members, and said corporators and associates and their survivors and successors, at no time exceeding twenty-five in number, shall forever hereafter constitute "The Historical Society of Montana."

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this society shall be chosen by ballot at each annual election, from the corporators or those whom the society shall have elected active members, and shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, a treasurer, and a librarian, who shall hold their offices for one year, and until their successors respectively shall have been chosen and qualified. Said officers shall constitute the board of directors of the society.

ARTICLE IV.

The president, or, in his absence, the vice-president, or, in their absence, any member of the society selected on the occasion, shall preside at the annual or any special meeting of the society, and at the regular or any special meeting of the board of directors. Such presiding officer shall preserve order, regulate the method of proceeding, and shall be entitled to vote upon all matters coming before the meeting over which he presides. The president shall make and sign all official reports, approve all bonds herein required, and see that the same are properly recorded. He may convene special meetings of the board of directors, whenever in his judgment the exigencies of the occasion require such meeting, and upon the request of a majority of the board of directors, he may convene a special meeting of the members of the society.

ARTICLE V.

In the absence of the president from any meeting of the society or board of directors, the vice-president shall discharge the duties appertaining to the office of president.

ARTICLE VI.

The corresponding secretary shall conduct the correspondence of the society; he shall preserve for the society the official communications addressed to him, and keep copies of important official letters written by him; he shall collect or cause to be collected moneys due to the society, and pay the same to the treasurer; he shall edit and supervise, under the direction of the board of directors, the publications of the society, direct the literary exchanges, and take such action as in his judgment will promote the collection of historical data pertaining to Montana.

ARTICLE VII.

The recording secretary shall preserve a full and correct record of the proceedings of all meetings of the society and board of directors; make such reports as may be required; record all bonds given to the society by its officers; prepare all bonds required to be given by it; give all notices of the meetings of the society, executive committee, or board of directors, and always keep his records open for the inspection of any member of the society. He shall cause this constitution to be recorded in a book for that purpose, and procure the signatures of the members of the society thereto, and record the ordinances adopted by the board of directors.

ARTICLE VIII.

The treasurer shall receive and have charge of all moneys due or donated to the society; keep an account thereof; pay out such sums as he may be authorized on the warrant of the recording secretary and president; keep a correct account with each member, and make an annual report of the financial condition of the society, and whenever thereto required by the board of directors or president, shall present an exhibit of the financial situation of the society.

ARTICLE IX.

The librarian shall have charge of and be responsible for the books, manuscripts, cabinet-minerals, and other collections of the society; he shall arrange, number, and keep a catalogue and description of the same; shall make an annual report of the additions thereto during the year, with the names of the donors, and the date and character of the donation; keep an account of the books, and permit

them to be used on such terms and conditions by the members and others as the board of directors shall prescribe, and shall respond to all calls which the society, board of directors, or president shall make on him for information touching the matters under his charge, and in his annual report shall make suggestions as to the methods by which the usefulness and efficiency of the library can be augmented, as he shall deem proper.

ARTICLE X.

The board of directors shall meet at the rooms of the library of the association, on the first Saturday evening of March, July, and November of each year, when the members of said board present shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business. The board may have charge of said library and the cabinet, and direct the expenditure of the funds of the society, select the books to be purchased, and adopt ordinances consistent with this constitution for its government, which may be changed only by a two-thirds vote of said board, after notice given at a previous meeting, in writing, of the proposed change.

ARTICLE XI.

Honorary members elected unanimously by ballot by the board of directors, in recognition of their interest in the welfare of the society, shall not be required to pay any admission fee nor annual dues, nor shall they be deemed or taken to be the associates or successors of the corporators provided for in the act of incorporation mentioned in Section II. of this constitution, nor shall they be entitled to vote at any meeting of the society.

ARTICLE XII.

The annual meeting of this society shall be held at such time and place as a majority of the board of directors shall determine, notice thereof being published for three weeks in such newspapers as they shall designate, and the corporators and active members in attendance on such meeting shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

ARTICLE XIII.

No person shall be elected an active member of the society save at an annual meeting, upon his application therefor, preferred in writing to the recording secretary, at least three months prior to such meeting, nor shall any person be deemed elected, except upon a ballot taken for that purpose it shall appear that the members balloting unani- mously approve his admission; nor shall any application of a person to become an active member be balloted upon, if the admission of such person would, with the corporators and active members living, increase the number to more than twenty-five members.

ARTICLE XIV.

Special meetings of the society shall be called by the president and recording secretary, upon the request of a majority of the resident members, three weeks' notice of such meeting being given in such newspapers as said officers shall designate.

ARTICLE XV.

The board of directors shall constitute a committee of publication, and they shall select such papers as in their judgment will be of interest pertaining to the local history of Montana, and they shall superintend the publica-

tion and distribution thereof. The board of directors shall make an annual report to the society.

ARTICLE XVI.

Any member of the society resident of Montana, entitled to vote therein, who can not attend any regular or special meeting of the society, may, by a writing over his own proper signature, inform the recording secretary of his desire to cast a vote on any one or more special matters to come before such meeting, and how he desires to vote thereon, and if he shall so direct, said letter being produced, the recording secretary shall cast the vote of such absent resident member according to such written instructions.

ARTICLE XVII.

The society will accept from each of the corporators and their associates the sum of ten dollars (\$10) annually, and the admission fee shall be twenty dollars (\$20), which shall accompany the application for membership, and be paid to the recording secretary, and by him to the treasurer.

ARTICLE XVIII.

In addition to the duties prescribed in this constitution to the various officers, they shall perform such duties respectively as usually appertain to their several offices, and take such action as will promote the usefulness and efficiency of the society, and bring it to the notice of and into correspondence with other similar societies, and secure an interchange of collections, transactions, and contributions.

ARTICLE XIX.

The report required by law from the society shall be made by the president to the governor, and each officer shall make a report to the society at the annual meeting.

ARTICLE XX.

At the annual meeting, persons eminent for scientific and literary attainments, and whose labors have been promotive of historical inquiry, may be admitted corresponding members of the society.

ARTICLE XXI.

No proposition to abrogate or amend this constitution, or any part thereof, shall be entertained but at a regular meeting of the society, nor until each resident member shall have had three months' notice of the proposed change, nor until, upon a ballot for that purpose, it shall appear that two-thirds of the active members voting have voted in favor of the proposed change.

TRANSACTIONS.

February 25, 1865.

At a meeting of the corporators of the Historical Society of Montana, held at the office of Messrs. Dance & Stuart, at Virginia City, Montana, pursuant to a notice published in the *Montana Post*, on the 25th day of February, A. D. 1865, a majority of the corporators named in the act of incorporation were present, and the meeting was called to order by Chief Justice Hez. L. Hosmer. Upon a motion for the purpose, Wilbur F. Sanders, Esq., was elected temporary president, and Mr. Granville Stuart, secretary. The "act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana" was then read, and on motion it was resolved that we will and hereby do accept the said act of incorporation upon the terms and conditions, and for the purposes therein set forth, and will proceed to organize thereunder. Upon a motion made by Mr. Frank M. Thompson, which was carried, that the temporary president appoint committees on permanent organization and on a constitution and by-laws, the president appointed a committee on permanent organization, as follows: Frank M. Thompson, Granville Stuart, and Malcolm Clark; and on a constitution and by-laws, as follows: Hon. Hez. L. Hosmer, Charles S. Bagg, Esq., and Mr. James Stuart. On motion, it was voted that the persons named in the act of incorporation be invited to meet at this place on Saturday, March 25, 1865, at 8 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of a permanent organization of the society, and for the transaction of such further business as shall be brought before said meeting; where-

upon the society adjourned to meet on the 25th day of March, A. D. 1865, at 8 o'clock P. M.

W. F. SANDERS,

Attest :

President pro tempore.

GRANVILLE STUART,

Secretary pro tempore.

March 25, 1865.

Pursuant to the adjournment, there was a meeting of the Historical Society of Montana held at the office of Messrs. Dance & Stuart, in Virginia City, at 8 o'clock P. M., of March 25, 1865, a majority of the members being present.

On motion of Hon. Hez. L. Hosmer, the following resolution was adopted :

Resolved, That the members present at any meeting of the society of which a notice has been given for four weeks previously in any newspaper published in the Territory, shall constitute a quorum to transact its business.

On motion of Hon. Hez. L. Hosmer, it was voted that persons who reside in this Territory may be admitted members of the society upon the same footing as the corporate members thereof. On motion of Mr. Thompson, Mr. Walter B. Dance was elected a member of said society, with all the rights and privileges which appertain to the other members thereof. The committee on permanent organization, heretofore appointed, through its chairman, Mr. Thompson, made the following report :

MR. PRESIDENT:—Your committee, appointed to nominate permanent officers for the Historical Society of Montana, beg leave to offer the following names for the respective offices designated :

For President—Wilbur F. Sanders.

For Secretary and Treasurer—Granville Stuart.

For Historian—Hez. L. Hosmer.

For Board of Directors—Hez. L. Hosmer, W. F. Sanders, Malcolm Clark, Chris. P. Higgins, Walter W. De Lacy.

Respectfully submitted,

F. M. THOMPSON,

Chairman Committee.

And on motion it was voted that the report of the committee be adopted. Upon a motion that a committee be appointed to examine and report upon the names of applicants for membership in the society, the same was carried in the affirmative, and the following members were appointed such committee: Walter B. Dance, Granville Stuart, and Charles S. Bagg. The following members were appointed to prepare a design for a seal for the society, to wit: Granville Stuart, F. M. Thompson, and Hez. L. Hosmer. And thereupon, no further business appearing to be ready, the society, on motion of Mr. Dance, adjourned to meet at the same place and hour on Saturday, April 1, A. D. 1865.

W. F. SANDERS,

President.

Attest:

GRANVILLE STUART,

Secretary.

October 24, 1873.

A notice having been published in the *New Northwest*, a newspaper published in Deer Lodge City, Deer Lodge county, Montana, for five weeks, under the hand of the president and secretary, giving notice that there would be a meeting of the Historical Society of Montana held at the court-house, at said Deer Lodge City, at 2 o'clock

P. M., of October 24, 1873, and the hour named having arrived, and a quorum of the members having assembled at the time and place designated in said notice, the meeting was called to order by the president, and the secretary being absent, Charles S. Bagg, Esq., was elected secretary *pro tempore*. The president laid before the society a certified copy of an act entitled "an act to amend an act entitled 'an act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana,'" and, on motion, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That this society will, and it does hereby accept, approve, and adopt the act entitled "an act to amend an act entitled 'an act to incorporate the Historical Society of Montana,'" approved May 5, 1873, and henceforth the same shall be taken, deemed, and held to be a part and parcel of the act of incorporation.

Whereupon the society adjourned to meet at the same place, at 9 o'clock A. M., of October 25, 1873.

The hour of 9 o'clock A. M., of October 25, 1873, having arrived, the meeting was called to order, a quorum being present. A duly certified copy of an act entitled "an act making certain appropriations to the Historical Society and the Territorial Law Library," approved May 7, 1873, was presented to the society, whereupon the following resolution was offered, and, on motion therefor, was adopted:

Resolved, That upon the terms and conditions set forth in the act making an appropriation to this society, it will and does hereby accept the same, and it is hereby made the duty of the president to make any and all reports in

said act required, and to that end he is hereby authorized to request from the secretary, treasurer, and librarian, or any other officer of the society, a report of such facts as he may require therefor.

The following resolution was presented :

Resolved, That the following persons, citizens of the Territory of Montana, upon their application therefor—to wit, James Fergus, Samuel T. Hauser, Charles S. Warren, Cornelius Hedges, William W. Alderson, Matthew Carroll, William E. Cullen, and Charles Rumley—be and each of them are hereby elected active members of the Historical Society of Montana, and upon paying the admission fee and signing the constitution, as hereafter to be provided, are hereby invested with all the rights and privileges of said society, as fully as if they had been corporate members thereof.

And the same having been considered, and each person whose name was proposed unanimously indorsed, the motion was adopted.

The following resolution was presented :

Resolved, That the following persons, in recognition of their eminent scientific and literary attainments, be and they are hereby elected corresponding members of the Historical Society of Montana, to wit: George Bancroft, John Lathrop Motley, Charles Francis Adams, Francis Parkman, Louis Agassiz, and Joseph Henry.

And the persons whose names were therein mentioned, having each been separately considered and approved, the said resolution was unanimously passed in the affirmative.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted :

Resolved, That the following persons—to wit, James Tufts, James H. Mills, James F. Williams, Daniel S. Durrie, Charles Astor Bristed, James Parton, J. Carson Brevoort,

John J. Astor, Addison Smith, John P. Bruce, John A. Creighton, Martin Maginnis, William H. Clagett, Hugh McQuaid, Frank H. Woody, Washington J. McCormick, George M. Pinney, George F. Cope, Robert E. Fisk, Peter Ronan, Ezekiel S. Wilkinson, Joseph Wright, Leander M. Black, John C. Kerley, Daniel W. Tilton, Joseph Magee, Charlotte O. Van Cleve, Alexander Culbertson, Addison M. Quivey, Henry N. Maguire, Calcium C. Clawson, Harry J. Norton, Hamilton Fish, Robert Clarke, Francis Bret Harte, J. C. Baneroff Davis, Silas H. Crouse, Warren R. Turk—and each of them, be and they are hereby elected honorary members of the Historical Society of Montana.

The following resolution—to wit: *Resolved*, That this society has learned with sincere sorrow of the death of James Stuart, one of its corporate members, and desiring to record its appreciation of his services to the society and to the Territory at large, it will prepare, under the direction of the corresponding secretary, a memoir of the life of the deceased, to be published in its collections—was presented, and the question being upon its adoption, it was carried in the affirmative.

On motion, it was voted that we will now proceed to the consideration and adoption of a constitution for the better regulation and government of the affairs of the society. Whereupon, the following constitution was considered and adopted. (For this constitution, see *ante*, pp. 20 to 26.)

The following preamble and resolution was presented and considered:

WHEREAS, No public society has yet made any special effort to gather a cabinet of minerals and other rare and curious specimens in natural history in this Territory, but the same has been heretofore left to the inadequate efforts of private citizens; and when so by them gathered, such

collections have been forwarded to places without the Territory, and have become lost to our people; and

WHEREAS, This society seems the appropriate guardian of such a collection: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we will take charge of all curiosities appropriate to such a collection, and all specimens of valuable minerals, fossils, and petrifications as shall be presented to the society without charge to it, and will preserve the same for public examination, to the end that Montana may have one cabinet to attest her resources and her fertility in curious and rare contributions to natural history; and that the board of directors be requested to carry the purpose herein expressed into full effect.

Whereupon, upon a motion therefor, the same was unanimously adopted.

The society thereupon proceeded to elect officers to fill the vacancies in the offices created by the constitution just adopted, and Charles S. Bagg, Esq., was elected vice-president; Cornelius Hedges, Esq., was elected recording secretary; Samuel T. Hauser was elected treasurer; and William E. Cullen was elected librarian.

No further business being presented to the society, upon motion, it adjourned to meet at the next annual meeting to be called as in the constitution is provided.

W. F. SANDERS,

President.

CHARLES S. BAGG,

Secretary pro tempore.

Pursuant to a notice for that purpose, published, by order of the board of directors, in the *Helena Herald*, previous to such meeting, there was an annual meeting of the His-

tical Society of Montana held at the office of the secretary, in Helena, on the 19th day of April, 1875, at which a quorum of the members was present.

The meeting was called to order by the president, and, upon a motion for that purpose, the meeting was adjourned to 8 o'clock P. M., of April 20, 1875.

At 8 o'clock P. M., of April 20, 1875, the society met, and, on motion, it was further adjourned to 9 o'clock A. M., of April 21, 1875.

April 21, 1875, 9 o'clock A. M., the Historical Society of Montana met, pursuant to its adjournment, at the office of the secretary.

A motion was made, which was carried in the affirmative, that the members present proceed to elect officers for the ensuing year. Whereupon, the following officers were elected:

President—Wilbur F. Sanders.

Vice-President—Granville Stuart.

Corresponding Secretary—William E. Cullen.

Recording Secretary—Cornelius Hedges.

Treasurer—Samuel T. Hauser.

Librarian—Charles Rumley.

The following persons, residents of Montana, upon their application for membership, were proposed as active members, to wit: Erasmus D. Leavitt, Perry W. McAdow, Henry N. Blake, William A. Clark, and Louis R. Maillet. And each application being first separately considered by the society, and a separate ballot had thereon, the said

Erasmus D. Leavitt, Perry W. McAdow, Henry N. Blake, William A. Clark, and Louis R. Maillet were elected active members of the society. And it was resolved that upon their signing the constitution and paying the admission fee, that they and each of them be admitted active members of the society, with all the rights, privileges, and authority of the corporate members thereof.

Upon a motion therefor, the following persons were severally elected honorary members of the Historical Society of Montana, to wit: Hon. Sidney Edgerton, Hon. Green Clay Smith, Hon. James M. Ashley, Hon. Benjamin F. Potts, Hon. Decius S. Wade, Hon. Hiram Knowles, Hon. Francis G. Servis, John V. Bogert, James M. Arnoux, Brev. Brig.-Gen. John Gibbon, George Clendemin, Jr., Hazard W. Stevens, Rev. Antoine Ravalli, Rt. Rev. Daniel S. Tuttle, Nathaniel P. Langford, Thomas Lavatta, Thomas Pambrun, George D. C. Hibbs, Edwin R. Purple, John W. Powell, James Lenox, James E. Callaway, Wiley S. Scribner, W. Egbert Smith, Thomas Deyarman, Chauncey Barbour, Hubert H. Bancroft, John Mullan, Frank L. Worden, William B. S. Higgins, Oswald C. Mortson, James H. Bradley, Walter W. Johnson, John Potter, Thomas P. Roberts, J. Watts De Peyster, and Henry N. Blake.

There being no further business before the society, upon a motion therefor, it was adjourned until the next annual meeting.

W. F. SANDERS,

President.

CORNELIUS HEDGES,

Recording Secretary.

A MEMOIR
OF THE
LIFE OF JAMES STUART,

A Pioneer of Montana, and a Corporate Member of the Historical Society.

BY GRANVILLE STUART.

JAMES STUART was born in Harrison county, Virginia, March 14, 1832. His parents, Robert and Nancy C. Stuart, removed to Bureau county, Illinois, in 1836, remaining there about two years. In 1838, they again removed to Muscatine county, Iowa, which was then almost exclusively in possession of the various tribes of Indians, such as the Iowas, Sacs and Foxes, and Musquakees.

Here James spent his boyhood, among the scenes and incidents usual to a pioneer family in the Western wilds. He received the rudiments of an education at home from his father and mother, supplemented by an occasional three months term of backwoods school, and completed by a twelve months course, in 1847-48, in a high school, at Iowa City, of which James Harlan (afterward Senator) was principal. He was of a studious nature, and noted for his rapid progress at school; but he early evinced a bold and adventurous disposition, and was always an indefatigable hunter, and a great lover of field sports.

His father went to California in the spring of 1849, and returned home in the winter of 1851, by way of Nic-

aragua and New York. But he soon determined to return to California, and in the summer of 1852 he made the second trip, overland, accompanied by his sons, James and Granville, arriving at Neal's Ranch, in the Sacramento valley, September 28, 1852.

Their father went home in June, 1853, leaving James and Granville in the mines, they being determined to try their luck a few years longer. They mined, herded stock, etc., at different places, with varying degrees of success.

They narrowly escaped being killed on Klamath river, on the breaking out of the second Rogue River and Modoc war, in 1855. They served in the California volunteers for some time in this outbreak, and on one occasion, as James, with one companion, was returning to Shasta valley for supplies, they met two Indians who had stolen several horses out of the valley, and were taking them to the lava-beds afterward rendered historic by the murder of General Canby. The result was that the horses were returned to their owners, and those Indians stole no more.

James also went, in 1855, with a party, to prospect on the head of the Sacramento river. They passed around Shasta Butte Mountain to McCloud and Pit rivers, finding the Indians hostile. They succeeded in passing through without any loss, but found no paying mines.

In the spring of 1857, James and his brother determined to pay a visit to the States. They left Yreka, California, on the 14th of June, in company with Reece Anderson and eight others. The trip, so far as Malad creek, on the Hudspeth Cut-off (about 30 miles north of what is now Malad City, on the stage-road to Corinne), was devoid of incident, except a severe storm of rain and snow, on the 4th of July, at Stony Point, on the Humboldt river, in which the party suffered greatly, being compelled to camp

on the open plain, on account of the known hostility of the Tosa Weeh or Digger Snake Indians of that vicinity, who had murdered many emigrants there in former years.

The party reached the head of Malad creek on the 18th of July, and here Granville was taken sick with the mountain fever. After waiting about ten days, the rest of the party went on, leaving James and Granville, and Reece Anderson, at the camp of Jacob Meeks, a mountaineer trader, who had located for the summer at that point.

Before Granville had recovered so as to ride, the Mormons had all the roads leading to the States or California patrolled by Mormon troops, and arrested and carried into Salt Lake City all persons found going either way. And most of those so taken were never heard of again, for the feeling against all Gentiles was very bitter, because of the near approach of the United States army, under General A. S. Johnston.

As they could not proceed to the States, James and his brother and R. Anderson resolved to go with some mountaineers, who traded each summer with the emigrants at various points along the overland road, and who usually moved north to winter in the Beaver Head, Pah-Sammeri, and Deer Lodge valleys, in what was then Dacotah and Washington Territories—all east of the Rocky Mountains, and north of the South Pass, being in Dacotah; and all west of the range, north of the South Pass, being in Washington.

They spent the winter of 1857-58 in Beaver Head valley, and on the Big Hole river, a short distance below where Brown's bridge now stands. In the same spot were encamped Jacob Meeks, Robert Dempsey and family, Jackson Antoine Leclair and family, Oliver and Michael

Leclaire. And scattered around in a radius of twenty-five miles, the following persons also spent the winter: Richard Grant, Sr., and family, John F. Grant and family, James C. Grant, Thos. Pambrun and family, L. R. Maillet, John M. Jacobs and family, Robt. Hereford, John Morgan, John W. Powell, John Saunders, — Ross, Antoine Pourrier, and several hired men in the employ of Hereford and the Grants, whose names can not be recalled; also, Antoine Courtoi and family, and a Delaware Indian named Jim Simonds, who had a considerable quantity of goods for the Indian trade, as did also Hereford and the Grants; and most of the others had small lots of goods and trinkets, to buy horses, furs, and dressed skins from the Indians. The price of a common horse was, in those days, two blankets, one shirt, one pair cloth leggins, one small mirror, one knife, one paper of vermilion, and usually a few other trifles. A dressed deer-skin, from fifteen to twenty balls and powder; elk, twenty to twenty-five balls and powder; antelope, five to ten; beaver, twenty to twenty-five; good moccasins, ten, etc. And the Grants and the Hudson Bay men generally complained bitterly of the American hunters and adventurers having more than doubled the price of all those articles among the Indians in the last ten years, which was doubtless so.

Simonds and Hereford each had considerable whisky in their outfits, but it was only for the whites, as they did not trade it to the Indians, who were scattered about, a few families in a place, engaged in hunting and trapping. They were mostly Snakes and Bannacks, with a few Flat-heads. They did not seem to crave liquor, as most Indians do, but were quiet and unobtrusive, and as respectable as Indians ever get to be. But the whites and half-breeds drank enough while it lasted (which, fortunately,

was not long) for themselves and all the Indians in the country; and their extravagant antics were true copies of the pictures drawn by Bonneville of a mountaineer and trapper rendezvous. At times it seemed as though blood must be shed; but that Providence that seems to watch over the lives of drunken men stood by them, and the end of the liquor was reached before anybody was killed.

The time during the winter was passed in visiting one another's camps, and in hunting, which became rather monotonous before spring; but it was hunt or do without meat, and as the other supplies gave out, it was meat alone, and as all the game was poor in the spring, it was not very rich living. But as game was plenty, and James was an excellent hunter, the camp was plentifully supplied with it.

All but Captain Grant lived in elkskin lodges, which were warm and comfortable during the entire winter.

About Christmas, 1857, they were joined by ten men, under command of B. F. Ficklin, who had been teamsters in the employ of Johnston's army, and were enlisted as volunteers, and sent out from the winter-quarters at Ft. Bridger to purchase beef cattle from the mountaineers. They were guided by Ned Williamson, and found very little snow on the route.

They could not purchase cattle on terms to suit them, and fearing to return in midwinter, remained on the Big Hole until the general exodus in the spring, when they returned to Ft. Bridger, being compelled to eat some of their horses on the way, as, indeed, did also some of the mountaineers, game being unusually scarce, and the spring very stormy and bad, although the winter had been mild and pleasant.

On the 28th of March, 1858, James and his brother, R.

Anderson, and — Ross, tried to cross the divide at the head of Dry creek, above Pleasant Valley (then known as "Lodge Pole Camp"). They had twenty horses, and forced their way over to near where the Summit stage-station now stands, where they encountered a fierce, driving snow storm; and as the snow was about six feet deep, and soft, the labor of breaking a trail was so severe that their horses all became exhausted, and night coming on, they were compelled to return to their camp on Red Rock creek.

At this time there was no snow in any of the valleys, but it snowed nearly every day on the mountains, and it was deeper on all the divides than at any time during the winter.

A few of those who wintered in this region moved camp to Bitter Root and Deer Lodge valleys, and the rest were anxious to get over the divide to Snake river as soon as possible, on account of the danger of having their horses stolen by Blackfeet, who invariably, as soon as the snow left the passes in the spring, came into all this region in stealing parties; but, to their credit be it stated, they confined themselves exclusively to stealing horses, and had not for many years murdered any white men in these parts, although they could easily have done so, as the whites were few in number and widely scattered.

It being found impossible to cross the Dry Creek pass, a council was held, and it was resolved to move over and try the next one south, known as the "Medicine Lodge Pass." At this time everybody was reduced to meat straight, and it took most energetic hunting to get even that, for game of all kinds had become most unaccountably scarce.

While encamped in Sheep Horn cañon, endeavoring to kill meat enough to do them over the divide, it became

apparent that a resort must soon be had to horse flesh, and James Stuart and his companions resolved to return to Deer Lodge, where game was abundant, and kill and dry enough meat to do them to Ft. Bridger. They were also actuated by a desire to investigate the reported finding of float gold by a Red River half-breed, named Benetsee, in the lower end of Deer Lodge, in 1852, and its subsequent discovery, in 1856, by a party on their way to Salt Lake, from the Bitter Root valley.

They accordingly left the rest of the mountaineers on the 4th of April, 1858, and moved over to Deer Lodge, and found John M. Jacobs camped at the mouth of what is now Gold creek (then known as Benetsee's creek), with a band of cattle that he had taken from John F. Grant on the shares; and here they luxuriated on milk and wild game, afterward joining camp with Thomas Adams (now of Washington City, D. C.), who also had a band of cattle, and with whom they prospected on Benetsee creek, and found fair prospects near the surface. But as they had no tools, and were living on meat alone, and were much harassed by the Blackfeet, who stole four of their horses, and made nightly attempts to get the rest, they gave up prospecting, and moved up Flint creek to a point three miles above where the town of Phillipsburg now stands, where they built a corral, strong enough to bid defiance to the Blackfeet, into which they put all their horses every night.

They remained here until the game began to leave their vicinity, and then moved down on the West fork of Flint creek a few miles northwest of where the village of Emmetsburg now stands, where, being joined by Jacobs, they built a second strong corral.

At this place James Stuart met with an accident that came near being fatal. A wild horse had been lassoed and

broke loose from those holding him, and as he ran by where James was standing, the lariat took a turn round his feet, tripping him up and throwing him to the ground with great violence. He was picked up by his comrades and carried into the lodge, where he soon came to, and when asked if he was much hurt, simply answered, "No," and seemed much averse to talking. He was hurt about ten A. M., and went about the camp as usual, but was very quiet, and when spoken to he would answer sensibly, but in monosyllables, and would not converse. He would also occasionally feel his ankle and say it hurt him. About dark he was missed, and, when sought for, was found walking about in the woods near by. When asked what he was doing there, he said, "Nothing;" and when requested to return to the lodge did so without remark, and being asked to eat he said, "No, I do not want anything." About midnight he suddenly rose up and wanted to know what was the matter, and where he was; and then wanted to know how his ankle got hurt. He said he had had some strange dreams, and awoke feeling that something was the matter with him. His comrades at once gathered around him, and a few questions revealed the fact that he had been utterly unconscious of anything that had taken place about him from the time of his fall until that moment. He asked for food, and was at once apparently well, except his ankle, which troubled him for a few days, nor did he seem to experience any ill effects from his fall afterward, although it was evident that he had a narrow escape from concussion of the brain, which at that time and place would doubtless have proved fatal.

On the 14th of June, 1858, James and his three companions started for Ft. Bridger, having about twenty-five head of horses and two very light packs, for they had no

provisions except dried moose meat, with a little tallow, and their wardrobes (principally buckskin) were very light and portable. They found all the streams very high, and rafted Big Hole and Snake rivers, swimming their horses across with the saddles and most of their clothes on them, so that if the rafts should be wrecked (which was quite likely, as they were hard to manage, and the rivers were very high and fearful to look at), they would still have their horses and saddles, and some clothes left. Camas creek was also very high, but as it was only a small sluggish stream, they swam it without even dismounting.

After having crossed Snake river, while they were drying their things, Ross discovered a raven's nest in a big cottonwood near camp, and as the dried meat was almost hard and tough enough to strike fire, he said he was going to have some fresh meat, and climbing the tree, threw down four nearly full-grown ravens. "Just one apiece," he said; and he and Reece soon had them nicely dressed and fried in tallow without salt. There was a peculiar flavor and smell about the flesh that soon sent James and his brother back to their dried meat, but Ross and Anderson picked the bones of the whole four, and arose chuckling and saying that "such nice young fowls were good enough for them."

They reached Ft. Bridger on the 28th, having eaten the last of the dried meat eight hours before. The trip was devoid of startling incidents, the party having seen neither game nor Indians.

They remained here a couple of weeks and then went to Camp Floyd, some forty miles south of Salt Lake City, where Johnston's army was encamped, where they remained some two weeks, selling their horses to the soldiers and camp-followers. This camp reminded them strongly of

the good old days in California, for money (all in \$10, \$5, and \$2.50 gold coin) was plenty, and the way everybody drank, gambled, and scattered it around, was almost equal to the "days of '49." A host of gamblers had concentrated there, and many of them were at the top of the profession, and when the outsiders were "busted," they preyed upon one another, and it was beautiful to see the nerve with which they stacked up their coin on their favorite cards. Five thousand dollars was frequently won and lost on a single turn.

About the last of July, James and his brother went to Green river and began buying and trading in poor oxen with the supply trains, and here they again witnessed such carousals and orgies among the assembled "mountain men" as were almost beyond belief, and must be seen to be realized. There was some very close calls, but again their luck carried them through and none were killed.

They wintered (1858-59) on Henry's fork of Green river, and spent the following summer on Black's fork trading with the emigrants, many of whom had started for Pike's Peak (afterward Colorado) and becoming disgusted were going on to California.

They again spent the winter (1859-60) on Henry's fork, which was a favorite wintering place of the mountain men, because of the good grass, with plenty of timber and brush for shelter for cattle and horses. The snow-fall was always light, and cattle that were poor in the fall usually gained in condition all winter.

In the spring of 1860, they moved to Salt River valley, on the Lander's Cut-off on the emigrant road, and spent the summer there trading with the passing emigration. As they were moving up Green river to the Lander road, an incident occurred showing the resolute character of James. While in

camp one day, they were joined by a village of some twenty-five lodges of Bannack Indians, who encamped with them. It soon became apparent that many of them were drunk, having obtained whisky from some of the traders lower down the river. As one of them, who was mounted, dashed by where the whites were standing, he made a contemptuous remark and struck at James with his whip. He, being unarmed at the time, darted into the lodge after his revolver, but did not get it in time to get a shot at the Indian; but he told the rest, who were standing around, that the next one that insulted him or any of his party, should die right then and there, and the look of fierce determination that blazed in his eyes convinced them that he meant just what he said, and they gave his lodge a wide berth during the rest of the day, which was no doubt fortunate, for had a fight once started, James and his two companions, although well armed, would have had but a desperate chance of winning the battle, for the Indians outnumbered them more than twelve to one.

In the fall they moved north to the mouth of the Pah-Sammeri, or Stinking Water, in Beaver Head valley, intending to winter there; but the Indians becoming insolent and semi-hostile, and beginning to kill their cattle, they moved over to Deer Lodge, and located at the mouth of Gold creek, resolved to develop the gold mines in that vicinity. In the spring (1861), they found good prospects in several places. James went to Ft. Benton, where a steamboat was expected, to buy supplies, leaving his brother alone in charge of the ranch, Anderson having gone down the river from Benton on a visit to the States. The steamboat burned near the mouth of Milk river, and consequently James failed to get any supplies, and, as misfortunes seldom come single, during his absence four Ban-

nack Indians stole a band of horses from the Flatheads at Camas prairie (just below what is now Bear Gulch), who pursued and overtook them at Moose creek, on the Big Hole river, and killed two of them and recaptured all of the horses. They spared the other two, telling them to go and tell their people to quit stealing from the Flatheads, who wished to be at peace with them. The Flatheads returned home rejoicing; but their success was the whites' calamity, for the two they spared followed them back to Gold creek, where, on the night of June 22, 1861, they stole all of the horses there, except three that Granville kept tied every night at the cabin door. They took twenty-three head of half and three-quarter breed American mares and colts, none of which were ever recovered.

It was evident that at first these Indians did not want to steal from the whites, for they had passed by the same horses twice before without molesting them, but after their misfortune at the hands of the Flatheads, they ceased to be respecters of persons. And this is Indian ethics anyhow.

There being neither tools nor lumber to be had, upon James' return they hired two men to whipsaw sluice lumber at ten cents per foot, and sent, by Worden & Co.'s pack train, to Walla Walla for picks and shovels, that being the nearest place at which they could be procured, but they did not arrive in time to commence mining that season. They dug a ditch, however, and completed their arrangements for the following spring. Late in the fall, a few others came in and began to prospect, among whom were Major W. Graham, A. S. Blake, and P. W. McAdow, who found good prospects in a dry gulch just below where the village of Pioneer now stands, and determined to remain and mine at that place in the spring.

In May, 1862, operations were commenced, but only paid from one to three dollars per day by the old pick and shovel process, except one claim in Pioneer Gulch, just above the mouth of French Gulch, which paid from six to twenty dollars per day to the hand. While working in the gulch, which only paid from \$1.50 to \$2 a day, the Stuart company kept their horses picketed on a grassy slope, now known as Bratton's bar, which, in 1866, was accidentally discovered to be rich in gold, and has paid enormously ever since; but in '62 nobody ever thought of looking on a grassy hillside for gold, although subsequent developments proved that there were many rich channels and deposits on the hills in that vicinity, while the creeks and gulches were usually too poor to pay for working. Such is mining, in which it is better to be *lucky* than to have the wisdom of Solomon.

On the 24th of June, sixteen men arrived, being the first of quite a large number who left Pike's Peak mines (now Colorado Territory) for the Salmon River mines, but most of whom finally brought up in Deer Lodge and vicinity. Among the first party was J. M. Bozeman, after whom the flourishing county-seat of Gallatin county was subsequently named, and who was murdered by the Indians on the Yellowstone in 1867. This party discovered a rich claim in a branch of Gold creek, which has since been known as "Pike's Peak Gulch."

A considerable number of men also came up the Missouri river on steamboats to Ft. Benton, bound for the Salmon River mines, but many of whom stopped at Gold creek and remained permanently. The first of these reached Gold creek on the 29th of June, and among them were S. T. Hauser and W. B. Dance, both of whom became

intimate friends of James Stuart, and were associated with him most of his subsequent life.

During this summer he sent East, and procured a number of medical works and instruments and a small stock of drugs and medicines, and applied himself assiduously to the study of medicine and surgery. He had read medicine under a physician in his youth, and also attended a course or two of medical lectures.

He continued his studies in this department of science during the rest of his life, and, at the time of his death, was possessed of a good medical library and the latest improved medical and surgical instruments, and was probably one of the best read physicians and surgeons in Montana.

He never practiced, however, except among his friends and associates, many of whom owe their lives to his skill, for he was very successful, and rarely failed to cure any case.

But he would never accept even the slightest compensation from any one, seeming to think the pleasure he derived from having cured them reward enough.

On the 14th of July, 1862, an election was held in Pioneer Gulch and at Ft. Owen and Hellgate, and James Stuart was elected sheriff of Missoula county, Washington Territory, which embraced what is now Missoula county and all of Deer Lodge west of the range. This was the first election held in the Rocky Mountains, north of Colorado.

Shortly after this, an old Frenchman stole some horses and other articles, and left for parts unknown, and James and another man went in pursuit. They found his trail, and overtook him the second day near where is now Fergus' ranch on the Prickly Pear creek, arrested and brought

him back, called a miners' meeting, tried and found him guilty; but, in consideration of his age and deep contrition, his sentence was only to refund all of the stolen property, and to leave the country within twelve hours. As he was utterly destitute, the court (which embraced nearly all in the camp) gave him some fifteen dollars and a few provisions. He then departed, and was seen no more.

About this time one Hurlbut discovered the diggings on Big Prickly Pear creek, where the town of "Montana City" afterward sprang up; and a few days after, John White, with a party on the way to Pioneer, struck the mines at Bannack City, which proved very rich; and almost simultaneously, Slack and party found mines on the head of Big Hole river, and within a week John W. Powell and party found the "Old Bar" mines on North Boulder creek, which last caused considerable excitement, culminating in a regular "stampede" over the mountains, but it failed to realize their expectations, and nearly all returned in a few days.

At this time quite a village, known as "American Fork," had grown up at Stuart's ranch, at the mouth of Gold creek, but it soon lost its importance, because of the superior richness of the mines at Bannack City.

About the middle of August, three men arrived at American Fork from the lower country. They had some five or six good horses, but very little else in the shape of an outfit. Two of them were on the gamble, and also on the desperate. Their names were William Arnett, C. W. Spillman, and B. F. Jernagin.

About a week afterward, two men named Fox and Bull, armed with double-barreled shot-guns and revolvers, slipped quietly into town in the dusk of evening, and meeting James, inquired if the three men above described were

there, and upon being informed that they were, stated that they (Fox and Bull) were in pursuit of them for stealing the horses on which they had come, from the vicinity of Elk City, and requested the co-operation of the citizens in arresting them. James assured them that they should have all the assistance necessary, and they at once began to look for their men. They found Spillman in Worden & Co.'s store, and bringing their shot-guns to bear on him, ordered him to surrender, which he did without a word. They left him under guard, and went after the other two, who had just opened a monte game in a saloon. They stepped inside the door, and ordered them to throw up their hands. Arnett, who was dealing, instantly grabbed for his pistol, which he always kept lying in his lap ready for business; but before he could raise it, Bull shot him through the breast with a heavy charge of buckshot, killing him instantly. Jernagin ran into a corner of the room, exclaiming, "Do n't shoot, do n't shoot; I give up." He and Spillman were then tied and placed under guard till morning, when proceedings were commenced by burying Arnett, who had died with the monte cards clenched so tightly in his left hand that they could not be taken from him, and they were buried with him. The two prisoners were then tried separately by a jury of twenty-four men. Jernagin was acquitted, and given six hours to leave the country, and it is needless to say left on time. Spillman, who was a large, fine-looking young man, apparently about twenty-five years old, was found guilty, and sentenced to be hung in half an hour. He made no defense, and seemed to take very little interest in the proceedings. When asked if he had any request to make, he said he would like to write a letter. He was furnished writing materials, and wrote a letter to his father, stating that he was

to be hung in a few minutes; that keeping bad company had brought him to it; begged his father's forgiveness for having brought disgrace upon his family, and concluded by hoping his fate would be a warning to all to avoid evil associations. He wrote and addressed the letter with a hand that never trembled, and when asked if there was anything else he wished to do, said no, that was all; and, although the time was not up, said he was ready, and walked to his death with a step as firm and countenance as unchanged as if he had been the merest spectator, instead of the principal actor in the tragedy. Yet it was evident that he was not a hardened criminal, and there was no reckless bravado in his calmness. It was the firmness of a brave man, who saw that death was inevitable, and nerved himself to meet it.

He was hung at twenty-seven minutes past two o'clock, August 26, 1862, and was buried by the side of Arnett, in the river bottom just below town.

This was the first execution in what is now Montana, and it caused the town of American Fork to be put down as "Hangtown" on all of the Western maps for some years after, although it was never known by that name in its own vicinity.

Justice was swift and sure in those days. There was no moving for a new trial, or any of the thousand other clogs upon the wheels of justice, which but too often render the execution of the law a mockery. It may be claimed that the punishment was severe beyond all proportion to the crime, but it must be remembered that there was no organized courts in the country, and the nearest jail was at Walla Walla, 425 miles distant, over rugged mountains; that the communities were too small and too poor to indulge in costly criminal prosecutions, and hence it was advisable

to inflict such punishment as should strike terror into the minds of the evil disposed, and exercise a restraining influence over them.

Nearly everybody having left Gold creek and gone to Bannack, it grew very dull in American Fork, and a report coming in that a large camp of Bannack and Digger Indians were at the Bannack City mines, and were so insolent that hostilities were likely to ensue, James took a party and went over to render assistance, if it should be necessary; but the Indians had left before they got there, and gone over to the Yellowstone to hunt buffalo during the winter.

As the mines were proving both rich and extensive at Bannack City, James and his brother moved over there and engaged in the butchering business, leaving Anderson in charge of the ranch and stock at Gold creek.

As spring drew near, James, whose adventurous spirit longed to explore new regions, organized a company to go and explore and prospect the Yellowstone country, which had been the scene of the romantic exploits of the mighty hunters and trappers of the early fur companies, until they disbanded and left the country in 1839-40, because it would no longer pay, owing to the partial extermination of the beaver and the ruinous competition with the Hudson Bay Company, since which time it had been seldom visited by the whites, and was almost entirely unknown.

This expedition started from Bannack City, April 9, 1863. James was elected captain with absolute powers, and the party was composed of the following persons :

JAMES STUART,
CYRUS D. WATKINS,
JOHN VANDERBILT,

JAMES N. YORK,
RICHARD McCAFFERTY,
JAMES HAUXHURST,
D. UNDERWOOD,
S. T. HAUSER,
H. A. BELL,
WILLIAM ROACH,
A. S. BLAKE,
GEORGE H. SMITH,
H. T. GEERY,
E. BOSTWICK,
GEO. IVES,

and was to be joined at the mouth of the Big Hole river by six more, to wit: Louis Simmons, Wm. Fairweather, Geo. Orr, Thos. Cover, Barney Hughes, and Henry Edgar; but these failed to reach the rendezvous at the appointed time, and the others, thinking they were not coming, went on without them. They, however, followed on, expecting to overtake the main body, and would have done so, had they not been met and robbed and ordered back by the Crows, shortly after reaching the Yellowstone, which was the most fortunate thing that could have occurred to them, for they not only escaped the misfortunes that fell upon the main body, but on their way back to Bannack they discovered the famous Alder gulch, which proved the richest gulch of equal extent known in the annals of gold mining, and out of which they all made large fortunes (except Simmons, who remained a considerable time among the Crows, and thus failed to profit by his companions' good fortune.)

The adventures of the main party will be found detailed in another part of this volume, and suffice it to say here that they fell in with the Crows, who attempted to rob

them, but were driven out of camp without bloodshed, when they made peace with them and parted on good terms. Proceeding down to the junction of the Yellowstone and Big Horn rivers, they located a town site called "Big Horn City," and surveyed and claimed one hundred and sixty acres of land apiece adjoining the same, and then moved up the Big Horn to the cañon and began to prospect for gold, when they were attacked by the Crows to the number of seventy-five or eighty, who fired into the camp one dark night and wounded seven men, two mortally, four severely, and one slightly, and one of the severely wounded accidentally gave himself a mortal wound next day.

Deeming it impossible to return back as they went, because of the Crows, whom they now knew to be hostile (their treacherous protestations of friendship formerly to the contrary notwithstanding), they pushed on and reached the emigrant road on Sweetwater river, and returned to Bannack (except Bell, who remained on Sweetwater to have a ball extracted from his side) by way of Ft. Bridger and Bear river, reaching home on the 24th of June.

All stated that but for James Stuart not one of them would have lived to tell the tale. His coolness, courage, and knowledge of Indian character, combined with his faculty of pursuing, as if by instinct, his course over snowy mountains and across arid plains, direct to the point he wished to reach, was universally admitted to have been all that saved them from falling victims to the night attacks of the murderous Crows.

The mines at Alder gulch having drawn away nearly all of the population of American Fork, James and his brother, and Anderson finally, though very regretfully, determined to abandon their possessions there and remove to

“Varina” (afterward very unwisely changed to “Virginia City”), in Alder gulch, which was proving fabulously rich, and where the aim of half the people seemed to be to find other and faster ways of spending their money than by the usual processes of drinking and gambling, and where everybody reserved the sacred right to do pretty much as he pleased, subject only to a gentle remonstrance at the muzzle of his neighbor’s pistol if he intruded; for at this time there was no county organization, no laws, and consequently no courts except miners’ courts, which were usually short and quite to the point, but to the credit of those pioneers be it said, there were comparatively few criminal acts considering the way the whisky and the money flew.

It was quite sickly in Alder gulch that summer, and soon after his arrival there James had a severe attack of typhoid fever, which he spoke of feeling the effects of for several years afterward, and which was no doubt the predisposing cause of the disease that caused his death ten years later.

In September, 1863, he formed a copartnership with Walter B. Dance, for the purpose of carrying on a general merchandising business, in which they were very successful, and remained associated until October, 1870.

In the spring of 1864, James organized a second expedition to the Yellowstone, with the double purpose of prospecting the country for gold and avenging the murder of his comrades the previous year. The party consisted of seventy-three men. James was elected captain; W. Graham, first lieutenant; John Vanderbilt, second lieutenant; Chas. Murphy, orderly sergeant; John Upton and Jas. Dewey, sergeants of the guard; and Mark Post and James Bailey, corporals. They crossed the divide between the Gallatin and Yellowstone rivers on the 28th and 29th of March, finding the snow bad, for it was a very late, stormy

spring, and it snowed upon them nearly all the way down the Yellowstone, and over to the Stinking River fork of the Big Horn. So severe was the weather that they found it well nigh impossible to prospect, because of the frozen ground; and the snow was so deep that they could not get back among the mountains at all. Their horses grew very poor, and many became exhausted and were left behind; and as the devil usually takes care of his own, it so happened that the Crows were all over on the Muscle Shell and Missouri rivers, and the party did not find one in the Yellowstone valley, where they had all been the year before. Had the expedition found them, it was their intention to have taken the village by strategy, if practicable, and if not, to have stormed it, and killed as many as possible—a fate they well deserved then, and now deserve still more, for, since that time, they have killed many small parties and individuals of whites, and stolen thousands of dollars of stock, all of which they lay on the Sioux and Blackfeet.

James' business arrangements not admitting of his remaining out longer, he and fourteen others left the main body on Stinking river, and returned to Virginia about the 18th of May.

The rest of the party returned during July and August, they having gone through to Sweetwater river, and then split up into several parties, who straggled back—some by the emigrant road, and some through the mountains. None of them succeeded in finding any diggings that would pay; but they still believe that rich mines exist in that country.

Soon after James left them (which he did with their consent), two men went out hunting while the party were traveling, and a sudden snow storm coming on, and last-

ing three days, they were unable to find the main party again. One of them (they did not go hunting together), known as "Indian Dick," a young man about eighteen years old, who was so called from having been much among the Snakes, turned and tried to overtake those who were returning with James, but fell in with a small camp of Crows, on the Rose Bud river, who robbed him of all he had, and compelled him to stay with them; but after a couple of weeks, he persuaded them (many of the Crows understand the Snake language) to go with him to the Gallatin valley, telling them that they could make a good trade with the whites there; and when they returned, Dick took one of their best horses from them, to pay for what they had robbed from him. This, however, did not profit poor Dick much, for the horse soon fell sick and died.

The other man's body was found that summer, lying in the willows on Stinking river, near where he left the party on that ill-fated morn. He had been shot, as was supposed, by Indians, and had run into the brush and died there, and the Indians did not dare to follow him, for his gun, clothes, etc., were all there. But what Indians did it, will probably never be known, although they are now doubtless drawing rations and clothes on the Crow reservation, when not away seeking for some other lone white man to murder.

In the fall of 1864, James was elected to the legislature, from Deer Lodge county, and served in the first session, held at Bannack City, in December and January, 1864-65.

In May, 1865, when the North Blackfeet or Blood Indians murdered ten men at the mouth of Maria's river, and an Indian war seemed imminent along the northeastern border, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel by Governor Edgerton, with authority to call out and organize

volunteers ; but the Indians moving north across the British line, it was deemed inexpedient to attempt a campaign against them at that time.

In 1867, he was chosen general manager and superintendent of the St. Louis and Montana Mining Company's silver mines and works at Phillipsburg, which position he held until 1870.

He was also senior warden of Flint Creek Lodge of A. F. and A. M.; and later, junior warden of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Montana.

In 1871, he was appointed post trader at Ft. Browning, which was the Assiniboin and Upper Sioux agency. And at this place he had another narrow escape from death, the heavy dirt roof of one of the rooms falling in upon him, and crushing him to the floor, where he lay, almost suffocated with dirt and dust, until extricated by the employes of the fort. He was severely injured, and it seemed almost a miracle that he was not instantly killed.

In the spring of 1873, the Assiniboin agency was removed some sixty miles higher up Milk river to Ft. Belknap, and the Sioux agency was removed and concentrated at Ft. Peck, on the Missouri river, and Ft. Browning was dismantled and abandoned.

James sold out his stock at this time, and accompanied the agent, Major A. J. Simmons, to Ft. Peck, where his thorough knowledge of Indian character, his courage, coolness, and excellent administrative abilities were invaluable assistants in the control of the warlike Sioux.

He was eminently fitted by nature to deal with the Indian tribes, for he easily and quickly acquired their languages, and had that peculiar tact so necessary in dealing with them. He was a good judge of human nature, either

civilized or savage; and while his kind and gentle manners won their good will, he also had, when necessary, the high courage and iron determination that nothing could shake, and which invariably secures the respect of the savage.

What he told them he would do, he always scrupulously performed; and when he said he would not do a thing, neither entreaties, threats, nor danger could move him from his purpose—and for these reasons, he soon stood high in their estimation. Being a physician and surgeon, he always took pleasure in treating their wounds and diseases, and this also gave him great influence among them.

In June, he paid a visit to his brothers in Deer Lodge, who entreated him to remain, as they had a presentiment of evil, and were very averse to his returning into the Indian country. But he had promised to return and take charge of the agency, until Major Simmons, who had resigned, could turn it over to his successor—and with him to promise was to perform. He therefore took leave of his brothers and friends, expecting soon to return, but in this life they never saw him more.

It is probable that his health was giving way at this time, for he had had, early in the spring, a severe attack of what at the time was supposed to be inflammation of the bowels, but which it afterward appeared was organic disease of the liver. And after his return from Deer Lodge, he wrote in his weather memorandum that, on the 8th of August, he had another attack of the same character. And on the 18th of September he was taken very ill, and soon told the attendants that he now knew his illness to be organic disease of the liver, as all the symptoms were very marked, and that he thought he would not recover. He lingered in great pain until death came to his relief. He died sitting in a chair, with his elbows on a table, and his head

resting in his hands, at half-past five on the morning of September 30, 1873.

He was in the prime of life, being in his forty-second year; and it is sad to think what possibilities the future might have had for him.

The following notices of his death and burial from the press, will further show in what estimation he was held in his own dear mountain home :

[From the *Daily Rocky Mountain Gazette*, Helena, Montana, October 8, 1873.]

Mr. A. J. Simmons was yesterday morning in receipt of a telegraphic dispatch from Sun river, signed by Granville Stuart, and stating that his brother, James Stuart, had died on the 30th ultimo.

Mr. Stuart was a native of West Virginia, and a member of a well-known and honorable family. He was educated for the medical profession. Being imbued with a taste for adventure, and a decided bent for western exploration, which was developed at an early age by reading the explorations of Lewis and Clarke, Bonneville, and others, he, in company with his brother, left Iowa shortly after the discovery of gold in California. In 1857, James Stuart, Granville Stuart, and Reece Anderson left California to return to the States. Granville was taken sick in Malad valley, and the party wintered in that vicinity, and turned out to make a living as traders and mountaineers. They remained until 1858, having in the meantime prospected for gold, and found as high as ten cents to the pan, on what is now Gold creek, in Deer Lodge county. In 1858, the Stuart brothers returned to Ft. Bridger, but, in 1860, came back to Montana, and engaged in trading and prospecting, and discovered gold at several points in the Deer

Lodge basin; and, with Anderson and others, established a trading-post on Cottonwood creek, near the site of the present town of Deer Lodge. In 1862, the Stuart brothers, by their letters to friends in Colorado, induced a considerable number of parties to start for this vicinity, who arrived at Deer Lodge about the middle of June, and prospected Pike's Peak and Pioneer gulches. Later in the same year, the Bannack mines were discovered by parties who had turned aside from the Salmon River stampede to join the prospectors who were camped near Deer Lodge. The discovery of Alder was made the next year, and since that time the history of the Territory is well known.

The deceased was a man of fine intellectual capacities, extensive reading, and close observation. He was of quiet disposition, but determined and indomitable character, and never shrank from danger or fatigue in carrying out his purposes. For many years, in company with W. B. Dance, he continued in the mercantile business at Deer Lodge City, of which town he was one of the founders. For the last three or four years, he has been engaged in the Indian trade, at the Milk River agency, and from whence comes the intelligence of his death. His brothers, Granville and Thomas, were on the way down to him, news having been received here of his illness, when the sad news of his death met them at Sun River crossing.

[From the *New Northwest*, Deer Lodge, Montana, October 11, 1873.]

Thus has passed away one of the most prominent and most deservedly esteemed of the pioneers of Montana—one whose name is linked inseparably and honorably with many of the early perils and exploits in the settlement and civilization of Montana, and which, while memory endures, will be a synonym for sterling merit, modest worth, and

chivalric courage. James Stuart, the elder of the four brothers, James, Granville, Samuel, and Thomas (three of whom were pioneers of Montana), was born in Virginia, March 14, 1832. His parents removed from Virginia to Illinois, and thence to Iowa, in 1837. In '52, James and Granville went to California, and for the next five years mined in Butte, Sierra, and Siskiyou counties. In '57, they, with Rezin Anderson, started for this country, journeying to the head of Malad, with a considerable party, who went thence to the States, while these three turned northward, and went into winter-quarters in '57-58 on the Beaverhead, six miles below Brown's Bridge, with Robt. Dempsey, John McDonald, Thomas Adams, Robt. Hereford, Jacob Meeks, and Messrs. Michot and Morgan. The same winter, John Grant and father, James Grant, Thomas Pambrun, Robert Courtway, and Antoine Perriere were in quarters on the Stinking Water, and these, with the party at Ft. Owen, and the Fathers at St. Ignatius Mission, were the only whites in what is now Montana. In March, the party started for Ft. Bridger. At what is now Junction Station, on the Corinne road, James and Granville Stuart and Rezin Anderson left the party and came to Gold creek, where they remained and prospected until June, getting good gold prospects—the first found in Montana. On June 1st, they started to Ft. Bridger, and went thence to Camp Floyd, south of Salt Lake, where they sold their horses. James and Granville went thence to Green River, and Anderson returned here with a stock of goods. The Stuarts wintered on Henry fork, and, with Dempsey, remained in that vicinity until the summer of '60, when James and Granville Stuart came to Salt River valley, near the present Oneida Salt Works, and that fall returned to Gold creek, built houses, and, during the summer of '61, pros-

pected on Gold creek, and at other points around the Gold Creek Mountains. So encouraging were the results that they wrote during the summer to Thos. Stuart, then in Colorado, and the letter being shown, the stampede to Montana began the following spring. Among the first party who arrived, were Colonel Sam. McLean (afterward delegate in Congress) and Wash. Stapleton; among the second party, were Conrad Kohrs, Joseph Brown, of Big Hole, and David Jones, Rattlesnake; and among the third party, W. B. Dance, Messrs. King & Gillette, S. T. Hauser, Dr. McKellups, and Jos. Underwood. Thus prominently figured James Stuart in inducing the first tide of immigration to Montana. In the fall of '62, the Bannack diggings having been struck, James and Granville took a large band of cattle to that place, and remained there until April, '63, when James, at the head of fourteen men, among whom were James N. York, Geo. Ives, and A. S. Blake, started on a most perilous and eventful prospecting trip into Eastern Montana, traversing the three forks of the Yellowstone, the Rosebuds, and Big Horn, on which latter river, near its mouth, they were attacked in the night by Crow Indians, three of the party being killed and four wounded, the survivors traveling thence by night until they reached the old emigrant road, near Rocky Ridge, whence they returned to Bannack. In the fall of '63, W. B. Dance and James Stuart formed the copartnership of Dance & Stuart, in Virginia, remaining there until '65, when they removed to Deer Lodge, and associated with Worden & Higgins. The firm of Dance & Stuart dissolved in 1870. From 1866 to 1870, James Stuart was president and general superintendent of the S. L. and M. M. Co., operating at Phillipsburg. In 1871, he was appointed post-trader at Ft. Browning, when he disposed of that interest, and accompanied A. J.

Simmons of the Sioux agency at Ft. Peck, where his thorough knowledge of Indian character, his excellent administrative abilities and cool nerve were invaluable assistants in the control of that warlike tribe. While Mr. Simmons was absent to conduct his successor to the agency, Mr. Stuart, who was in charge, was taken ill and died in eight days.

Mr. Stuart was representative of Deer Lodge county in the legislature of 1864; was senior warden of Flint Creek Lodge of A. F. and A. M., and later, junior warden of the Grand Lodge of Masons of Montana. He was a man of fine mental and physical organization, of liberal education, superior business qualifications, unblemished character, and honored wherever known. He is one of the first, if not the first, of that brother-like band of pioneers to cross into the unknown land—to seek the way for them, as it were, as he had done before, into the undiscovered country, that he may welcome his comrades to better fields and brighter streams than yet their eyes have seen. To his brothers and to them the tidings of his death came most sadly, and the thousands who knew and esteemed him feel to-day sincerely that a good, brave, generous, and honorable man has been called beyond death's portals into the deathless realms and presence of the ever-living God.

[From the *New Northwest*, Deer Lodge, Montana, November 8, 1873.]

The body was deposited within the fort, and there remained until the arrival of his brothers Granville and Thomas, who had started for Ft. Peck on the first tidings of his illness, but reached there too late to see him alive. Disinterring the body, it was placed in a metallic burial case, and on Friday, October 24th, the funeral cortege, con-

sisting of Granville and Thomas Stuart, A. J. Simmons, Inspector Daniels, Capt. Dan. W. Buck, W. B. Judd, J. X. Biedler, John Cochran, George W. Boyd, Jno. G. McLean, and Abel Farwell, started on their tedious journey of five hundred miles to Deer Lodge, where he had requested to be buried by the Masonic lodge of which he was a member. The journey occupied twelve days, seven of them being through the Sioux country. It is related, as an instance not unworthy of note, that at one point in the journey sixty Sioux warriors suddenly appeared on the edge of a ravine close to them, and recognizing Agent Simmons, approached and inquired the meaning of the procession. On learning the coffin contained the body of Po-te-has-ka (the Long Beard), each Indian dropped his head, clasped his hands, and pressed them upon his mouth in their expressive sign-language that a friend was dead. Arriving at Helena, the body was deposited during the stay in the Masonic lodge, and on Tuesday evening reached Deer Lodge, where it was placed under a guard of honor in the Masonic lodge, and remained until the hour of the funeral, which had been designated for 2 p. m. Wednesday.

On Monday evening a public meeting, largely attended, convened at the court-house, and was organized by electing Thos. H. Irvine, Sr., chairman, and D. P. Newcomer secretary. It was

“*Resolved*, That, as a token of respect to James Stuart, deceased, the business houses of Deer Lodge shall be closed during the funeral ceremony.”

A committee on resolutions was appointed, and a committee of arrangements, consisting of W. L. Irvine, Dr. A. H. Mitchell, S. E. Larabie, N. Dickinson, S. Scott.

At 12 M. Wednesday, the meeting again convened, and adopted the following resolutions :

“ WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from us James Stuart, long a resident of our town and county, and one of our most respected and honored citizens and esteemed friends, it is by the citizens of Deer Lodge City, in meeting assembled,

“ *Resolved*, That in his death we have lost a citizen to whose memory is due high tribute of respect ; that in all the relations of life—as a pioneer of the West, leading the way with dauntless courage to the hidden treasures of Montana ; as an intrepid champion of civilization and order against all foes ; as a public-spirited citizen, who aided and encouraged every worthy enterprise ; as a friend, whose fidelity was measured only by the possibilities of life, and in his correct life and character—we recognize the highest attributes and worthiest ambitions of manhood. And here in his home, in the town of which he was founder, amid those who knew him best and esteemed him most, beside the self-chosen grave where his remains will rest, we do sincerely attest his virtues to the world, and with sad hearts consign his body to the earth.

“ *Resolved*, That he has ever been an active, firm, and liberal friend to the material prosperity and advancement of our town, county, and Territory ; a liberal patron of all educational, charitable, and religious institutions ; a devoted friend ; an honorable and upright citizen, faithful to all trusts, and has left a lasting impression upon all of his firm, strong, and manly character.

“ *Resolved*, That we attend his funeral in a body.

“ *Resolved*, That copies of these resolutions be furnished by

the secretary to the relatives of the deceased, and the papers be requested to publish them.

“THOMAS L. NAPTON,
JAMES H. MILLS,
ADDISON SMITH,
ROBERT S. KELLY,
W. W. HIGGINS,

“*Committee.*”

At 1 p. m. on Wednesday, Deer Lodge, No. 14, A. F. and A. M., sixty-five in number, with P. G. Masters Sanders and Langford, G. Master Sol. Star, and a large number of visiting brethren in the procession, escorted the remains to the court-house, which was densely crowded, and after a hymn sang by the choir, heard the following address delivered by Judge Hiram Knowles at the court-house, Deer Lodge, October 5, 1873:

“Some five years ago I came to Deer Lodge with a view of making it my home for a number of years. At that time one of the principal business houses of the place was that of Dance & Stuart. I soon became acquainted with the members of that firm, and found them enterprising gentlemen, alive to every interest of the community in which they lived and thoroughly committed to its good order. Of one of them, at the request of friends, I speak to-day—of James Stuart, whose lifeless form now lies before us. I soon learned to entertain for him the highest regard and esteem. Hence I would speak of him as his friend. He was a man who interested me much. I ascertained that during the first years of the gold excitement in California he had left the growing State of Iowa, within whose borders he, as well as myself, had grown from early youth to manhood, and crossed the plains to that enticing Eldorado

of the Pacific, filled with the golden hopes of youth; that some years after, when seeking to return to the home of his boyhood, an accident impelled him to take up a residence in what is now termed Montana, when it was almost the exclusive home of the Indian. There was but little about him, however, that ranked him as the frontiersman or typical mountaineer. It is true that he had an enthusiastic love for nature in her primitive and untutored aspects. Men who have traveled with him have frequently spoken to me of this trait of his—a keen delight and joy in the picturesque in nature. The valley, meandered by limpid streams and covered with the waving emerald of fresh spring grass; the mountain declivity, fir-clad and gilded with the red and golden hues of a summer's sunset, were pictures which no artist's hand, however skillful, could counterfeit for him. The originals had an expanse and grandeur which to his vision art could not approach.

“He was a man who accepted hardships uncomplainingly, and was possessed of cool and undoubted courage. Those who were with him in that noted expedition undertaken in the early days of this Territory, for the prospecting of the Big Horn country, abundantly testify to this. The party who undertook this hazardous adventure was composed of fifteen men. James Stuart was their captain. A stealthy and treacherous savage foe, some one hundred and fifty in number, crawling upon their camp, protected by the darkness of the night, killed three of his companions and wounded quite a number of the others, one of whom afterward accidentally wounded himself in a vital part by a discharge of his gun, and realizing that death was inevitable, put an end with his revolver to his own existence, rather than detain the rest of the party and endanger the lives of all, who could do nothing more than solace his dying hours.

With the remaining twelve, provided with but few horses, on foot, traveling by night, his footsteps dogged by the vigilant and ruthless savage, he, acting as guide and leader of the party, their prudent counselor, their sympathizing friend, their physician, their shield and buckler in the hour of imminent danger, made his way from that region to the emigrant road, on the Sweetwater river. Here was a chance to try a man thoroughly. Under these circumstances, whatever there is of meanness, heartlessness, and cowardice in a man will manifest itself. Men who have crossed the plains at an early day can bear witness what a test the trip was. But here was a more exhaustive and vital test, and from it James Stuart came forth as fine gold tried in the fire. From that day to this there has not been one of that party who has not ever expressed for him the love due a brother and the highest appreciation of his courage and character.

“He did not feel comfortable hedged in by the rigid exactions and narrow paths which public sentiment in an old and staid community too often prescribes for the ambitious and adventurous. The narrowness and frugality so common in a society where the opportunities presented for great achievements are few, were distasteful to him. He loved a new and untried field for enterprise and endeavor. Hence, in the generosity, prodigality, and freshness of western life, he found a charm. Add to these a love for adventure, and I have stated all that in any way allied him to the frontiersman or mountaineer. In all of his other characteristics he was more allied to the highest class of civilization. He was ever an omnivorous reader, a close and thorough student of both ancient and modern history, and possessed of imagination and sentiment enough to appreciate a good romance, but with too much judgment and

acumen to enjoy sensational literature. He always kept himself well informed as to the current events of the day. In early life he had studied the profession of medicine, and attended two courses of medical lectures.

“And although he never followed this profession, he was recognized by the few friends to whose ailments he had been induced to administer as possessed of considerable medical knowledge and skill. Notwithstanding his unsettled life, he kept well advised as to the many improvements and rapid advances that profession has made within the last twenty years, and had he seen fit could have assumed up to the day of his death a high rank as a doctor of medicine.

“I believe him to have been ever an honorable and honest business man. Toward those with whom he was associated in business, he was not alone just, but generous and unselfish. Of the many men who have been connected with him intimately in his business enterprises, every one I have met has proclaimed him honest and faithful, and professed a willingness to trust him to the last. He was what would be classed an enterprising business man. He was ever seeking new and large fields for endeavor, and always prepared to accomplish a brilliant success. A frugal, plodding business was not in his thought, and I apprehend he possessed no adaptability for such. In whatever walk James Stuart started in life he did not contemplate mediocre results. Had he seen fit to follow his profession, he would have aimed high, and he possessed an intellect that would have enabled him to have attained a position above the common level. It would never have occurred to him that a diploma signed by ever so high a medical faculty entitled him of itself to be classed as a doctor of medicine. *Knowledge* would have been considered by him as the paramount

requisite. Our great Creator, who has peopled all space with universes, and undoubtedly has filled countless other worlds, as well as our own, with beauty and grandeur and teeming life, must have an approving smile and a parental sympathy for one of His creatures who proposes to accomplish something in this life.

“In his personal relations with his fellow-men he was always a pleasant and agreeable gentleman, never overbearing, self-assertive, or aggressive, but ever genial and kindly and thoughtful of the feelings of others. Every man is enveloped in what I may term a social and mental and moral atmosphere of his own, and those who by their daily intercourse are brought within its limits, without volition, and imperceptibly, form the most correct impressions of the man's character. There are those who seem to bring into the social circle the freezing breath of an arctic winter; others whose presence suggests contention and carnage; some whose presence makes us feel that a hidden foe is stealing upon us in the dark and about to attack us at our most vulnerable point; while the contact of others appears to bring with it the balmy air of summer time, when we are enveloped in a tropical growth of good fellowship and geniality, and where the moral sentiment and mental grasp elevate us to the platform of the highest humanity. The social, moral, and mental atmosphere by which James Stuart was surrounded, was one in which his friends loved to dwell. The men who knew him best seem to have had for him the warmest attachment and the highest appreciation. All his friends loved him sincerely and well. There are no bitter regrets mingled with their heart devotion for him. Tried by this test, how bright and worthy a character did he present. He always commanded the respect of those who were but slightly acquainted with him. From

every part of this Territory there have come sincere and heartfelt expressions of sorrow at his loss. Here in Deer Lodge, where he was best known, and where he made his home, the sad tones in which every one spoke of his death, showed how he was regarded. And well might the people of Montana feel a strong regard for James Stuart, for he felt a profound solicitude in whatever pertained to the welfare of the Territory. And it is well that the people of Deer Lodge should cherish his memory. For this town, of which it may almost be said he was the founder, he entertained such an interest as a parent might feel for a child, and in sight of it, upon yonder plateau, he desired that his bones should repose. In this country, and at a time when lawlessness was rife, he was a law-abiding citizen, and ever threw his influence on the side of good order. I was always confident that he was one who could be implicitly relied upon as a firm and unfaltering supporter of a strict administration of law, and would heartily give his aid to that end should he ever be called upon.

“In a country and among people where the allurements to dissipation are many and enticing, he was ever a temperate man. Nor was this the result of a cold and unsympathetic nature, for no man appeared to enjoy good fellowship more than he, but from a firm and unyielding principle. I am satisfied that a close analysis of all his acts in life will show that his heart was ever enlisted on the side of moral right. Born in the justly renowned Commonwealth of Virginia, growing to manhood upon the broad and fertile prairies of Iowa, and passing the active portion of his life in the West, among its mining enterprises, he had become cosmopolitan in his sympathies. No narrow lines bounded them. They embraced men of every clime and nation, and he was congenial alike to the uncultured man clad in hod-

den gray, and the educational and refined robed in broad-cloth.

“It is sad that one possessed of so many estimable qualities of head and heart, and capable of so much good to his fellow-men, should be called away so early in life, and it is with unmingled sorrow we are compelled to realize it. But man is born to die. Whatever may be uncertain of him, it is certain that death will finally claim him. Under such circumstances philosophy may teach a stern stoicism, and urge that we should acquiesce in the inevitable, unmoved; but when the dread test comes, and the light in the eye which was wont to answer the light in our own with kindly and brotherly fellowship has gone out, and the voice that was wont to cheer and counsel us has been hushed forever, the head will bow and the heart throb with anguish. Christian consolation is ever undoubtedly good, but it will not relieve the heart pain. The stern Christian father, resting confidently in his religion, and holding fast with all the strength of his earnest rugged nature to its promises of immortality and a life of happiness in heaven, over the bier of his dead child mourns like poor King David over the lifeless form of his wayward but beautiful Absalom, and cries in his anguish, ‘My child! my child! would to God I had died for thee.’ The Christian mother, who has sat at the feet of her Divine Master and has lain hold on the faith of an abode of joy and bliss beyond the tomb until it has become a living reality within her, holds the lifeless form of her fair child to her heaving breast, and refuses to dry her tears and be comforted at the behests of her glorious belief that in the bright immortality hereafter, within the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, among the blessed, with a face as radiant with joy as the purest of the angelic hosts, she will again clasp her loved one and

walk the golden streets arched with the perennial flowers of heaven, commune in motherly sympathy, and receive her child's pleasing confidences.

“There is a reality in the ties of friendship and affection as surely as there is in flesh or nerve. We touch them not with our fingers, but to our inner consciousness they are as perceptible as a grasp of steel. And when the strong hand of death bursts them asunder, the inner man will writhe in agony like the body with the throbbing pain of a severed nerve, and no philosophy or stoical resolves or religious belief will prove an antidote. Sorrow at such times is natural, human, and manly. It is right that those who loved and respected James Stuart should publicly manifest the sorrow they feel to-day for his death. It always interests many, after a man of note and worth in a community has gone to his final home, to know of his religious belief. This is natural, for religion of some kind has more or less monopolized the thoughts of men in all ages. Of this belief concerning our departed brother, I do not feel competent to speak fully. Certain it is, that a man of the qualities of head and heart of James Stuart must have had a profound appreciation of the general features of our Christian religion. It is certainly the highest form of religion the world has yet witnessed. And even considering its founder as merely a man, his character is deserving of the highest regard. We of the Masonic fraternity know that our brother professed a trust in God, and held firmly to a belief in the efficacy of prayer and in immortality of the soul. The high moral teachings of our order he heartily embraced, and its broad and sympathetic charities he daily practiced and cherished, not from any hope of a reward, but from a kind and sympathetic nature. Our Lord himself, when on earth, used this language :

“ ‘When the Son of Man shall come in his glory and all the holy angels with Him, then shall he sit upon the throne of His Glory.

“ ‘And before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.

“ ‘And He shall set the sheep on His right hand and the goats on His left.

“ ‘Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand : Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

“ ‘For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat ; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink ; I was a stranger and ye took me in ;

“ ‘Naked and ye clothed me. I was sick and ye visited me ; I was sick and in prison and ye came unto me.

“ ‘Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying : Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee, or thirsty and gave Thee drink ?

“ ‘When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in ? Or naked and clothed Thee ? Or when saw we Thee sick or in prison and came unto Thee ?

“ ‘And the King shall answer and say unto them : Verily I say unto you inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.’

“ Here are no requisites of creed or dogma prescribed. If I understand the teachings of the above, it simply inculcates that a broad and sympathetic philanthropy and charity shall be a passport to heaven. If upon such facts the Judge of judges pronounces His decree, our brother stands within the promises and the judgment, and it must be that his abiding shall be on the right hand of God with the blessed.

“James Stuart could not but feel kindly toward those around him. ‘It was a part of his being beyond his control.’ His charity was not theoretical or philosophic, or devoted to objects afar off, but personal and practical, and lavished upon those nearest him. I know of no more appropriate epitaph for him than ‘Here lies one who felt a kindly sympathy for his fellow-men, and was ever disposed to generously consider their faults.’ And of such a man we may appropriately repeat the beautiful allegory of Abou Ben Adhem :

“‘Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase—
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 “What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
 “And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”
 The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had bless’d,
 And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.’

“Of our brother and friend, James Stuart, we may all truthfully say he loved his fellow-men, and was beloved by them, and here, hopefully and trustfully, let us leave him with his God.”

On the conclusion of the address, the choir sang the beautiful Masonic funeral hymn, and the Masonic body

formed and preceded the procession, which was the largest and most imposing ever seen in Deer Lodge, or, we believe, in Montana. There were forty-one vehicles in the line, and it is estimated between three and four hundred persons. On reaching the ground, the Masonic burial ceremonies were conducted by Past Grand Master Langford, and Worshipful Master W. A. Clark, in due and ample form. The depositing of the apron and sprig of evergreen and the giving of the grand honors, so full of deep significance to the brethren of the Mystic Tie, seemed not to be without import even to those who have not stood before the altar, and when the impressive ritual was repeated, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; there to remain till the trump shall sound on the resurrection morn," it was not alone M'asons or relatives who breathed the prayer, "Rest in peace," above that last resting place of a good man, in that silent city to whose refuge all of us ere long shall be borne.

[From the *Helena Weekly Herald*, November 13, 1873.]

The body of Mr. Stuart was brought to Helena, Monday evening, by his brothers, Thomas and Granville Stuart, accompanied by a guard of honor. On Tuesday the remains were taken to Deer Lodge, accompanied by the party from Ft. Peck, augmented here by Messrs. Hauser, Sanders, and Langford. A large escort from Deer Lodge City met the procession some miles out, and accompanied the remains of their old neighbor and friend to the city which he founded and which was so long his home. Here they were taken in charge by Deer Lodge, No. 14, of Free and Accepted Masons, of which lodge the deceased was a member. On yesterday the burial services were had in the presence of a large number of the people of Deer Lodge county, where Mr. Stuart was so widely and favorably known. The Grand Lodge of

Free and Accepted Masons was represented by the Most Worshipful Grand Master Star, Right Worshipful Grand Secretary Hedges, the Right Worshipful Senior Grand Warden Clarke, and other officers; the Historical Society by W. F. Sanders, C. E. Irvine, and Major William Graham, who, with the deceased and his brother Granville, were its corporate members, and the Masonic lodge to which the deceased belonged, accompanied by a very large concourse of citizens. The early pioneers were largely represented to testify their appreciation of the activity, enterprise, and high moral worth of the deceased.

At the court-house as many as could be accommodated listened to an address of great interest by Judge Hiram Knowles, and thence the largest funeral procession ever seen in Deer Lodge county wended its way to the cemetery, where to-day sleeps all that is mortal of one of the calmest, bravest, and noblest of our early pioneers.

Past Grand Master Langford had charge of the Masonic ceremonies at the grave.

It was pursuant to one of his last requests, that the remains of Mr. Stuart were brought from Ft. Peck to be interred near his home. He had often faced death and did not fear it, but his proud spirit could not be reconciled to a final repose in the lonely and desert country at Ft. Peck. And so his brothers have been on this long, lonesome, and dangerous journey to bring the remains of their brother to the home where he wished they might repose. It was a touching tribute of their affection, and commands a wide approval and sympathy.

The grave of James Stuart will always be one of the treasures of Deer Lodge county.

“Never over one more brave
Shall the prairie grasses weep.”

ADVENTURE ON THE UPPER MISSOURI.

[The following article, prepared at Ft. Peck, on the Missouri river, by Mr. James Stuart, in 1872-73, from conversations with trappers, old graders, guides, and interpreters, under circumstances favorable to ascertain facts and detect falsehood, it is believed is an authentic chapter upon the subject of which it treats.]

Ft. Union was the first fort built on the Missouri river, above the mouth of the Yellowstone. In the summer of 1829, Kenneth McKenzie, a trader from the Upper Mississippi, near where St. Paul, Minnesota, is now located, with a party of fifty men, came across to the Upper Missouri river looking for a good place to establish a trading-post for the American Fur Company. (McKenzie was a member of said company.) They selected a site a short distance above the mouth of the Yellowstone river, on the north bank of the Missouri, and built a stockade, two hundred feet square, of logs about twelve inches in diameter and twelve feet long, set perpendicularly, putting the lower end two feet in the ground, with two block-house bastions on diagonal corners of the stockade, twelve feet square, and twenty high, pierced with loop-holes. The dwelling-houses, warehouses, and store were built inside, but not joining the stockade, leaving a space of about four feet between the walls of the buildings and the stockade. All the buildings were covered with earth, as a protection

against fire by incendiary Indians. There was only one entrance to the stockade—a large double-leaved gate, about twelve feet from post to post; with a small gate, three and a half by five feet, in one of the leaves of the main gate, which was the one mostly used, the large gate being only opened occasionally when there were no Indians in the vicinity of the fort. The houses, warehouses, and store were all built about the same height as the stockade. The above description, with the exception of the area inclosed by the stockade, will describe nearly all the forts built by traders on the Missouri river from St. Louis to the head-waters. They are easily built, convenient, and good for defense. The fort was built to trade with the Assiniboins, who were a large tribe of Indians ranging from White Earth river, on the north side of the Missouri, to the mouth of Milk river, and north into the British Possessions. They were a peaceable, inoffensive people, armed with bows and arrows, living in lodges made of buffalo skins, and roving from place to place, according to the seasons of the year, occupying certain portions of their country in the summer, and during the winter remaining where they could be protected from the cold with plenty of wood. For fear of trouble with them the traders did not sell them guns; but when an Indian proved to be a good hunter and a good friend to the traders by his actions and talk, he could occasionally borrow a gun and a few loads of ammunition to make a hunt. The principal articles of trade were alcohol, blankets, blue and scarlet cloth, sheeting (domestics), ticking, tobacco, knives, fire-steels, arrow-points, files, brass wire (different sizes), beads, brass tacks, leather belts (from four to ten inches wide), silver ornaments for hair, shells, axes, hatchets, etc.—alcohol being the principal article of trade, until after the passing of an act of Congress (June 30, 1834) prohibiting

it under severe penalties. Prior to that time, there were no restrictions on the traffic. But notwithstanding the traders were often made to suffer the penalty of the law, they continued to smuggle large quantities of spirits into the Indian country, until within the last few years (*i. e.*, 1873). St. Louis was the point from which the traders brought their goods. They would start from there with Mackinaw boats, fifty feet long, ten feet wide on the bottom and twelve feet on top, and four feet high, loaded with about fourteen tons of merchandise to each boat, and a crew of about twelve men, as soon as the ice went out of the river, usually about the 1st of March, and would be six months in getting to Ft. Union, the boat having to be towed the greater part of the way by putting a line ashore, and the men walking along the bank pulling the boat. Every spring, as soon as the ice went out of the river, boats would start from the fort for St. Louis, each boat loaded with three thousand robes, or its equivalent in other peltries, with a crew of five men to each boat, arriving at St. Louis in about thirty days. All the employes in the Indian country lived entirely on meat—the outfit of provisions for from fifty to seventy-five men being two barrels flour, one sack coffee, one barrel sugar, one barrel salt, and a little soda and pepper. After the fort was established, and proved to be a permanent trading point, large quantities of potatoes, beets, onions, turnips, squashes, corn, etc., were raised, sufficient for each year's consumption. The wages for common laborers were two hundred and twenty dollars for the round trip from St. Louis to Ft. Union, and back again to St. Louis, taking from fifteen to sixteen months' time to make it. Carpenters and blacksmiths were paid three hundred dollars per annum. The traders (being their own interpreters) were paid five hundred dollars per annum. The store and warehouse, or two stores, were built on each

side of the gate, and on the side next to the interior of the fort the two buildings were connected by a gate similar to the main gate, the space between the buildings and stockade filled in with pickets, making a large, strong room, without any roof or covering overhead. In each store, or stores, about five feet from the ground, was a hole eighteen inches square, with a strong shutter-fastening inside of the store, opening into the space or room between the gates. When the Indians wanted to trade, the inner gate was closed; a man would stand at the outer gate until all the Indians that wanted to trade, or as many as the space between the gate would contain, had passed in; then he would lock the outer gate, and go through the trading hole into the store. The Indians would then pass whatever articles each one had to trade through the hole to the trader, and he would throw out of the hole whatever the Indian wanted, to the value in trade of the article received. When the party were done trading, they were turned out and another party admitted. In that way of trading, the Indians were entirely at the mercy of the traders, for they were penned up in a room, and could all be killed through loop-holes in the store without any danger to the traders. The articles brought by the Indians for trade were buffalo-robbs, elk, deer, antelope, bear, wolf, beaver, otter, fox, mink, martin, wild-cat, skunk, and badger skins. The country was literally covered with buffalo, and the Indians killed them by making "surrounds." The Indians moved and camped with from one to four hundred lodges together—averaging about seven souls to the lodge; and when they needed meat, the chief gave orders to make a "surround," when the whole camp, men, women, and the largest of the children, on foot and on horseback, would go under the direction of the soldiers, and form a circle around as many buffalo as they wanted to kill—from three

hundred to one thousand buffalo. They would then all start slowly for a common point, and as soon as the circle commenced to grow smaller, the slaughter would begin, and in a short time all inside of the circle would be killed. The buffalo do not, as a general rule, undertake to break through unless the circle is very small, but run round and round the circumference next to the Indians until they are all killed.

Ft. Union burned down in 1831, and was rebuilt by McKenzie in the same year. The new fort was two hundred and fifty feet square, with stone foundation, with similar buildings, but put up in a more workmanlike manner, inside of the stockade. The fort stood until 1868, when it was pulled down by order of the commanding officer at Ft. Buford (five miles below Union).

Robert Campbell and Sublette built a trading-post where Ft. Buford now stands, in 1833. They also, the same year, built a trading-post at Frenchman's Point, sixty miles above Union, the next year (1834). They sold out to the American Fur Company, who destroyed both posts the same year. Campbell went to St. Louis and went into business on Main street. Sublette went to the Green River country in command of a party of trappers.

In 1832, the first steamboat, named the "Yellowstone," arrived at Ft. Union. From that time, every spring, the goods were brought up by steamboats, but the robes, peltries, etc., were shipped from the fort every spring by Mackinaws to St. Louis.

In the winter of 1830, McKenzie, desirous of establishing a trade with the Blackfeet and Gros Ventres,* sent a party of four men—Burger, Dacoteau, Morceau, and one

* The Minatarees of Lewis and Clarke.

other man—in search of the Indians, and to see if there was sufficient inducements to establish a trading-post. The party started up the Missouri river with dog-sleds, to haul a few presents for the Indians—bedding, ammunition, moccasins, etc. They followed the Missouri to the mouth of the Marias river, thence up the Marias to the mouth of Badger creek, without seeing an Indian, finding plenty of game of all kinds, and plenty of beaver in all the streams running into the Missouri. Every night when they camped they hoisted the American flag, so that if they were seen by any Indians during the night they would know it was a white man's camp; and it was very fortunate for them that they had a flag to use in that manner, for the night they camped at the mouth of Badger creek they were discovered by a war-party of Blackfeet, who surrounded them during the night, and as they were about firing on the camp, they saw the flag and did not fire, but took the party prisoners. A part of the Indians wanted to kill the whites and take what they had, but through the exertions and influence of a chief named "Good-woman," they were not molested in person or property, but went in safety to the Black-foot camp on Belly river, and stayed with the camp until spring. During the winter they explained their business, and prevailed upon about one hundred Blackfeet to go with them to Union to see McKenzie. They arrived at Union about the 1st of April, 1831, and McKenzie got their consent to build a trading-post at the mouth of the Marias. The Indians stayed about one month, then started home to tell the news to their people. McKenzie then started Kipp,* with seventy-five men and an outfit of Indian goods, to build a fort at the mouth of the Marias river, and

* James Kipp (J. H. B.).

he had the fort completed before the winter of 1831. It was only a temporary arrangement to winter in, in order to find out whether it would pay to establish a permanent post. Next spring, Col. Mitchell (afterward colonel in Doniphan's expedition to Mexico) built some cabins on Brule bottom, to live in until a good fort could be built. The houses at the mouth of the Marias were burned after the company moved to Brule bottom. Alex. Culbertson was sent by McKenzie to relieve Mitchell, and to build a picket-stockade fort two hundred feet square on the north bank of the Missouri river, which he completed during the summer and fall of 1832. This fort was occupied for eleven years, until Ft. Lewis was built by Culbertson on the south side of the Missouri river, near Pablois' island, in the summer of 1844. Ft. Brule was then abandoned and burned. In 1846, Ft. Lewis was abandoned, and Ft. Benton was built by Culbertson, about seven miles below Ft. Lewis, and on the north bank of the Missouri river. It was two hundred and fifty feet square, built of adobes laid upon the ground without any foundation of stone, and is now standing (1875), and occupied as a military post. The dwellings, warehouses, stores, etc., were all built of adobes. The Piegans, Blackfeet, and Blood Indians, all talking the same language, claimed and occupied the country from the Missouri river to the Saskatchewan river. Prior to the building of the winter-quarters at the mouth of the Marias, they had always traded with the Hudson Bay Company at the Prairie Fort or Somerset House, both on the Saskatchewan. There was a bitter rivalry between the Hudson Bay Company and the American Fur Company. The Hudson Bay Company often sent men to induce the confederated Blackfeet to go north and trade, and the Indians said they were offered large rewards to kill all the traders on the Missouri river, and de-

stroy the trading-posts. McKenzie wrote to Gov. Bird, the head man of the Hudson Bay Company in the north, in regard to the matter, and Bird wrote back to McKenzie, saying: "When you know the Blackfeet as well as I do, you will know that they do not need any inducements to commit depredations."

At the time the Blackfeet commenced to trade on the Missouri, they did not have any robes to trade; they only saved what they wanted for their own use. The Hudson Bay Company only wanted furs of different kinds. The first season the Americans did not get any robes, but traded for a large quantity of beaver, otter, martin, etc. They told the Indians they wanted robes, and from that time the Indians made them their principal article of trade. The company did not trade provisions of any kind to the Indians, but when an Indian made a good trade, he would get a spoonful of sugar, which he would put in his medicine-bag to use in sickness, when all other remedies failed.

In 1842, F. A. Chardon, who was in charge of Ft. Brule, massacred about thirty Blackfeet Indians. The Indians had stolen a few horses and some little things out of the fort from time to time, and Chardon concluded to punish them for it. He waited until a trading party came in, and when they were assembled in front of the gate, he opened the gate and fired upon them with a small cannon loaded with trade balls. After firing the cannon, the men went out and killed all the wounded with knives. The Blackfeet stopped trading, and moved into the British Possessions, and made war on the post, and were so troublesome that Chardon abandoned Brule in the spring, went to the mouth of the Judith, and built Ft. F. A. Chardon on the north bank of the Missouri river, a short distance above the mouth of Judith

river, which was burnt up when Culbertson built Ft. Lewis and made peace with the Blackfeet.

In 1832, McKenzie sent Tullock, with forty men, to build a fort at the mouth of the Big Horn river. Tullock built the fort named Van Buren, on the south side of the Yellowstone, about three miles below the mouth of the Big Horn river. It was one hundred and fifty feet square, picket stockade, with two bastions on diagonal corners. In 1863, I saw the location. The pickets showed plainly; they had been burned to the ground, and several of the chimneys were not entirely fallen down. The fort was built to trade with the Mountain Crows, an insolent, treacherous tribe of Indians. They wanted the location of their trading-post changed nearly every year, consequently they had four trading-posts built from 1832 to 1850, viz: Ft. Cass, built by Tullock, on the Yellowstone, below Van Buren, in 1836; Ft. Alexander, built by Lawender, still lower down on the Yellowstone river, in 1848, and Ft. Sarpey, built by Alexander Culbertson, in 1850, at the mouth of the Rose Bud. Ft. Sarpey was abandoned in 1853, and there has not been any trading forts built on the Yellowstone since, up to the present time (1875). Kenneth McKenzie, after Lewis and Clarke, was the pioneer of the Upper Missouri. He was a native of the highlands of Scotland. When young, he came in the service of the Hudson Bay Company to Hudson's Bay. In 1820, he quit the Hudson Bay Company, and started to explore the country from Hudson's Bay to Red river and Lake Winnepeg; thence to the Lake Superior country; finally concluded to locate on the Upper Mississippi. In 1822, he went to New York, and got an outfit of Indian trade goods on credit, and established a trading-post on the Upper Mississippi, and remained in that part of the country until 1829, when he came to the Missouri and established Ft. Union. He was

in charge of all the Northwestern fur trade until 1839, when he resigned—Alexander Culbertson taking his place—and went to St. Louis, where he went into the wholesale liquor trade, and lived there until he died, in 1856 or 1857. He was a man of great courage, energy, good judgment, and great executive ability. His wife now resides in St. Louis.

A SKETCH
OF THE
EARLY LIFE OF MALCOLM CLARK,

A corporate member of the Historical Society of Montana.

[For thirty years Mr. Malcolm Clark was a resident along the Upper Missouri river among the Indian tribes. The following sketch of his boyhood is from the pen of his sister, Mrs. Charlotte Ouisconsin Van Cleve, wife of General H. P. Van Cleve, of St. Paul, Minnesota. In some future volume we trust to publish the interesting episodes and thrilling adventures of the wild life he led remote from civilized man, with the startling tragedy which ended that life, in such close proximity to the most considerable settlement in Montana.—W. F. S.]

My brother, Malcolm Clark, was the oldest child of our parents and their only son.

He was born July 22, 1817, at Ft. Wayne, Indiana, at which post his father, Lieutenant Nathan Clark, Fifth Regiment of Infantry, was then stationed.

When he was two years old, his father was ordered with his regiment to that point in the unbroken wilderness now known as Ft. Snelling, and this was the home of the family for eight years. After living in the rude, temporary barracks for two years, the troops occupied the new and very comfortable quarters in 1821, and soon after this date my personal recollections of my brother begin. He was a handsome, bright-eyed, brave, and venturesome boy, who soon began to develop a very decided taste for riding and hunting, and at a very early age became the pupil and prime

favorite of Captain Martin Scott, widely known as the veritable *Nimrod* of those days.

He was constantly running risks even in his plays, and had some almost miraculous escapes. But his fortitude and endurance of pain were very remarkable, and his great ambition was to bear himself under all circumstances like a true soldier.

One of my earliest recollections of him is seeing him mounted on a beautiful pony, the gift of the captain, riding without saddle or bridle, his arms extended, his eyes flashing, and his soft brown hair waving in the wind. This early training in daring horsemanship made him, as all who knew him can testify, a perfect rider.

He was very quick to resent anything that looked like an imposition or an infringement of his rights, it mattered not who was the aggressor. On one occasion, during the temporary absence of the surgeon, he fell and cut his mouth so badly that my parents feared it might be a permanent injury to him. Colonel Snelling, who had some knowledge of surgery, volunteered to repair the damaged feature, but when he attempted to use the needle, Malcolm, who felt he was not duly authorized, utterly refused to let him touch it, shaking his tiny fist in his face by way of menace. The colonel laughingly retreated and recommended sticking-plaster, which answered an admirable purpose. At another time I assisted the surgeon in dressing a wound which Malcolm had inflicted on his own arm with a knife, and although the operation of probing and cleansing it was perfect torture, he submitted to it patiently and without a sound of complaint.

He was a loving, affectionate boy, full of chivalry and true nobility. Being next in age to him I was his constant

companion and playmate, and his kind, loving consideration of me is deeply impressed upon me.

On one memorable occasion he and I started out on a bitterly cold morning, just as reveille was sounding, to find and bring home a wolf which had been caught over night, but had dislodged the trap in his efforts to get loose and carried it away with him. We followed his tracks nearly to Minnehaha, a distance of two miles from the fort, and then fearing the family at home would be anxious about us, we hired an Indian boy whom we overtook to continue the pursuit and bring home our game. Returning, the wind was directly in our faces, and I, having made a very hasty toilet, was poorly prepared for such severe weather. The dear boy seeing this, put his warm cap and mittens on me and walked in front of me all the way home, thus shielding me in a great measure from the piercing blast, which beat mercilessly on him. But his heart was so warm and true that no outward cold could chill it, and we arrived in safety at our home just as "*peas upon the trencher*" was sounding for breakfast, where we were met by Captain Scott with open arms as children after his own heart. To his intercession with our parents we owe it that we received a very slight reprimand for having gone off without permission. And after a most appetizing breakfast and a thorough warming by a rousing fire, we were well prepared to exult over our morning walk, when we were called out to see one of the largest sized timber wolves still fast in our trap, for in this way our Indian ally had brought in the recaptured animal. Some time during the following summer, my brother being about eight years old, there was to be a wolf chase on the prairie near the fort. The wolf having been caught in a wooden trap, and of course not injured in any way, was to be let loose at a given signal, and the dogs were to be turned

upon him ; but in consideration for the valuable dogs, it was determined to muzzle the wolf. Malcolm stood near, all excitement, and the soldiers who had been engaged to do this job queried who should hold the formidable looking jaws while it was done. The little boy sprang forward, seized them in his hands, and calling out, "Now you can muzzle him," held them tight till they were thoroughly secured. As child and man he never knew fear, and always seemed incapable of doing a mean or dishonorable act.

For some years our mother's home was Cincinnati, which place had been selected by our father on account of its excellent schools. He was in command at Ft. Howard much of the time, but came to visit us as often as his duties would permit. My brother attended a classical school in that city taught by Alexander Kinmont, a Scotchman, somewhat celebrated as an educator of boys.

By his high sense of honor and his engaging manners, he endeared himself to his teacher and fellow-pupils.

He had a real reverence for his female associates ; indeed, his ideas of womanhood in general were very exalted. He guarded me most sacredly from anything which might offend my sense of delicacy, and was ready to do battle with any one who spoke slightingly of a lady. At one time a young school-mate made some improper remarks concerning a young lady acquaintance of Malcolm's, and the latter bade him take back his words. On his refusing to do this, my brother seized the fellow, who was larger and stouter than he, and gave him a pretty severe punishment, receiving himself, however, a bad cut on his head from falling on a sharp stone. But neither the pain of his wound nor the rebukes of his friends could make him feel that he had done anything wrong, and he bore his sufferings with the spirit of a

knight who had been wounded in defense of his "faire ladye."

While at school, he developed a talent for public speaking, and was considered the best speaker in the academy. I think that all through his life this gift of eloquence gave him a power over those with whom he mingled. I recall distinctly the pride I felt in him when, at an exhibition, he delivered that wonderful speech of Marc Antony over the dead body of Cæsar; and when the sad news of his tragical death reached me, I seemed to hear again the infinite pathos of his voice, as he said, "And thou, too, Brutus." The man who treacherously took his life had been to him as a son, had shared his home, and received from him nothing but favors. Well might he have exclaimed, "*And thou, too, Netuscho!*" as, e'en under the protecting shadow of his own home, the brave man fell pierced by the deadly ball.

At seventeen, he was entered at West Point, where, owing to his early military associations and training, he took high rank as a capable, well-drilled soldier, and was soon put in command of a company. In this capacity, he acquitted himself in such a way as to win the approval of his superior officers as well as the confidence of his fellow-cadets.

But one of his company, who had been derelict in duty, and had been reported accordingly, accused him of making a false report; and this, in those days, was an accusation not to be borne. Consequently, my impetuous brother, with a mistaken sense of honor, fostered by the teachings of forty years ago, sent the young man a challenge. Instead of accepting or declining it, he took it to the commandant, thus placing himself in a most unfavorable light.

The next morning, at breakfast roll-call, my brother

stepped out before his company, and seizing his adversary by the collar, administered to him a severe flogging with a cowhide. This, of course, was a case that called for a court-martial, and the result was my brother's dismissal, the sentence, however, recommending him to mercy. It was intimated to him by some high in authority, that by making proper concessions he would be reinstated. This he would not do, and took the consequences.

In the light of the great improvement in public sentiment with regard to such matters, my brother's course must be condemned; but great allowance must be made for the code of honor which existed at that time, which was enforced nowhere so strenuously as in military circles. Several duels had been fought between the officers at Ft. Snelling, while that was our home; and Malcolm had heard, with delight and awe, of his great friend, Captain Scott, having, on more than one occasion, soon after his appointment in the regular army, given a final quietus to young West Point officers, who had snubbed and insulted the "Green Mountain boy," whose military career opened in a volunteer regiment, in the war of 1812, instead of at the military academy. These influences account for, and in a great measure excuse, my impetuous brother's conduct in this affair. Shortly after which, he started for Texas, to join the desperate men there in their struggle for independence.

During his journey to the "Lone Star" State, a characteristic incident occurred, which may be deemed worthy of record.

On the voyage from New Orleans to Galveston, the captain of the ship refused to keep his agreement with his passengers with regard to furnishing ice and other absolute necessaries, thus making their situation thoroughly unendurable. After unsuccessful efforts to bring the captain to

reason, my brother took command himself, placed the captain, heavily ironed, in close confinement, and thus landed in Galveston. There he released his prisoner, and repaired immediately to General Sam Houston's quarters, to give himself up for mutiny on the high seas.

His story had preceded him, and, on presenting himself, the president exclaimed: "What! is this beardless boy the desperate mutineer of whom you have been telling me?" After inquiring into the affair, he felt convinced that, according to the laws of self-defense, my brother's conduct was justifiable, and dismissed him, with some very complimentary remarks on his courageous behavior.

The young hero was loudly cheered by the populace, and borne on their shoulders in triumph to his hotel.

He soon after received a commission in the Texan army, where he served faithfully till the troubles were over, and then returned to Cincinnati, at that time our widowed mother's home.

While in the southwest, he was one day riding entirely alone through a wilderness in some part of Mexico, I think, when he saw in the distance, riding directly toward him, his old West Point antagonist, who had so far lost *caste* at that institution as to be obliged to resign about the time of my brother's dismissal. He had learned that Malcolm was in that country, whither he also had drifted, and had threatened to take his life, if ever he crossed his path. My brother, knowing of this threat, of course concluded when he met his enemy that there would be a deadly encounter. Both were heavily armed. Malcolm had two pistols, but had discharged one at a prairie-hen a short time before, and had forgotten which one was still loaded. It would not do to make investigations in the very face of the foe; so, with his hand on one of them, and his keen eye firmly fixed on

the man, he rode on, determined not to give one inch of the road. Thus they advanced, neither yielding, my brother's steady gaze never relaxing, till, just as their mules almost touched each other, his enemy gave the road, and my brother went on, feeling that very probably his foe would shoot him from behind, but never looking back, till, by a turn in the road, he knew he was out of sight, when he drew a long breath, and felt he had been in a pretty tight place.

The next news he had of his adversary, was that he had been killed in a drunken row in some town in Texas.

Failing to find, in Cincinnati, business congenial to his taste, my brother obtained, through our father's life-long friend, Captain John Culbertson, an appointment in the American Fur Company, and went to one of their stations on the Upper Missouri.

At this time, he was just twenty-four years old. At the time of his death, he was fifty-two. So that more than half his life was spent in the Indian country.

The story of his life in the Far West is well known. Soon after his arrival in the Blackfoot region, he won the name of Ne-so-ke-i-u (the Four Bears), by killing four grizzlies one morning before breakfast.

How he traded successfully among these Indians, in all cases studying their best interests; how he came to be looked upon as a great and powerful chief; how he identified himself with them, by marrying among them; how, by his deeds of daring, his many miraculous escapes, his rare prowess and skill, and his wonderful personal influence over them, he obtained the dignity of a "*medicine man*," in whom they professed implicit faith and confidence; and how, when the eager, grasping whites encroached upon their territory, seeing before them the fate that had befallen

all the other tribes among whom the white men had settled, they feared that this man whose hair had whitened among them would, in the coming struggle for the mastery, take part with his own people against them, and made a foul conspiracy against his life, treacherously stilling the heart that had beat with kindness and affection for them—are facts well known to the dwellers in his beloved Montana, and I need not enlarge upon them.

His daughter, Miss Nellie P. Clark, prepared a detailed account of the last fearful scene in her father's life. I doubt not the Historical Society can have the benefit of this recital, if they desire it.

In sketching this record of his early life, I seem to see again before me my beautiful, bright-eyed brother, a boy of whom I was very proud, and who was, to me, the embodiment of everything brave and manly and true. I follow him in his eventful life, and while I realize that his impetuosity sometimes led him to do things which he afterward regretted, yet, above all these errors or mistakes, rises the memory of his unswerving integrity; his fidelity to his friends; his high sense of honor between man and man; his almost womanly tenderness toward those whom he loved; his rare culture and refinement; his affable, genial, and courteous manners; his hospitality and large-heartedness—all entitling him richly to

“ Bear, without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman.”

CHARLOTTE OUISCONSIN VAN CLEVE.

LEWIS AND CLARKE'S EXPEDITION.

At 5 o'clock p. m. of Sunday, April 7, 1805, the barge attached to the expedition, manned with seven soldiers, two Frenchmen, and Mr. Gravelines, as pilot, left the fort erected by the expedition for St. Louis. This fort was in the midst of the Mandan villages, a succession of villages, twenty or more in number, many of which were then abandoned and in a condition of decay. These towns were a short distance above Bismarck, and extended up the river, on both sides, for a distance of more than twenty miles. The fort was about ten miles below the mouth of Knife river.

The barge contained dispatches to date and presents from Indians.

At the same hour, six small canoes and two large perioques, with thirty-three persons and their baggage, started up the river on the voyage of discovery and adventure.

The following persons comprised the expedition :

Merriwether Lewis, *Captain U. S. A.*

William Clarke, *First Lieutenant U. S. A.*

John Ordway, Nathaniel Pryor, Patrick Gass,* *Sergeants.*

*To guard against the destruction of minute daily information of the events of the journey, several of the party were encouraged to keep diaries; but of all these, none were published except that of Sergeant Patrick Gass, whose work (a copy of which is in the library of the Historical Society) is one of great interest.—W. F. S.

William Bratton,	Baptiste Lapage,
John Colter,*	Francis Labiche,
John Collins,	Hugh McNeal,
Peter Cruzatte,	John Potts,*
Robert Frazier,	John Shields,
Reuben Fields,	George Shannon,
Joseph Fields,	John B. Thompson,
George Gibson,	William Werner,
Silas Goodrich,	Alexander Willard,†
Hugh Hall,	Richard Windsor,
Thomas P. Howard,	Joseph Whitehouse,
	Peter Wiser.

George Drewyer, Toussaint Chaboneau, *Interpreters.*

A colored servant of Captain Clarke, called "York."

The wife of Interpreter Chaboneau, with her young child. ‡

* See note on next page.

† Willard's creek, which runs through Bannack, was named after Alexander Willard. In 1862, Mr. Charles Rumley, not knowing the stream had before then received a name, christened it Grasshopper creek, from the large numbers of that insect found upon its banks. When it had been identified as the Willard creek of Lewis and Clarke, the vanity and effrontery of Mr. J. S. Willard, then living at Bannack, so offended the denizens of that town that the stream is known as "the Grasshopper" to this day. Its original name of Willard should be restored.—W. F. S.

‡ This wife of Chaboneau was a Shoshone or Snake squaw, who had been captured when a child by the Minnetarees (Gros Ventres), and by them sold to Chaboneau, who, purchasing her as a slave, raised her to the dignity of mistress of his household. She was captured at the Three Forks of the Missouri, about the year 1800.

ADVENTURE OF COLTER.

On the arrival of the exploring party of Lewis and Clarke at the headwaters of the Missouri, Colter, one of the guides, obtained permission for himself and another hunter by the name of Potts to remain awhile and hunt for beaver. Aware of the hostility of the Blackfoot Indians, one of whom had been killed by Lewis, they set their traps at night and took them up early in the morning, remaining concealed during the day.

They were examining their traps early one morning, in a creek which they were ascending in a canoe, when they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals; but they could not ascertain the fact, as the high, perpendicular banks on each side of the river impeded their view. Colter immediately pronounced it to be occasioned by Indians, and advised an instant retreat, but was accused of cowardice by Potts, who insisted the noise was occasioned by buffaloes, and they proceeded on. In a few minutes afterward, their doubts were removed by the appearance of about five or six hundred Indians on both sides of the creek, who beckoned them to come ashore. As retreat was now impossible, Colter turned the head of the canoe to the shore; and at the moment of its touching, an Indian seized the rifle belonging to Potts. But Colter, who was a remarkably strong man, immediately retook it, and handed it to Potts, who remained in the canoe, and, upon receiving it, pushed off into the river. He had scarcely quitted the shore, when an arrow was shot at him, and he cried out, "Colter, I am wounded." Colter remonstrated with him on the folly of attempting to escape, and urged him to come ashore. Instead of complying, he instantly leveled his rifle at an Indian, and shot him dead on the spot.

This conduct, situated as he was, may appear to have been an act of madness; but it was doubtless the effect of sudden, but sound enough reasoning: for, if taken alive, he must have expected to have been tortured to death, according to the Indian custom. And, in this respect, the Indians of this region excelled all others in the ingenuity they displayed in torturing their prisoners.

He was instantly pierced with arrows, so numerous that, to use the language of Colter, "he was made a riddle of."

They now seized Colter, stripped him entirely naked, and began

to consult on the manner in which he should be put to death. They were first inclined to set him up as a mark to shoot at; but the chief interfered, and, seizing him by the shoulder, asked him if he could run fast. Colter, who had been some time among the Kee Katsa, or Crow Indians, had, in a considerable degree, acquired the Blackfoot language, and was also well acquainted with Indian customs. He knew that he had now to run for his life, with the dreadful odds of five or six hundred against him, and these armed Indians. He therefore cunningly replied that he was a very bad runner, although, in truth, he was considered by the hunters as remarkably swift.

The chief now commanded the party to remain stationary, and led Colter out on the prairie three or four hundred yards, and released him, *to save himself if he could*. At that instant, the war-whoop sounded in the ears of poor Colter, who, urged with the hope of preserving life, ran with a speed at which he himself was surprised. He proceeded toward Jefferson's Fork, having to traverse a plain six miles in breadth, abounding with the prickly pear, on which he every instant was treading with his naked feet. He ran nearly half way across the plain before he ventured to look over his shoulder, when he perceived that the Indians were very much scattered, and that he had gained ground to a considerable distance from the main body; but one Indian, who carried a spear, was much before all the rest, and not more than a hundred yards from him.

A faint gleam of hope now cheered the heart of Colter. He derived confidence from the belief that escape was within the bounds of possibility. But that confidence was nearly fatal to him; for he exerted himself to such a degree that the blood gushed from his nostrils and soon almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of this pursuer. He again turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him.

Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned around, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised at the suddenness of the action, and perhaps at the bloody appearance of Colter, also attempted to stop; but, exhausted with running, he fell while attempting to throw his spear, which stuck in the ground, and broke in his hand. Colter instantly snatched up the

pointed part, with which he pinned him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped until others came up to join them, and then gave a hideous yell. Every moment of this time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of cottonwood trees on the borders of the fork, to which he ran and plunged into the river. Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an island, against the upper point of which a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and, after several efforts, got his head above water, among the trunks of trees covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. Scarcely had he secured himself, when the Indians arrived on the river, screeching and yelling, as Colter expressed it, "like so many devils."

They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen through the chinks by Colter, who was congratulating himself on his escape, until the idea arose that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense, he remained until night, when, hearing no more from the Indians, he dived from under the raft, and swam instantly down the river to a considerable distance, when he landed, and traveled all night. Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful. He was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were filled with the thorns of the prickly pear; he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance around him; and was at a great distance from the nearest settlement. Almost any man but an American hunter would have despaired under such circumstances. The fortitude of Colter remained unshaken. After seven days of sore travel, during which he had no other sustenance than the root known by naturalists under the name of "*psoralea esculenta*," he at length arrived in safety at Lisa's Fort, on the Big Horn branch of the Roche Jaune, or Yellowstone river.

[The foregoing note is given as it has long been told in print and otherwise. But an inspection of Lewis and Clarke's Journal will show one or two errors. Colter was discharged below the mouth of the Yellowstone, and not "at the headwaters of the Missouri." Nor does it appear that Potts was then discharged; but, on the contrary, Colter was encouraged to hope for a discharge only on condition that "none

of the rest would ask or expect a similar indulgence." See Lewis and Clarke's Journal for August 14, 1806. There is no reason to doubt but that Colter and Potts returned to the mountains after Lewis and Clarke had completed their journey, and upon such return this adventure occurred. Whether the scene of this tragedy was near the confluence of the Wisdom river, the North Boulder, or the Madison with the Jefferson Fork, there is no possibility of determining absolutely; but it seems most probable that it was on the Madison river they were captured.—W. F. S.]

CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE'S LETTER.

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

Dear Sir—

Reciprocating your very kind and complimentary letter and circular, I would remark, with every disposition to assist you in preserving interesting data respecting our Far West of early days, after an absence of near half a century I must decline to review or attempt any addition to my journal; yet, as you appear to think the explorations of those days were only up the Platte and down Snake rivers, it may be well for me to correct you a little in this matter. One of my parties was sent through the Crow country and came round by the north, and wintered with me on Salmon river; another party was sent south and wintered on the shores of Salt Lake; another journeyed into the Utes country, farther south, until it met the traders and trappers from New Mexico; another went down Salmon river, to Walla Walla, on the Columbia; another to coast around the Salt Lake; being out of provisions, it turned north, upon Marias river,* followed this river down west to the eastern base of the California mountains, where it empties itself into large flat lakes, thence westward, clambering for twenty-three days among the difficult passes of this elevated range, before it reached its Western or Pacific slope; thence to Monterey on the coast, where it wintered. In the spring

* Humboldt river.

the party going south turned the southern point of these mountains, on its way to the Upper Rocky Mountains; another party going west, down the waters of Snake river, to the base of the California Range, turned southeast, and on the way home kept the divide, as near as practicable, between Marias river (now called Humboldt) and Snake; another party going north, round the Wind River Mountains, followed the Po-po-az-ze-ah, the Big Horn, and the Yellowstone down to the Missouri.

The large clear stream in the valley immediately west of the South Pass, was called by the Indians and early trappers the Sis-ke-de-az-ze-ah, afterward Green river. I was the first to take wagons through the South Pass,* and first to recognize Green river as the Colorado of the West.

I presume most of my men are dead, nor do I know where any one of them can be found, except Mr. David Adams, who was one of my principal men. About two years since, I met him at St. Louis, Mo. He told me he was preparing a journal of his mountain experience. I have ever looked upon him as a man of truth. He may give you much valuable information; also the names of any of his companions who may be living. Mr. David Adams was then living on Soulard's addition to the city of St. Louis.

You say I had drifted from those scenes. Certainly not with my consent, for returning to my company of 7th United States Infantry, at Ft. Gibson, I heard it mentioned the United States (the government I should say) was not pleased with the treaty made with the Prairie Indians.

* Incorrect. Ashley took the first wagons through South Pass, as early as (I think) 1825. Can't mention exact date from memory.—J. H. B.

The Indians had assembled in large numbers, and becoming sickly, they dispersed suddenly, thinking there had been some foul play toward them. Under this belief, thinking my experience might be of some service, I felt it my duty to offer myself to go and bring in any chiefs the government might wish to confer with, asking for the purpose my company and only the remnant of merchandise presents, etc., the commissioners had not disposed of. An influential Indian trader on this frontier, learning through his relatives at Washington City of my proposition, applied for the "job" as he called it, got it, and afterward said to me, "You do this for honor; I do it for profit." He sold his goods.

On another occasion, knowing the lucrative trade carried on over the prairies from St. Louis to Santa Fe, and satisfied the caravans could start from Ft. Smith one month earlier, and by following up the Canadian river, would find wood and water in full abundance, I started the subject in Arkansas, and explained its advantages through the columns of the *Arkansas Gazette*. The State becoming deeply interested, the Governor, Legislature, and Senators moving in the matter, I proceeded to the city of Washington, where, with the assistance of Senator Borland, I obtained an order for an escort of fifteen to twenty men, around which, as a nucleus, several traders had agreed to accompany me. I delayed five or six days to explain to traders the preparation necessary for the trip. Upon my arrival at Ft. Smith, I found General Arbuckle, the officer commanding this frontier, had assigned Captain Marcy, nephew of the Secretary of War, Governor Marcy, to this duty. Captain Marcy and his escort started.

My object was to bring this lucrative trade through the valley of the Arkansas, for the benefit of a State I had

made my home ; also to trace what, in my opinion, is the best and shortest route from the Mississippi to the Pacific, with the advantage that it was practicable the whole year—one I have frequently urged as best for railroad purposes. Some years after, Whipple and Sitgreaves, officers of the United States Engineers, examined this route. Subsequently, a gentleman friend of President B—— made quite a reputation by trotting over this route to his ranch in California, and some say a large fortune. I had cuts from the *Arkansas Gazette* of my recommendations of this route. These cuts were left with Colonel Fauntelroy, who sent them to Governor Floyd, Secretary of War. I have never been able to recover them. I was in the Florida war with Taylor, Armistead, and Worth ; in the Mexican with Wool, Taylor, and Scott. After the Mexican war, while at Ft. Smith and Gibson, my mind naturally turned to the prairies. It was then I urged the Canadian route to the Pacific, now called by any other name than mine. The Gila war was undertaken because of thefts and murders of long duration, to punish the murder of Agent Dodge, which occurred during my temporary command.

The Navajoes was inherited from General Garland, who became dangerously ill while commanding, and taking most of his staff officers with him, I immediately organized another staff, hunted up my supplies, made Albuquerque my depot, and threw into their country all the power of the department, and in about three months closed a war which it was thought would be a second Florida war in duration and expense. Shortly after, Colonel Fauntelroy relieved me in command of the department. My regiment was sent to Texas, where I found my junior, Colonel Robert E. Lee, in command—a very clever officer and gentleman, but being my junior, hence my petition. General Twiggs was then

sent to relieve Colonel Lee, and while under orders to be relieved, McCulloch grabbed San Antonio and stores of the department. Colonel Waite, the officer assigned to relieve General Twiggs, found the department in rebel hands. He was my junior. I had been dangerously sick, had applied for sick leave; this I received as Colonel Waite arrived. I wrote to him that if he did not recognize the surrender, I would remain and assist him; he replied that he would carry out the arrangement made by General Twiggs. Then I told him I accepted my sick-leave. Proceeded to St. Louis, Missouri. Shortly after, ordered to Washington, before the Retiring Board, and by the board retired. Again put on duty, in command of Benton Barracks, and mustering and disbursing officer. When the law passed removing all retired officers from duty, I came here, and opened a farm, on lands I purchased from the United States in 1837, where I am now, in my old age, a farmer, my family with me. I have to thank the government for many favors granted to me at different times. At the request of General Lafayette a two years' leave was granted me, and extended one year more, which I passed in intimate relations with the family of that noble patriot; also other leaves.

You ask me if I know of the thermal springs and geysers. Not personally, but my men knew about them, and called their location the "Fire Hole." I recollect the name of Alvarez as a trader. I think he came to the mountains as I was leaving them. The American Fur Company had a trading-post at the mouth of the Yellowstone; also one higher up. Mr. Tullock, I think, was in charge of that up the Yellowstone. Half a century is a long time to look back, and I do so doubting myself. I have added, and inclose, some cuttings from the periodicals

of those days which will explain many things I had long since forgotten.

I have to ask your indulgence for the errors of this hasty production, which is more truly an essay from the cornfield, than a literary one suited for the records of your honorable association.

With sentiments of sincere regard,

Your friend,

B. L. E. BONNEVILLE,

Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army.

JOHN BALL'S LETTER.

[The following letter from Mr. John Ball possesses so much interest that it is published in the hope that a more elaborate article will follow, and to preserve a brief sketch of a most remarkable journey in the event it shall not be further described.—W. F. S.]

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., *October 14, 1874.*

Dear Sir—

I have to acknowledge the receipt of a circular of the Historical Society of Montana, and have to say that I crossed the Rocky Mountains in 1832, in the party of Mr. Nathaniel Wyeth. But we went by the South Pass, and so we did not go through Montana. I joined Mr. Wyeth's party solely for the journey, having no connection with it for business purposes, and traveling for personal observation only. In upper Missouri, our party joined a trading company headed by Mr. William Sublette, with whom we traveled. A Mr. Robert Campbell, of St. Louis, was also of the caravan, and in all there were some eighty men and three hundred horses and mules.

We passed Captain Bonneville's party, which was traveling with wagons, between the Kansas and the Platte, went up the North Platte and Sweetwater, and reached the South Pass early in July. We kept close under the Wind River Mountains for a hundred miles, and came to a branch of

the Lewis river (Snake river), and at Pierre's Hole, which was a famous resort, met Sublette's trappers and the Flat-head and Nez Perce Indians. Then twelve of us only kept with a trapping party off south of what was afterward Ft. Hall, and north of the Salt Lake, and on westward until we struck the headwaters of the Humboldt river. There we twelve parted with the trappers, turning north to get back onto waters running in a different course. In about six weeks we brought out at the Hudson Bay fort, Walla Walla. There we disposed of our horses, and we descended the river by boat to the ocean, arriving late in October. I passed the winter at Ft. Vancouver, and the summer following on the Willamette river, above Portland, and the falls at Oregon City, where I raised a crop of grain, being, I suppose, the first American who held plow in Oregon. But, in the fall of 1833, no settlers arriving from the States, and the Hudson Bay Company controlling the country, I took passage in one of their ships bound to California and the Sandwich Islands. I passed a few weeks in the bay of San Francisco, and arrived at the Islands on New Year's day, 1834. California was then a Mexican province.

I took passage from Honolulu in a whale ship, stopped at the Society Islands, passed the cape, and put in at Rio Janeiro. From there I got passage in an American man-of-war, sailed by Lieutenant Farragut, afterward Commodore. Came in at Norfolk, and to Baltimore, from which place I started about two and one-half years before. Sat down in Troy, New York, where I had before resided, two years, and came to this place in 1836, and here I am. In 1835, I communicated something to Silliman's Journal, which gives something more of my journey and some scientific observations.

Yours most truly,

JOHN BALL.

A TRIP UP THE SOUTH SNAKE RIVER IN 1863.

In August, 1863, I was at Virginia City (then called Varina, after Jeff Davis' wife), engaged, as were thousands of others, in hunting for gold, and like many others, unsuccessfully. I had already been on "stampedes" in various directions, which had led to nothing, when I heard that a party were assembling somewhere on the Beaverhead river, for the purpose of ascending the South branch of Snake river to its head. One of the men had been part of the way up, and described it as a gold country.

I had always thought that there must be deposits of gold on the Upper Snake river, as I knew that the "color" had been found below; and as the country was unknown, distant, and dangerous, it possessed all the elements which combine, in the eye of a frontiersman, "to lend enchantment to the view." I therefore resolved to go.

I was pretty well fixed for such a trip. I had two good horses, enough provisions to last for about forty days, good arms, and about ten dollars in gold dust. I had a partner, who had come up with me from Walla Walla, the year previous. We had brought up a pack-train loaded with flour, to Bannaek, and, during our absence in the Bitter Root, had been swindled out of the proceeds by an old fellow living there, to whom we had intrusted it, and who was afterward shot by some man on whom he had practiced his tricks, and who very modestly never made himself

known. He was evidently one of those who "do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

My partner was now in the Deer Lodge valley, engaged in building a "shanty," in a place where no one would ever go, where he expected to keep a hotel, if he could find any one to trust him for the "grub." I sent him my blessing, as the only remittance I could make, and the earnest request to take care of himself, which he did, I have no doubt, solely on my account.

I left Virginia City on the 3d of August, and camped that evening on Ramshorn Gulch, where I found Pete Daly, who had just put up a little cabin, and was living there with his wife and two step-daughters. He has been there ever since, I believe.

The next day I went over to the Beaverhead river. I was alone, and met with only one incident worth noticing. As my pack-horse, who was an independent animal, and had notions of his own, declined being driven, I was compelled to drag him, and, for that purpose, had taken a hitch with the lariat around the horn of the saddle. The pack becoming disarranged, I dismounted to fix it, and while doing this, my riding-horse commenced capering around, and in some way got the rope across the lock of the gun, and caused it to go off directly toward me, the ball passing just over my head. There is always some consolation in the worst misfortunes, however, and when I got over my scare, I felt very thankful that he had not fired the other barrel at me, which was loaded with buckshot.

On the 6th, I, with several others whom I had joined on the road, came up with the main party, which was camped on the Beaverhead river, near the mouth of Black-tail Deer creek. There were only two men whom I knew. One was a young man named Moore, who had been an

auctioneer at Bannack. The guide of the party was Hillerman, usually known as the "Great American Pie-biter," and who was afterward banished by the Vigilants, for supposed complicity in the murder of the German, for which George Ives was hung.

He said that he had been part of the way up the South Snake, with another man; that the other man had accidentally shot himself, and died, and that he returned; that the "color" could be found almost everywhere, and he believed that there was plenty of gold above.

There were about twenty-seven men present, almost all of whom had but recently arrived from Colorado and California, and were totally ignorant of the country where we were going. The only information any of us had (except Hillerman) was derived from a small map which I had brought with me from Walla Walla, and which gave some idea of the headwaters of the Snake, Madison, and Yellowstone, as far as then known, but was very incorrect in many particulars, as was afterward found out.

On the 7th, a meeting was held, at which I was elected captain, being nominated to that dignity by Moore, and utterly unknown to anybody else. In these kinds of elections, as in politics, it is frequently a great point in your favor that no one knows anything about you. It was also resolved at the same meeting that we should commence our journey the next day.

August 8th, we made a start and went up Blacktail Deer creek, over a nearly level country, to its head, where we camped. Here we were joined by another party, headed by Major Brookie and Judge Lewis, which raised our number to forty-two. We also commenced setting a guard to-night, which was thenceforward continued, until we returned to Virginia City.

On the 9th, we crossed the divide to Red Rock creek, and, on the 10th, made a long march to Dry creek, in consequence of the grass having been burnt on the greater part of the day's march. One of the men killed a porcupine, which is the only one I have ever seen in this country.

On the 11th, we met some wagons going to Virginia City from Salt Lake, with flour, bacon, etc., and some of the men purchased a few stores from them.

On the 12th, we reached Camas creek, early in the day, and camped, as the grass was good and water plenty, to rest our animals, and let them have a good feed.

For several days past, the country had been scant of both, and burnt over in many places. We had now entered the basaltic formation which characterizes Snake river, and extends all the way to its mouth. The country, since leaving the divide, had been of an uninteresting character, and is now well known. We had been for the last three days traveling on the Salt Lake road.

August 13th, we resumed our journey, and, passing Market Lake, soon arrived at the main Snake river, and ascended it toward the Forks, which were represented to be about fifteen miles distant. We camped on the river, where there was good feed. During the day we met with a small band of Snake Indians, among whom I recognized "Baby," a young Indian who had been brought up by Bob Dempsey, and whom I had seen with him at Bannack. He had on a cavalry saber, of which he seemed to be very proud.

On the 14th, early in the day, we reached the two volcanic buttes, which stand at the junction of the North and South forks, and, going to the north of them, forded the North fork (which we found quite wide and deep), and camped on a large island at the mouth of a stream coming

in from the east, and which is now called Moody creek, on Dr. Hayden's map. One of our men, named Kelly, had strayed off by himself, and as we found a band of Indians at the Forks, we were unwilling to leave him behind. As soon as we camped, men were detailed to hunt for him. He was finally discovered several miles below, and brought to camp late in the day.

The Indians were Snakes, who had been up the North fork hunting and fishing, and had only recently come down. They had their women and children with them, and were apparently very friendly. The squaws were digging roots which resembled small potatoes. They seemed to have but few arms or horses, and to be very poor. They were camped some distance above us, and some of the men came to us during the day, and tried to trade for ammunition and tobacco, but with poor success. It was funny, on this occasion, to see and hear the expedients resorted to by both parties to make themselves intelligible to each other. Some tried broken Spanish and Indian words which they had picked up in California and Colorado, and some invented a sign language, which was a brilliant effort of ingenuity, but utterly incomprehensible to our copper-colored friends. At last, one of the men who had been absent returned, and it was found that he could speak a few words of Snake, and matters went much better. At dark, they were all ordered out of camp, and sentries posted for the night. Some of them wanted to remain, but were told that we did not want them to do so, and all finally retired. I was very anxious to prevent any collision between the parties, as, if the Indians should become hostile, it would be in their power to interrupt or prevent our journey. Some of the men who had joined us on the march were bad characters. Among them was Jack Gallagher, afterward executed by the Vigi-

lants. These men, during the night, attempted to get up a party to attack the Indians, and take their horses. They met with no encouragement, however, from the others, who were respectable men, and were compelled to desist.

As we were now, as it were, on the threshold of our journey, and entering an unknown country, we resolved to make but one march in the day, as a general rule, and to camp early, so as to give time each day to look around at the country and prospect. When appearances were very favorable, we were to stop for one or more days, and make more extended researches. This programme was substantially adhered to throughout the expedition.

I made it a practice to keep a journal of each day's march, accompanied by rough sketches of the country. I had no instruments except a small pocket-compass, and as I had to do my own packing and cooking, lead my pack-horse, and generally direct the party during the march, my opportunities for making any very accurate or extended observations were very limited. There was not a telescope, and hardly a watch, in the whole party.

On the 15th, we ascended the right bank of the South Snake river, our course being generally southeast, passing through a narrow valley, and making about fifteen miles. We camped on the river, in good grass. We passed a group of hot springs to-day, being the point marked on Dr. Hayden's map as Camp Reunion.

On the 16th, our journey was a very rough one, as we had entered a basaltic cañon, where the trail passed over many rough points of broken rock. At one place we had to ford the river around one of these. Here I noticed conglomerate rock overlaid by basalt. After a toilsome march, we finally camped near the mouth of a small stream with a thick undergrowth of willows on it. There was no tim-

ber of any size on the river, which was about one hundred yards wide, and very crooked and swift. We seemed to be in a limestone formation here, which above, on the stream, changed to basalt.

On the 17th and 18th, we traveled about twenty miles, over a very rough basaltic country, camping in small valleys on the river. We could see very little of the surrounding country, on account of a dense haze or smoke, such as is often found in this region at this season of the year.

On the 19th, we entered a large valley, mostly covered with sage-bush, and extending along the river. On the opposite side, we could see a large valley, supposed to be that of Salt river; but nothing could be made out distinctly, on account of the smoke. We were now apparently in a white limestone formation, extending far to the northward. Shortly before camping we had passed hot springs on both sides of the river. Our course this day had been easterly, and we could see that the river was beginning to turn to the north.

On the 20th, after going about four miles, we came to the lower end of the cañon of the South Snake, and changed our course from east to northeast and north. We now commenced traveling up the cañon by a trail, about one hundred feet above the river, which was very narrow and difficult, and had apparently been very little used for a number of years. The other side seemed to be impassable. The rocks came steeply down to the river on both sides. It was full of rapids, and very swift. This is what is called "Mad river" in Irving's "Astoria," and is the place where the Canadians had a hard time in going over in 1812 or 1813. It is not near as bad, however, as many parts of Salmon river, which were passed by the boats of the Northern Pacific Railroad survey, in 1872.

We went through the cañon with much difficulty, leading our horses, and moving slowly. One of the pack-animals and a horse fell off, and were severely hurt. We made about eight miles, and camped in a very poor place, but got through the most of the cañon by dark.

We made a late start on the 21st, as we had to get in the horse and mule which had been hurt, and we made a rule to leave no stragglers behind without looking after them. We were in an Indian country, admirably fitted for their warfare, were not pressed for time, and intended to give an enemy no advantage. If the same rule had been adopted and adhered to on other expeditions in the past, there would have been fewer massacres and other disasters to chronicle. Our route to-day was much smoother than yesterday, and we had a good camp in a small bottom, with cottonwood groves on the bank of the river. The geological formation changed from limestone to sandstone, and we were now altogether out of the basaltic region. We came about ten miles this day.

On the 22d, after going about three miles, as the river was now coming from the north, and the left bank seemed to be more open than the right, where we were, we crossed over, and found a good trail on that side. Our guide, Hillerman, had now got beyond the country which he knew, and was of no further use in that capacity. We went on for five or six miles more, through a comparatively open country, when we unexpectedly came upon a large fork coming in from the east, where we camped, and resolved to stop for a day and prospect. This was the largest tributary that we had yet seen, and is the one called "Hoback's river," on Dr. Hayden's map, named by him (and very properly, too) after one of the early mountaineers, who guided a party through to Snake river, down this stream.

We found an old trail on this stream, and spent the next day in prospecting, the men going off in parties in different directions—some up stream, some across the river, and others north and south. Judge Lewis' party left us, and pushed ahead. In the evening, every one returned, and nothing had been found except the "color," which is abundant everywhere in this region. Those who had been forward reported that the country became more open. At the mouth of this stream was slate, with traces of lignite.

On the 24th, we kept up the main river, which turned in a northwesterly direction. At one place the stream was divided into a number of channels, with cottonwood on its banks. After about three miles of rough, undulating ground, we entered a prairie country, and in about eight miles further, camped on a stream coming in from the northeast, and having plenty of cottonwood and willows on its banks. As usual, some of the men went out to hunt, and others to prospect, but brought in neither gold nor game. Up to this time, and for a long time after, we saw nothing larger than rabbits. Judge Lewis' party rejoined us this evening.

The weather was remarkably warm and pleasant. A large plain extended before us, most of which was covered with sage-brush. Here, for the first time, we found the "winged ant," which rose up in swarms, and covered men and horses all over. It was the first time that I ever saw them, but I have been well accustomed to them since.

This day, for the first time, we could see the white, outlying spurs of the Teton range, on the other side of the river. The atmosphere, however, was very smoky, and it was difficult to see anything very distinctly.

As we were now in a very open country, where our party could be easily seen by Indians, we were very watchful of

our stock. Our exploring parties had not, however, seen any recent signs of their presence.

On the 25th, our course being still northward, we passed between two buttes, and entered a large and extensive prairie, which was evidently the one known to the old trappers as "Jackson's Hole." In former days it was a great resort of hunters, and also of the Blackfeet, and the two parties frequently came into collision here. The valley is a large and extensive one, stretches for miles on both sides of the river, is surrounded by mountains covered with timber, and is well watered. It is one of the most picturesque basins in the mountains. It is covered with fine grass; the soil is deep in many places, and it is capable of settlement, and will, in the future, be covered with bands of cattle and sheep. As we advanced, I noticed large quantities of wild flax growing. After traveling for several miles, we came to a large stream, bordered by cottonwood, which, at first, we supposed to be the main stream—crossed it, and stopped to noon. Whilst doing so, some of the men went out, and discovered that the main stream was still to the west of us. We also prospected on the banks of the stream, and found a large number of "colors" to the pan, and I have always been sorry that we did not stop for a day or two and prospect the stream at its head. We, however, went forward in the evening.

This stream that we were on received the name of "Gros Ventres creek," from Captain Reynolds, U. S. A., who passed here in 1860; and he doubtless obtained it from Captain James Bridger, who was his guide, and to whom this whole country was perfectly familiar.

The first one who mentioned this valley in print, as far as I know, was the Rev. Samuel Parker, a Presbyterian missionary, who passed through here in 1835, with Captain

Bridger, and a party of trappers, and a band of Nez Perces, who were on their return across the mountains to Lapwai, on the Clearwater. The most cordial relations always subsisted at this time between the white men and the Nez Perces. Mr. Parker was now traveling with the latter, and went over the mountains first to "Pierre's Hole," a very large prairie or basin between the North and South forks, and which was celebrated in early days as the scene of a great battle, between the mountain men headed by Sublette and aided by the Nez Perces, fought against the Blackfeet. Mr. Parker then parted with Bridger, who went north, and continued his journey to the Pacific coast.

Among the Indians who were with the missionary at this time was "Lawyer," the present aged chief of the Nez Perces, who told me so many years ago. He was also in the battle of Pierre's Hole, and received a ball in the thigh, which was never extracted, and in the course of years occasioned a very ugly running sore. In 1856, Lawyer, with his band, was again the ally of the whites in the fight which the Washington Territory volunteer and Indian employes under Governor Stevens had with the hostile Indians in the Walla Walla valley, and went down with Governor Stevens (to whom I was then adjutant) to Portland to try and have the ball extracted. I believe the surgeons advised against its being done, and he is, I think, still living. Among those who were in this last fight was our esteemed fellow-citizen of Missoula, Mr. Worden, of the firm of Higgins & Worden, who was then in the Indian service.

Captain Wyeth, who founded Ft. Hall, had some men killed in this valley, and Captain Bonneville, Sublette, and the Northwest fur-traders all passed through here frequently. Many adventures which took place here are narrated in Irving's "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

In the evening we took a northwest course toward the river, passing over a plain, part of which was covered by the largest and thickest sage-brush that I have ever seen. We were obliged to continue a long way up the stream, as the banks were high and there was no ford. We were lucky enough at last to find a small flat where there was enough grass and camped, having come about eighteen miles during the day. We were obliged to herd our animals during the night, as there was not room to take them out, and had a stampede in consequence, but succeeded in getting them all back without much trouble. Two of our men were missing when we camped.

Opposite our camp to the west and north could be seen the high mountains of the Teton range, and a branch well wooded came from the west, which, I think, was the outlet of "Jenny's" lake, as named by Dr. Hayden.

August 26th. One of our missing men came in this morning and we went on, sending some men back to look for the other. Shortly after starting we found that we could not follow the river, as it had formed a kind of cañon in cutting a way for itself through a high plateau, and therefore we ascended this table-land and passed over it in a northeast direction for about six miles, when we again descended into the valley of the river, which opened out again into a plain, and camped on the main stream, having made about ten miles. We camped only to wait for the missing man, who came up in the evening with his friends, who had gone after him. The river was divided into several channels where we were, and on the opposite side was a high plateau.

The next day (27th) we had gone about five miles in a northeasterly direction when we came to another large valley, through which ran a stream coming from the east. On reaching it we could see to the north other streams coming

from the mountains, which appeared to be closing in all around the valley and were thickly wooded. To the north and west we could see the white rugged peaks of the Three Tetons, and it was very evident that we must be approaching Jackson's lake. The country about us was an open prairie, and the stream was no doubt what Dr. Hayden calls the Buffalo fork of Snake river.

I halted the men at the creek as they came up, and when all had arrived I suggested to them that we should go on to the next water, pick out a good camp, and remain some days and prospect the different streams which were in sight. This was agreed to, and we went forward about three miles to the next creek, near the outlet of Lake Jackson, as we afterward found out, and established ourselves where wood, water, and grass were abundant.

After unpacking and staking the animals out, another meeting was called in order to decide upon our future action. It was decided to build a "corral," to put the horses in at night that should be left in camp, and that four parties should be formed; one to remain in camp as a guard, and three others to prospect the streams in sight.

The men were then detailed for the different expeditions, and it was suggested, that as there was a strong probability of finding good "diggings," we should adopt some mining laws for them.

We therefore organized ourselves into a "miners' meeting," and, after appointing a chairman, etc., one of the members moved, and another seconded the motion, that the following regulations should be adopted:

1. That every person present should be regarded as a discoverer, in each and every gulch found by any party or member of a party.

2. That each member, as discoverer, should be entitled

to five claims of two hundred feet each along the gulch—viz., a discovery claim, and a pre-emption claim in the main gulch, a bar claim, a hill claim, and a patch claim. (I never knew exactly what a patch claim was, but I think that it meant all that you could grab, after you got the other four claims.)

These liberal and disinterested regulations were voted in the affirmative with gratifying unanimity, and the chairman was just about to put the question to the meeting whether there was any more business before it, when a big, burly Scotchman named Brown, who had apparently been turning the subject over in his mind, jumped up, and inquired with great earnestness, "But, Mr. Chairman, what shall we do with the rest of it."

This question was received with roars of laughter, and the meeting thus good humoredly dissolved, and each one set about preparing for the next day's trip.

Brown was a character in his way. He had been engaged in "hand-sawing" lumber at Virginia City, and he had packed his whip-saw with him, on a horse, all through the journey, so as to be ready for a job in case new mines were struck.

On the 28th, the three parties started, each up a different stream, leaving a few men with me to guard the horses and the corral, which had been built the previous evening. I do not go anywhere, as I was unwell.

On the 30th, two parties returned, having been up, as they reported, to the head of the streams that they set out to explore. They reported that they found plenty of gravel, but no pay, and that the rocks were all sandstone. The third party came in the next day, having been up the Buffalo fork for twenty miles, and then had crossed over to another stream and came down that. They reported the

same as the others. One party had seen a small stratum of coal on one of the streams. The Buffalo fork headed in a cañon, and the formation everywhere found was sandstone and conglomerate. They had also seen Jackson's lake, which they reported as being near us.

The men were now completely discouraged, and a large number determined to return by the way that we had come. On the 1st of September, therefore, most of those who had come out with Judge Lewis and Major Brookie, and several of my own men, started on the back track. The rest of us, about twenty-seven in number, resolved to try and reach Virginia City by going north. I knew that we could not miss it, and that we would pass through a new and unexplored country.

As the party had broken up I resigned my position of captain, but no one was elected to fill my place. A few days afterward, on the march, I was unanimously requested to resume the position, which I did, and thus continued to the end.

It was evident, from the looks of things ahead, that we were about to enter a wooded and mountain country, with narrow defiles; but I was in hopes that we would strike large prairies on the other side of the mountains.

On the 2d of September, we crossed the stream that we were camped on, and soon came in sight of Lake Jackson, and the white and rugged spurs of the Three Tetons coming down into the lake on the opposite side. Our course was north and northwest, and lay at first along the lake, but afterward through timber and small prairies out of sight of it. On one of the latter, which had a small lake in it, we stopped to noon.

After dinner we struck a trail running northwest, and once more came in sight of the lake, but soon lost it again.

In the evening we camped on a large prairie, on the left bank of a large stream flowing into the head of the lake, and not far from it. We had made about eighteen miles this day.

As some of the men who stopped behind had found encouraging prospects, it was resolved to stop here a day and try the country around. This was done, but without any favorable result. Fresh horse-tracks had been seen, however, and the mountains ahead seemed to be on fire. We might, therefore, expect to find Indians. I will, however, add that we never saw any.

On the 4th, we continued up the valley, or rather cañon, of the stream, going in a northerly direction. It was very narrow, with steep and heavily wooded mountains on either side, and an occasional small prairie in the bottom. We had a difficult day's journey, crossing from side to side, passing through fallen timber and points of wild and steep hillsides, often stopping to adjust the packs. In the evening we camped on the same stream, near the mouth of a small branch coming from the east, where there were hot springs.

We had not traveled more than three miles next day (September 5th), when we came to the forks of the stream that we had been ascending. One branch came from the northeast and the other from the north, and there were hot springs with cones four or five feet high near the junction. Neither of the streams were large, and it was thought that we would soon reach the divide. It being impracticable to go up either branch, on account of fallen timber, we commenced climbing up the mountain side to the west, where the timber was more open, and after ascending about one thousand feet with much difficulty, reached a large open prairie, apparently on the summit,

where there were two small lakes, of a beautiful blue, and small streams flowing in opposite directions. I judged that one of them ran into the North Snake. Here we stopped for dinner.

Here another split of the party took place. Some of the men had noticed veins of quartz, as they supposed, down below, and resolved to return and examine them. This left me about thirteen men to go forward with.

Our friend Brown had been completely disgusted, during the last few days, with his whip-saw, owing to the number of times every day that he had to stop to adjust the pack in going through the woods, and now left that useful implement leaning against a tree, with the remark that "he had packed the damned thing far enough."

On starting, we kept a northerly course and passed over low undulating ridges, covered with open pine timber. The rocks, where exposed, seemed to be a vitrified sandstone. We killed two deer this evening, which was the first large game shot on the trip. After traveling several miles, we saw an opening beneath us which looked like a valley, and descending the mountain, which was very steep and high, reached a small stream flowing northeasterly, just about dark, and camped where there was plenty of grass, wood, and water.

In the morning (6th), we descended the stream for about five miles, and to the great surprise of us all, came to the bank of a large lake. We were all lost in conjectures as to what it could be. Some thought that it must be the Yellowstone Lake, and others that it must flow into the Madison or Gallatin. We finally resolved to go around the southern end, which was not very far from us apparently, and then go around the other side. We then traveled along the lake shore for some three or four miles, when we came to

the outlet of the lake, a large stream flowing *south* into Snake river. Instead of going around the *head*, as we had thought to do, we had been going around the foot.

One thing puzzled me. The outflowing stream was much larger than either of the forks of the South Snake that we had left before. I afterward found out, however, that it flowed into another lake, now called Lewis Lake, from one of the men who went back at our noon halt.

This party which left us, had returned to the forks, and not finding the quartz, as they expected, ascended the stream coming from the north. They encountered a fire in the woods which gave them some trouble, and found some very high falls in the stream. They passed Lake Lewis, and came to the foot of the large lake, where they found our old camp. Here they went up the west side of the lake to its head, and there found a large number of hot springs, some of which were geysers, which they saw in action, spouting up the water to a great height, and thence went over to the South fork of the Fire Hole river, where they again saw our camps, and thence down the Madison river to Virginia City. These facts I obtained afterward at Bannack City, from Mr. Charles Ream, one of the party, and it was thus established conclusively that the large lake was the head of the South Snake, and I was enabled to correct the course of the Madison river, and connect my surveys with it.

The lake which we had now discovered, was the lake afterward called "De Lacy's Lake" on the United States Surveyor-General's maps of the Territory, and afterward renamed "Shoshone Lake" by Dr. Hayden, and the lake below it was the one called by him "Lewis Lake."

To return to our own party. We camped at the mouth of the lake, and prospected and hunted for the rest of the

day, but without any success. The lake seemed to be about ten or twelve miles long, running northwest and southeast, and to be surrounded by low and thickly wooded hills which came down to the water's edge. There was a point projecting into the lake on the west side, which hid a large part of the lake from us, although we did not know it then.

On the next day (7th), we went up the eastern side, near the water, passing through scrubby pines, without underbrush. There were many game trails made by the wood buffalo, whose tracks appeared numerous and fresh. We did not see any, and finally, at noon, stopped on a small prairie, for dinner. In the evening we left the lake altogether, and took a northerly course, hoping to cross the divide to some other stream. Our course lay through timber, and over and around fallen logs, but the ground, though undulating, was not rocky, and we found many game trails leading in our direction. Whenever we could obtain a glimpse of the outside world, we could see high ranges of mountains on every side. We kept on till late, without finding any place to camp, but just at dark arrived at a small dry prairie, where we camped. There was a damp place in the center, where, by digging about three feet, we soon obtained water for both ourselves and animals. As soon as the camp-fires were lit, thousands of black lizards came forth from the woods, and the whole country was alive with them, doubtless attracted by the light. They made their way directly toward the fires, and rushed right into them by dozens, and burned up. There seemed to be no end to their number. After supper I sat down on a log and watched them. I noticed that many would get right into the hot ashes and take some time to scratch, and doubtless suffer great pain. As I am naturally kind-

hearted, I just got a crooked stick, and whenever I saw one of them come up and balance himself on his fore paws, looking for a good opening for a young lizzard, I raked him right into the flame, and saved him any further trouble. They continued to annoy us all night, getting into our blankets, and making themselves generally unpleasant until morning.

It rained heavily during the night and also during the next day, and we remained here, as we now had plenty of water and grass.

On the 9th, we continued our journey, and after traveling three miles, descended the mountain side into an open country. In another mile we reached the head of a small stream, the water of which was hot, and soon entered a valley or basin, through which the stream meandered, and which was occupied on every side by hot springs. They were so thick and close that we had to dismount and lead our horses, winding in and out between them as we best could. The ground sounded hollow beneath our feet, and we were in great fear of breaking through, and proceeded with great caution. The water of these springs was intensely hot, of a beautiful ultramarine blue, some boiling up in the middle, and many of them of very large size, being at least twenty feet in diameter and as deep. There were hundreds of these springs, and in the distance we could see and hear others, which would eject a column of steam with a loud noise. These were probably geysers, and the boys called them "steamboat springs." No one in the company had ever seen or heard of anything like this region, and we were all delighted with what we saw. This was what was afterward called the "Lower Geyser Basin" of the Madison, by Prof. Hayden.

We thus went on for several miles, stopping occasionally

to admire the beauty, variety, and grandeur of the sight, and at length came to a large stream flowing northerly, near the banks of which were scattering hot springs, and some of which had been hot once, but had now cooled apparently, the water being tepid and muddy, with a strong smell of sulphur.

We "nooned" on the left bank of this stream, and then continued our way north, crossing the river again, by a deep ford, in about three miles, and camped for the evening on the edge of a small prairie, near where a large fork came in from the southeast. On the left bank of the south fork was a high, perpendicular wall of rock, and we could see the smoke of hot springs up the east fork.

We had great discussions in the evening as to where we were, some thinking we were on the North Snake river, and others that we were on the Madison. The map which I had, represented the North Snake river as running around and heading to the northeast of the South Snake, and these streams seemed to run that way. In reality, we were at the forks of the Fire Hole river, a branch of the Madison.

In the morning (September 10th), we continued our journey down the main river, crossing the east fork just above the junction. The weather looked stormy and threatening. The main river was about fifty yards wide, its valley very narrow, with high, rocky hills on either side, covered with pine, and the general course westerly. After traveling about five miles, rain came down heavily, and we were forced to go into camp on the river, and at the head of what appeared to be a cañon.

In the evening, during an interval of calm, I went forward on the trail across the mountain to explore. In about one and a half miles I came to the foot of the cañon,

when I perceived that the country opened out into a large basin, through which the main river ran. To the southwest I could see a large gap toward which it flowed, and the main range of the Rocky Mountains seemed still to be to the north of me. The distance, the timber and a cañon which was at the end of this basin, hid the real course of the Madison from me, and I had no glass with which to assist my sight. I had no great time for observation, as it again began to rain heavily, and I returned to camp.

In the morning (11th), we made a late start, owing to rain, and crossed the cañon to the basin, where the men agreed with me that it seemed as if the main river turned toward the south, and it was concluded that we would go to the head of the two small streams which we saw in the basin, cross the range, and continue on until we struck waters flowing north. We knew that we would thus reach the three forks of the Missouri, and we were indifferent where we went, as one of the men remarked, or how long we were out, as long as our stores lasted, as we came to see the country and prospect it.

We crossed the first stream with difficulty, owing to the numerous beaver dams, and continued northerly to the head of the second one, where we camped at the foot of the range, in a small valley, where there was good grass. We came about twelve miles this day.

The next day we ascended the mountain, by a spur, which was rough and heavily timbered, for three miles, and came to the summit of the range, where we halted to observe the country. Directly to the south we could see the peaks of the Three Tetons. The basin which we had quit lay beneath us, but we were yet unable to decide the question whether the main river ran north or south, as

we still could see a large opening south, and another stream coming from or going north, while the dense timber hid a great deal from our view.

We then commenced descending the north side of the mountain, which was accomplished with difficulty, over rocks and timber, and leading our horses nearly all the way, and found a stream at the foot of the divide flowing west of north, where we encamped early, in order to prospect and look around. Several men went out, but found neither gold nor game.

September 13, 1863. We went down the narrow valley some four miles, when, finding that the main stream turned suddenly southwest, we ascended a branch coming from the northeast, up which ran a large Indian trail, and in about three miles came to a very low divide—so low that we could hardly perceive that we were passing one—and entered a small basin, where we were evidently on the waters of a different stream from any which we had hitherto followed. Here we stopped to rest for a couple of hours.

There had been Indians at this place within a month. They were evidently afraid of having their horses stolen, as they had built a corral, and where the lodges had been pitched, stakes had been driven, by which the best horses had been tied by the feet, so as to have some to pursue thieves, in case the horses were run off. These Indians had not come by the trail which we had followed, but from the opposite direction, and were probably Crows. After dinner, we went down the valley of the main river, which was very narrow, with steep mountain sides, for several miles. We passed a large branch coming from the southeast, and camped on a small creek, having made about twenty-two miles this day. We saw many elks, and

one was killed near camp, so that we all had plenty of meat.

On the 14th, as the men were anxious to try the ground, and some to go back a short distance and prospect, we moved a short distance to the main stream where there was a grove of willows, which would protect us from the wind, which was blowing violently, and there we spent the day. As usual, the "color" of gold was found everywhere, but nothing that would pay.

The mountains around us were composed of stratified and metamorphic rocks, very much tilted up, and dipping to the north. The stream was about thirty yards wide, and ran a little to the west of north. Just below our camp were two square inclosures, made of rails, and about five feet high. They were arranged across the mouth of the defile, which was very narrow at this point, and were very old, as the wood was much decayed. They looked very much as if they had been made by white men. I was unable to make out what they were, unless they were graves; but this hardly seemed likely, as most of the trappers who were killed in this region, in early days (and their number was great), were "buried by the wolves," as they used to say. It is probable, as they had remained undisturbed for so many years, that they were made by the Indians. When the mines at Alder Gulch were discovered, I saw a similar inclosure on the mountain side, and near it the bones of a horse.

On the 15th, we made but a short journey of eight miles, on account of wet weather. During the night the rain turned to snow, and in the morning the ground and surrounding hills were all white. About nine o'clock it cleared up, and we continued down the stream, passing through some narrow cañons, and crossing the river many times. Our general course thus far had been northwest-

wardly, but now turned to the north and northeast. We killed a bear to-day, who had come down to take a drink. He ran a little distance, when he saw us, and then stood up to take a look to see what we were, and was shot in that position. He was very old and poor, and covered with vermin. We encountered many bands of elk to-day, who, like the bear, were not accustomed to the sight of men, and would stand within thirty yards of us without fear. Two of them were killed. We also had the excitement of a stampede.

I had a white, bob-tailed cayuse (usually called "Muggins"), who had the peculiarity of having one eye black and the other of a very light blue. When you looked at him, on one side, he had a very obstinate and devilish look, as if he was up to any mischief (and so he was). Looking at him on the other, he seemed a very good-natured, steady, old horse, with a tendency toward religion. He had other peculiarities besides these, amongst which was that when you tried to lead him, he would n't go anywhere if he could help it, and if you let him go loose, you could not catch him under an hour.

This evening, as the wind was cold, and he had been good for a long time, he concluded that the time had come to distinguish himself. He was just before me, and looking round, he cocked his black eye at me, as much as to say, "Look out for squalls," and gave two or three preliminary kicks, which threw off the pack, which he met with his heels, and sent the coffee-pot, frying-pan, a piece of elk, a chunk of bread, and other miscellaneous articles into the air. He then galloped around, scattering the rest of the kit over the prairie, and when he ascertained that there was no more mischief to be done, he let himself be caught, and when I came up, turned his blue eye on me with such an

expression of contrite humility and self-reproach, that I had not the heart to give him the thrashing he richly deserved, and repacked him in silence, and went my way. We soon camped on the right bank of the river, having made about nine miles. Opposite to us was the mouth of a creek. A trail came down this branch, crossed the river, and continued east up another creek a little above us, evidently going over to the Yellowstone river, as we all felt certain now that we were on the Gallatin.

September 17th. To-day we passed through a cañon of granite, crossing the river several times, and having a rough time generally. In the evening we camped on a small flat, having made about fifteen miles, with a northeasterly course generally.

On the 18th, we crossed to the left bank, where we discovered a trail, and in about a mile entered another granite cañon, which was the worst one that we had yet passed. The trail crossed the river many times, the fords were deep, and we had to climb over points of rock at every turn. After a toilsome march of five miles we came to a small flat, partially burnt, where we rested for a while. In the evening we went forward, and passing through another cañon of four miles, came to a long flat on the left bank of the river, where a large creek came in from the left, and the main stream seemed to turn to the northeast, with a short cañon, beyond which we could see a large opening or prairie. There was a large trail going up the creek. The grass was partly burnt also on this flat. As this would seem to indicate that Indians might be near, and the spot was a secluded one, we resolved to camp for the night, and reconnoiter before going any farther, as there was grass enough left for our horses.

In the evening I rode forward, and after passing through

the short cañon mentioned, I came into an open basin, surrounded with mountains, ten or twelve miles wide apparently, and extending north as far as the eye could reach. The stream I was on became a large river, with groves of cottonwood on its banks, and away to the east I could see another river, flowing northwest, which seemed to meet it in the distance. There were no signs of white men, but the grass over the whole country had been burnt. I felt sure that this was the Gallatin valley, of which I had often heard, and that we were now camped on the West Gallatin.

I returned to the boys and told them what I had seen, and it was resolved that we would take the trail up the creek and cross the mountain range to the west of us, prospecting as we went, as there was both granite and quartz where we were.

On the 19th, therefore, we ascended the creek (now known as Spanish creek) for about four miles, and halted for some hours to examine the neighborhood. We then continued on for six miles farther to the foot of the mountain, where we camped. Our course had been generally south of west.

September 20th. We ascended the main divide, passing over an undulating country for about six miles, and came to its western edge, which was very steep. Here we saw beneath us a large river flowing north, and divided into many channels just below us. One of the men in the rear coming up, at once recognized it as the Madison river, and in the distance to the north pointed out the Jefferson. We were just above the head of the lower cañon of the Madison.

Being now absolutely certain of our position, and that we were not far from Virginia City, we turned back to the

last water that we crossed, where we had noticed some outcroppings of quartz, and spent the day there. There was a great deal of red and green quartz here. On the 21st, we went back to the head of Spanish creek, and continued our prospecting, but found nothing.

On the 22d, we made up our minds to go to Virginia City. We crossed the range and descended to the Madison, which we forded above Meadow creek, meeting on the way with two hunters, who gave us the first news of the battle of Gettysburg. We also killed an elk on the mountain, and camped at night near a ranche, on the Madison, not far from what is now known as Slade's gulch.

On the 23d of September, 1863, we ascended the gulch and entered the town of Virginia City, at about three o'clock, and each went his own separate way thereafter.

We had been absent about fifty-one days, and had traveled about five hundred miles.

We had been unsuccessful in our search after the precious metals, but having lived in the country ever since, and seen the developments made within the last twelve years, I am still of the opinion that at some future time, when the country on the North and South Snake rivers becomes settled up, that both gold and silver mines will be found there. The country has since then been traversed by tourists and scientific parties, but the miners have kept nearer the settlements, where they have found enough to occupy them.

The names of those who were on the expedition were as follows:

J. Bryant, S. Brown, A. R. Burr, David Burns, Lewis Casten, W. W. de Lacy, J. C. Davis, F. A. Dodge, John Ferrill, J. H. Ferguson, Geo. Forman, T. J. Farmerlee, Aaron Fickel, S. R. Hillerman, Chas. Heineman, H. H.

Johnson, James Kelly, D. H. Montgomery, H. C. Mewhorter, A. H. Myers, J. B. More, John Morgan, W. H. Orcutt, J. J. Rich, Jos. W. Ray, H. Schall, W. Thompson, Major Brookie, E. P. Lewis, John Bigler, J. Stroup, Richard Tod, Jack Cummings, D. W. Brown, Charles Lamb, E. Whitecomb, A. Comstock, C. Failor, Charles Ream, J. Gallagher, — Smith, — Dickie, J. H. Lawrence, E. Sheldon.

Of these, twenty-seven went forward from Jackson's Lake, and about fourteen went forward to West Gallatin with me, after the separation between the two lakes. I have not the names of the last party, which I regret very much.

No exciting incidents occurred during this expedition, but it was, as far as I know, the first one which ascended to the head of the South Snake river, and thence passed over to the head of the Madison and West Gallatin rivers, the geographical results of which were published.

I met, after I returned, with members of the party who had left us between the lakes, and gone down the Madison, and from them learned many particulars of the country before unknown, and corrected some errors into which our party had fallen, relative to the head of the Madison.

In 1864-5, I was employed by the first Legislature of Montana to make them a map, for the purpose of laying off the counties, and in this map I embodied the information which I had acquired. This map was lithographed afterward in New York, and sold there and here.

In 1867, I was draftsman in the United States Surveyor-General's office in Helena, and made a map of the Territory, in order to show the public land-surveys for that year, and by order of General Meredith, then Surveyor-General, I named the lake which we had discovered on the

head of South Snake river, "De Lacy's Lake,"—an official name which it has borne ever since in all maps made in that office.

In 1868, I wrote a letter, at the request of Professor Eaton, on the railroad facilities of Montana, and which was published in Professor Raymond's report on the "Mines of the West," in 1869, in which I stated "that the South Snake river heads in a large lake, which flows into Lake Jackson," and "that at the head of the South Snake, and also on the South fork of the Madison, there were hundreds of hot springs, many of which were 'Geysers.'"

In 1870, the Messrs. Colton, of New York, published a map of Montana, drawn by me, containing all the latest information, and have issued several editions of it since.

In 1872, Professor Hayden visited this lake and re-named it "Shoshone Lake," stating that the numerous and outrageous errors in my map, deprived me of any claim to the perpetuation of my name, and insinuating that I claimed to have been, but had not been, in the region.

When I saw this note in his report of 1873, I wrote a short narrative of the trip, and sent it, together with my original note-book and the original map, to Dr. Hayden, by the hands of Mr. Langford, with a request that he would do me justice. He stated to this gentleman that the note had been inserted by one of his assistants, without his knowledge, and that it should not occur again. He had a photographic copy of the map made, and said that he had some idea of writing to some prominent journal in the West on the subject—and there the matter rested. I still remain under a stigma in a published report, such as I never before received, in a long professional career, and, as I think, unjustly, and against which I now protest.

I never claimed that my map was correct in all particu-

lars, or that I had been entirely over the region in question. Outside of the surveys and my own explorations, I was obliged to rely on the reports of others, who had been there hunting or exploring, and these were not always accurate. I put down what I considered the best, hoping to be able to improve the map every year, and make it thoroughly correct finally.

I do claim, however, that I was the first to publish the fact that the South Snake river took its rise in a large lake, north of Lake Jackson, and flowed into it—a fact confirmed by Dr. Hayden's own surveys; and this would authorize me, according to the general rules governing geographers, to name it myself, or for others to give it my name.

In saying this, however, I am perfectly well aware that the fur-traders and trappers were thoroughly acquainted with the country, and visited every portion of it, but their knowledge died with them. I have seen every kind of map which has been published in the last thirty or thirty-five years, and I have never seen one which has a correct representation of this region or of the Yellowstone, while, at the same time, there is enough put down to show that some one had been there, and was acquainted with the main features of the country.

WALTER W. DE LACY,

Active member of the Historical Society of Montana.

SIR GEORGE GORE'S EXPEDITION.

(1854-1856.)

BY F. GEO. HELDT, FROM CONVERSATIONS WITH HENRY BOSTWICK, A MEMBER OF THE PARTY.

One of the most considerable expeditions to the Rocky Mountains undertaken by individual enterprise, was that of Sir George Gore. He was a resident of Sligo, in Ireland, and is now about sixty years of age, and in 1875 made a trip to the everglades of Florida. He seems to have had no other purpose in his western journey than pleasure, and to justify an intense but somewhat eccentric curiosity.

His retinue consisted of forty men, supplied with one hundred and twelve horses—some very fine ones—twelve yoke of cattle, fourteen dogs, six wagons, and twenty-one carts. The time occupied by this adventure was three years, during which time he lost but one man, who died at the mouth of Tongue river, during the winter of 1855-56. The party left St. Louis in 1854, and journeyed to Ft. Laramie, on the North fork of the Platte river, where the first winter of 1854-55 was spent, and where the party shared the wild delights of the chase, which there, at that early time, almost rivaled in their profusion those of the valleys of the Yellowstone and its tributaries.

The isolation of this fort at that early time excelled that of any other fort in the West, and the wild hunters, trappers, traders, and adventurers who made that their headquarters and occasional rendezvous, were a motley group of characters worthy a winter's experience, and Sir George

made them an interesting study. Here, too, he made the acquaintance of some of the Indian tribes upon whose hunting grounds he was about to intrude; and what with the traders, the hunters, the soldiers, and the Indians, the winter sped pleasantly away. In the spring his animals were recuperated, and he added to his supplies and started north over an old trail of the trappers and Indians to the headwaters of the Powder river. Here, a half century ago, had been built a trading-post, long occupied by a Portuguese, and known as the "Portuguese Fort." But Sir George was seeking, not companionship, but the vast solitudes and fastnesses of the mountains, so he did not tarry, but pushed on down the Powder river, making frequent diversions to enjoy the delights of the chase.

Arriving at the mouth of the Powder river, he turned up the Yellowstone to the mouth of Tongue river, where he tarried a long time.

About eight miles above the mouth, and up the Tongue river, he built a fort, where the principal portion of his command wintered. But the grazing and game at the mouth of the Tongue river was fine, and here Sir George kept his stock, and himself remained.

He was remote from man, indifferent to the issues of wars, the fall of empires, nor did he heed the thousand struggles which then taxed the energies of so many men.

It was here that one of his men, called "Uno," died. When the grass had sufficiently grown, the party left their "happy hunting-grounds," and ascended the Tongue river. At the first considerable cañon, they came to a creek called "Wolf's Tooth" creek. Thence they went to the head of the Rose Bud river, to Wolf Mountain, in search of an immense Crow camp of which they had heard. Finding the camp, they remained several days conversing with, if

not enjoying the companionship of, several vagabond whites, who had become identified with the Crows.

The party returned from Wolf Mountain to the mouth of Tongue river. Here, Sir George and a portion of his party constructed two flat-boats, and sending his wagons and the greater portion of his command to Ft. Union by land, he, with his crews, descended the Yellowstone in safety.

Arriving at Ft. Union, then a trading-post of the American Fur Company, in charge of Major Alexander Culbertson, he agreed with the company for the construction of two Mackinaw boats, with which to descend the river, the company agreeing to take his stock, wagons, etc., at some stipulated price. When the boats were finished, there was a misunderstanding as to the terms of the bargain, and he fancied that, in his remoteness from man, the company was seeking to speculate upon his necessities. He seems to have been mercurial, wrathful, effervescent, and reckless, and, heedless of the consequences, he would not stand the terms prescribed. He accordingly burned his wagons, and all the Indian goods and supplies not needed, in front of the fort, guarding the flames from the plunder of whites and Indians.

It is said he was apprehensive that the members of the Fur Company might rescue from the flames the hot irons of his wagons and carts, and having guarded them until night came on, he threw them all into the Missouri river.

His cattle and horses he sold to the vagabond hangers-on of the Indians there, or gave them away, and with the two flat-boats he had built at the mouth of Tongue river, he proceeded with his party, now decimated by mutual consent, to Ft. Berthold.

Here he wintered, an Indian chief, known as the Crow's

Breast, hospitably abandoning to the generous and eccentric stranger his house. Fort Berthold, at this time, was so near to the frontier, that it was supplied by rival traders, and was torn by the petty feuds and vigorous jealousies which accompany civilization. It was Washington Irving's Little Britain over again. The Lambs and Trotters had divided the breech-clouted savages, the moccasined half-breeds, and the buckskin-shirted Caucasian into hostile clans, and the short-hair and long-hair armies waged a relentless warfare.

The trade of the place was not immense, nor was it exceedingly lucrative, and the arrival of Sir George Gore was an event of no small moment, especially as his wants and those of his party were not inconsiderable, and his liberality bordered on extravagance. He had been purchasing his beeves of one of the prominent actors in the heady feud which had annihilated brotherly love in Berthold, at fifty dollars per head. If he was not unconscious of the fight going on, he certainly sought to disguise his nativity by remaining neutral. One day his beef contractor raised fifty per cent. on his goods, whereupon the testy Sir George went to a rival dealer in herds, who charged him thirty dollars per head; whereupon, although he had no use for more than a half-dozen head, he purchased fifty head—perhaps with the view of inculcating a moral lesson. He became thenceforth a great favorite at Berthold, but we bear willing witness that this little essay of his in moral philosophy was seed sown in barren ground, and has not yet brought forth any fruit whatever. But Berthold, in the spring of 1857, lost Sir George, who returned to St. Louis by steamboat.

The guide of this expedition, as of so many others, was Mr. James Bridger, who, for a man who so habitually

draws the long bow to an unparalleled tension, has better recommendations for reliability and truthfulness from guileless lieutenants and credulous wayfarers than the world elsewhere will afford.

The men of this expedition nearly all remain along and near the theater of this adventure, as proud of their achievements and hero as are the followers of Cardigan, Nelson, Napoleon, or Sherman. Rumors of the immense herds of bison which surrounded his camp in the winter of 1855-56, and of the slaughter of them in great numbers, induced the government of the United States to take measures to prevent his further depredations.

The immediate region in which he spent this winter was the paradise of the buffalo, and consequently a favorite haunt of the red man of the forest, who brought complaints of the needless and reckless destruction of these animals to their agents, and the government intervened.

THE YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION OF 1863.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN JAMES STUART, WITH NOTES
BY SAMUEL T. HAUSER AND GRANVILLE STUART, ACTIVE
MEMBERS OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MONTANA.

Thursday, April 9, 1863. Our party started from Bannack City for the Fifteen-mile creek (now known as Rattlesnake creek), in squads of two and three. As soon as a man got ready he started for camp on said creek.

I arrived there at 10 p. m., and found only nine men all told. We concluded to remain in camp to-morrow, so that we could get all the party together; then we will organize and start in good order.

At the time I left town the inhabitants were nearly all the worse for their experiments with Old Jim Gammell's minie-rifle whisky.

Did not have either horse or night guard, for there are no Indians in this vicinity now. Traveled fifteen miles.

10th. Organized our company in the forenoon while waiting for some of the men to find their horses. The form of organization adopted was as follows :

“Having determined to explore a portion of the country drained by the ‘Yellowstone,’ for the purpose of discovering gold mines and securing town sites, and believing this object could be better accomplished by forming ourselves into a regularly organized company, we hereby appoint James Stuart captain, agreeing upon our word of honor

to obey all orders given or issued by him or any subordinate officer appointed by him. In case of any member refusing to obey an order or orders from said captain, he shall be forcibly expelled from our camp. It is further understood and agreed, that we all do our equal portion of work, the captain being umpire in all cases, sharing equally the benefits of said labor both as to the discovery of gold and securing town sites.

(Signed,)

“ JAMES STUART,	SAMUEL T. HAUSER,
“ CYRUS D. WATKINS,	HENRY A. BELL,
“ JOHN VANDERBILT,	WILLIAM ROACH,
“ JAMES N. YORK,	A. STERNE BLAKE,
“ RICHARD McCAFFERTY,	GEORGE H. SMITH,
“ JAMES HAUXHURST,	HENRY T. GEERY,
“ DREWYER UNDERWOOD,	EPHRAIM BOSTWICK.”*

In the afternoon I had to go to Burr's ranch, on Big Hole river, after my roan horse. The rest of the party will wait until morning, to give the rear guard a chance to overtake us.

11th. I stayed at Burr's last night. Blake also came there about dark. This morning he and I left Burr's, and met the train about noon. We camped for the night on Big Hole river, below the "Backbone." Geo. Smith's horse gave out and was left five miles from camp. Johnny Campbell, with a party from the Three Forks of the Missouri, camped near us. He saw Worden, Powell, and others, from the west side, start down the river from Ft. Benton. I killed a wolf and two geese to-day. Weather nearly clear, light wind, and pleasant. The rear guard (George Ives)

*The fifteenth man, George Ives, did not sign the agreement, because he did not overtake the party until next day, when it seems to have been forgotten.—G. S.

reached camp from Bannack City a little after dark. Traveled twenty-three miles.

Sunday, April 12th. We had a guard last night for the first time; it seems like old times to have to stand guard. Early this morning Ives and Smith went to the Campbell party's camp and traded Smith's exhausted horse for a colt. We boiled our geese all night and tried to eat them for breakfast, but they were too tough. Had to leave them for the coyotes. I broke a white-tailed deer's leg, but lost it in the brush. I also shot at and missed a goose. Cloudy, with showers of rain. No frost last night. Passed two creeks that come into Stinking Water river from the north, and camped on the third one. They are all about the same size, having three or four sluice-heads of water in each. Traveled twenty-five miles.

Louis Simmons and party were to have met us at the mouth of the Stinking Water, but we can find no trace of them; they have failed from some cause to us unknown.*

*This party consisted of Louis Simmons, William Fairweather, George Orr, Thomas Cover, Barney Hughes, and Henry Edgar. They were detained by not being able to find their horses, which had wintered in Deer Lodge. They arrived at the appointed place of rendezvous some three or four days after the main party had passed, and taking their trail followed on, expecting to soon overtake them; but before they did so they were met on the upper Yellowstone by a large party of Crow Indians, who at once proceeded to plunder them, taking nearly all they had, and giving them miserable sore-backed ponies in exchange for their horses, ordered them to return on pain of death. Situated as they were, they could only comply, and started on their way back with many misgivings as to the fate of the main party, and curses both loud and deep against the Crows. And yet this vexatious outrage was the most fortunate thing that could have occurred for their own interest and that of the Territory, for on their way back to Bannack City they went one day's travel up the Madison river, above where they had struck it as they went out, and crossing through a low

13th. As one of our party was returning from hunting about 9 o'clock last night he stampeded all the horses, and four or five broke their picket ropes, but were finally overtaken and secured. It had one good effect—it showed the party the necessity of keeping strict guard over our animals. It snowed a little on us during the night. To-day we crossed two small creeks and camped on the third one,

gap to the southwest, "they camped at noon on a small creek. While his comrades were cooking a scanty meal, Fairweather, on going out to look after the few broken-down ponies the Indians had given in compulsory exchange for their good horses, observed a point of bare bed rock projecting from the side of the gulch, and determined to try a pan of dirt. He was astonished by obtaining thirty cents in beautiful coarse gold, and in a few more trials he got one dollar and seventy-five cents to the pan. This was at the point afterward famous as Fairweather's discovery claim in Alder Gulch. Believing the locality would prove rich, they proceeded to stake off claims, and Hughes was sent to Bannack for provisions and friends; and on his arrival there, in spite of his efforts to keep the matter a secret, it became known that rich diggings had been struck somewhere, and a close watch was kept on Hughes, and when he started he was followed by some two hundred men. About the present site of Daley's ranch, on the Stinking Water, Hughes refused to go farther until morning, and the party encamped; but during the night he appointed a rendezvous for his particular friends, whom he escorted into the mines in the night. In the morning, the remainder of the party followed his trail into camp, and Fairweather district, with Dr. Steele as president and Jas. Fergus as recorder, was organized on the 6th of June, 1863. Further prospecting of the gulch developed an alluvial deposit of gold exceeding in richness and extent the most sanguine hopes of the discoverers, and perhaps combining these two qualities in a greater degree than any other discovery ever made."

Thus it will be seen that James Stuart's expedition was the direct cause of the discovery of Alder Gulch, and the consequent rapid development of the Territory.—G. S.

near the divide between Stinking Water and Madison river. Road not very good. Saw three elk to-day. Blake saw elk and sheep last evening, but could not get a shot. Camped at 1 p. m. to-day, and after dinner I went to the top of the divide about five miles from camp. There is a beautiful valley on the Madison about twenty-five miles long and ten wide. From the divide it looks very much like Indian valley, near the Big Meadows, on the North fork of Feather river in California. The chain of mountains on the east side of the valley has two high peaks; the southern one is like a tall dome of a church, with regular terraces or steps from the base to the top. The river cañons at the lower end of the valley.

While on the divide I saw a band of either horses, elk, or buffalo in the valley. The country from the Stinking Water to the divide is very broken, with deep ravines, with plenty of lodes of white quartz from one to ten feet wide.

In this camp, Geery and McCafferty got a splendid prospect on a high bar, but we did not tell the rest of the party for fear of breaking up the expedition.* Traveled only twelve miles to-day.

14th. Followed up the creek we had been camped on, and when near the divide we met two Bannack Indians, the advance guard of the main camp, who were returning

*This prospect was on a fork of Alder Gulch, called Granite creek; and if Fairweather and party had not discovered the mines in Alder Gulch, it is certain that they would have been discovered by Stuart's party when they returned, for it was their intention to thoroughly prospect that vicinity when they came back, and it was only a few miles from where Fairweather struck gold. As it was, when they got back, Alder Gulch was full of miners, and all the interest centered there; but McCafferty and one or two others of the party went to the place, and tried it, but they said they could only get a prospect on the river rock, and abandoned it as worthless.—G. S.

from their winter's buffalo hunt on the Yellowstone. They told us the camp was coming, and in a few minutes we met "Arró-ka-keé," alias "Le Grand Coquin," or "The Big Rogue," (eminently appropriate, that name.) This gentle savage only stood six and a half feet high in his moccasins, and weighed two hundred and seventy-five pounds. He was accompanied by "Saw-a-bee Win-an," or the "Standing Cottonwood," who was a good Indian, although not dead, which I note as an exception to the general rule. They told us that if we would camp with them they would send back and get the "Big Medicine" chief, Winnemucca, to camp on a little creek that they were following up to the divide. We agreed to it, and one went back to meet the camp, while we moved slowly on, and I had the pleasure of riding about two miles with my "waw-haw,"* the Big Rogue.

About half a mile from where they were pitching their camp we met about forty warriors on horseback coming to meet and escort us into camp. On our arrival Winnemucca, the "Big Medicine," requested us to pitch our tents near his lodge. To humor him we did so. After we had unpacked he presented my mess with some elk meat, and in return asked for some tobacco to make a medicine smoke. I gave him a small piece, for I could not very well refuse after his present of meat, although our supply of the weed was very limited, and it was worth fifteen dollars per pound in Bannack City when we left. He then assembled his braves in two half circles parallel to each other and both facing the same way, and they then

* Waw-haw, in the Snake tongue, means "enemy;" and Stuart calls him this because of an old grudge we had against this huge rascal for instigating his followers to kill some of our cattle when we attempted to winter at the mouth of the Stinking Water, in 1860.—G. S.

proceeded to do some tall smoking and heavy sitting around, while we exchanged the latest news about war, horse-stealing, etc. They spun long yarns about what they had done during their buffalo hunt, and on my part I built some marvelous castles in the air about what we were going to do, how we would build towns, kill Indians, buffaloes, etc., etc.

When we separated for the night I cautioned them about coming around where our horses were, after dark, explaining to them that we tied and guarded our horses to keep them from being stolen, and that in the night we did not know good Indians from bad ones, etc.; consequently, after dark they all stayed around their own lodges. They were all anxious to trade for tobacco and ammunition, but we had none to spare.

Winnemucca and the Bannaeks do not agree very well. He calls them thieves and liars, and they are afraid to retaliate for fear he will cast an evil spell on them, for these fool Bannaeks tell and believe that he can do all sorts of impossible things, such as making the game plenty or scarce, being invulnerable to fire-arms, catching rifle-balls in his hands, etc., etc.; but if it should ever become necessary, I think he would have warm work stopping a ball from my trusty Sharp's rifle.

This is the first time he has accompanied the Bannaeks to hunt the buffalo, his headquarters being among the Pahute tribes along the eastern base of the Sierra Nevada from Bois  to the great Colorado desert, all of which tribes speak a common language and seem to acknowledge his authority, although they have special chiefs for each tribe.*

* He is the father of the somewhat talented Sarah Winnemucca, who married a lieutenant, and occasionally comes to the surface in communications to the Nevada newspapers.—G. S.

During the night they had some singing and dancing over some Flathead scalps. They state that about a week ago a war party of Bannacks found two lodges of Flatheads who were encamped hunting somewhere below the Vermilion Butte, on the Missouri.* They killed seven of them and captured thirty-five head of horses. Such is war among Indians—a massacre of the weak and defenseless by the strong whenever occasion offers. Only traveled six miles to-day.

One of our horses broke loose last night, and it was one P. M. to-day before we found him. It had gone with the Indian horses; and in the morning some of the herders tied it up, and the old chief, after haranguing the camp as usual, mounted his horse and brought ours to us, for which he charged the moderate sum of five dollars. I do not know how brave he may be in battle, but he evidently knows how to make a good charge. They have lost most of their horses during the winter, and about half of them are on foot. Early in the morning the women and children started out walking and leading their pack-horses; it pleased me to see fancy dressed young bucks having to foot it.

It snowed about three inches last night, and to-day we followed down the creek we had camped on until near the river; we then turned to the left through the low hills, when a few minutes brought us to the Madison river. The bottom land for three miles wide is a swamp impassable to animals, and I suppose from one end of the valley to the other in length. On the east side of the valley there are a number of small creeks coming out of a snowy mountain. We camped for the night on the only creek coming from

* Between Beaver creek and Spokan bar.—G. S.

the west; we called it "Swamp creek," because several of our horses mired down in crossing it. It was very windy and disagreeable to-day. Saw a few antelope and some geese. Traveled eight miles.

16th. Cold and windy. I killed an antelope and two black-tailed deer. Saw plenty of deer and antelope. We traveled through low hills all day, up one ravine and down another, but could not raise the color in prospecting for gold. Camped on a small branch that sinks about a mile before it reaches the river. Traveled twelve miles to-day.

17th. Followed creek down to river and then down the river three or four miles; then crossed it. At this point it was over one hundred yards wide. Saw about twenty elk at the crossing, and occasionally an antelope in the course of the day's travel; also saw a black bear, and some buffalo tracks about a week old.

Found plenty of burnt quartz and could raise the color, but that would not pay to stop and prospect. The mountain on the west side of the Madison looks favorable for gold; low, red hills along the base of the mountain. Timber is very scarce; there are a few firs high up on the mountains, and a few cottonwoods along the streams, but not enough to support a small farming community. At our camp to-night there are the largest willows I ever saw; they are from six to twelve inches in diameter, and from twelve to forty feet high, and straight enough for house logs. The country passed over to-day showed some good indications of gold; low, rolling hills, no timber, and not very well watered.

Some two or three horses in the party are getting very weak. I am afraid some of us will have to walk before we get back. Traveled fifteen miles.

18th. Several snow squalls last evening. Crossed two

main branches of the Gallatin river to-day, and camped on a small creek near its mouth ; it comes from the northeast and runs about ten sluice-heads of water. The branches of the Gallatin are each about twenty-five yards wide, and there is a belt of good cottonwood timber on the South fork, about three-quarters of a mile wide and twenty miles long.

The valley embracing the two forks of the Gallatin is apparently very near circular and about twenty miles in diameter. It is the best valley for agricultural and grazing purposes that I have yet seen in the mountains. Since we crossed the Madison we have passed through a better grass country than either Deer Lodge or Bitter Root valleys, and they are hard to beat. The valley is well watered by numerous small creeks from the mountains. The fork on the north side of the valley is bordered by a swamp, and is difficult to cross.

Saw plenty of black and white-tailed deer and antelope, also one band of about twenty elk. Fine weather, clear, calm, and warm. There is a low gap in the mountains about twenty miles southeast of our camp, and east from last night's camp. It is the way the Snakes and the Bannacks go to hunt buffalo on the Yellowstone, but we are following Lewis and Clarke's trail. We are about thirty miles from the three forks of the Missouri, and were about the same distance at last camp. We have seen plenty of geese, ducks, and prairie chickens ever since we struck the Madison, and from there to this camp there are but few prickly pears, and the little valleys are composed of soil instead of rock and gravel. A great many of our horses' backs are becoming sore. Traveled twenty miles.

Sunday, 19th. I was serenaded by a full band of wolves while on guard last night. We saw four or five black bear

and plenty of deer and antelope to-day. Traveled up the small creek that we camped on last night, for about ten miles, to its head; then crossed over a small divide, and camped on a stream about twenty-five feet wide coming from the northeast and running west. I killed a black-tailed deer and an antelope, and Bostwick also killed a black-tailed deer. Plenty of red hills and burnt granite; a high mountain covered with snow a little east of south, about three miles from camp; broken hills to north and east. Our general direction of travel since we crossed Stinking Water divide has been northeast. Traveled eighteen miles to-day.

20th. Followed up the stream we camped on about four miles to its forks; crossed South fork and went up the ridge between the two for seven or eight miles; thence a little east of north to camp on a branch of same stream. Had to travel out of our course to-day to get around snow drifts. Saw plenty of elk and a few antelope. I killed one of each. Saw where an old buffalo bull had been killed about a year ago.

Country very broken, with red hills, but not any washed gravel, and no quartz of any kind. Warm, with light wind. Traveled fifteen miles.

21st. This morning, for five miles, we traveled east, afterward east 20° south, to camp on a branch of same stream. After camping, I went about four miles ahead, and found a good road for to-morrow's travel. We are about three miles from the divide between the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. North and east of last night's camp the country is low; northeast twenty miles is a low mountain, south of east is another, and south and southwest there are high, snowy mountains. Saw about one hundred elk to-day. I have difficulty in keeping the party from bom-

barding them while we are traveling. Bostwick went hunting after we camped and killed a grizzly bear; it attacked him before he shot it, but he got the best of the fight. About twelve of the party went three miles up the branch to see it, and nearly all of them got lively, for it was literally covered with vermin. Underwood and Watkins each killed an antelope; had antelope steaks fried in bear's oil for supper. High living! Traveled ten miles.

22d. Traveled southwest all day. I left the train in the morning and followed along the base of the mountain to the west. Saw many elk and antelope. We traveled down an open plain, averaging about eight miles in width. We are supposed to be on Shields river. Lewis and Clarke have played us out; if we had left the notes and map of their route at home and followed the Indian trail, we would have saved four days' travel in coming from Bannack City here. The appearance of the country is about the same as last night, only we are closer to the snowy mountains south of us, and which are evidently on the south side of the Yellowstone. Traveled twenty miles.

23d. It began raining about four o'clock yesterday evening and continued until 10.30 p. m. Cloudy to-day. Saw fresh buffalo signs, and many elk, antelope, and three white-tailed deer.

We traveled along the east bank of Shields river, which runs a few degrees east of south. Crossed four creeks coming in from the mountain east of us; there is also a number of creeks coming in on the west side. Beautiful tableland on the east side of the river, and low, broken hills on the west. Prospected, and found a good color of gold on the river, but not enough to justify us to stop and prospect thoroughly. Since leaving Beaver Head we have seen but

very few prickly pears until this afternoon, when we found plenty and of the largest size.

I killed an antelope about half an hour before we camped. We do not carry any fresh meat with us, every day provides for itself. Camped on Shields river, about four miles above its mouth. Traveled fifteen miles.

24th. It began raining about 3 A. M., and kept it up till morning, and was still sprinkling when we packed and started. It rained nearly all day till sundown. It was more like an Oregon mist than a rain storm. We traveled fifteen miles nearly east to camp on a small clay creek. Very bad road; the horses sunk into the mud three or four inches every step and occasionally almost mired down. The character of the country has entirely changed in to-day's travel. Very little gravel or boulders; clay land with bed-rock, very shallow; it is a species of sandstone, with small veins of clear white quartz running through it in places. The general face of the country resembles the Green River region in eastern Utah, only the mountains are higher, and the plains not so wide, with broken clay hills and occasionally a crown butte.

There is a range of snowy mountains south of us, and the craggy outline of the divide west, and a few points east of north is an isolated snowy mountain; in an eastern direction there are no mountains to be seen.

I killed two buck antelope in the evening, and then went up on a butte and saw the Yellowstone river, distant about three miles. We have been traveling parallel to it all day. We saw a large grizzly bear and chased him into a patch of brush not over one hundred yards in diameter, which we surrounded and tried to drive him out, but could not do it, and none of us were foolhardy enough to go into the brush after him. Traveled fifteen miles.

25th. Followed down the creek we camped on five miles to the Yellowstone; then down the north bank of same to camp on a small creek coming from the northwest. Occasional bluffs of sandstone with sharp grit; low, rolling hills on both sides of the river; they are smooth on the south side and rocky on the north. No indications of gold; prospected in several places, but could not raise the color. Saw two bands of elk, some antelope, and I killed a white-tailed deer. Saw many prairie-dog towns to-day for the first time on the trip. Such great big fat "critters" running all over town barking bloody-murder, and their companions, little diminutive owls, sitting on the largest houses and viewing the hubbub with looks of the greatest gravity and wisdom. It made me feel good to see them enjoying the excitement of strangers going through town.

Blake and Bell caught some fine trout in the river this afternoon. I had always heard that there were no trout in the Yellowstone, but it is a mistake, for they are genuine trout. Saw where an old buffalo bull had been last night during the rain. Passed a small creek coming in on the south side from the southwest.

While on guard, we often hear the meadow-larks singing at all hours of the night. To-day we saw plenty of states crows and prairie chickens. The general course of the river is to the east. There are but few groves of cottonwood along it, as far as we have seen, and usually there are only a few scattering trees along its course.

The low hills on the south side extend from ten to thirty miles back to the base of a snowy mountain range, the general direction of which is south of east and north of west. In a northern and eastern direction there is not a snowy mountain in sight. Traveled fourteen miles.

26th. Soon left the river to go around a cluster of black,

rocky bluffs extending four miles along the river; in six or seven miles crossed Rivers Across, so called by Captain Clarke from two streams which enter the river exactly opposite to each other. Thence followed down the north bank to camp at Otter creek, crossing one small creek on the way.

Opposite camp, Bear river comes in, and two miles above camp, on the south side, comes in a small creek with plenty of cottonwood timber on it. The largest groves of timber are on the small creeks where they join the river. There is some timber on the high mountains, but from here it seems to be scrubby.

We had some rain last night, and several hard squalls of rain and hail while traveling to-day. The character of the soil and rock is the same as yesterday, only there are more prickly pears; very miry, bad traveling. Saw many elk and a few antelope; fresh buffalo signs, but no buffalo. Splendid feed for our horses, and the poor things need it badly enough. Saw plenty of *grama* grass since yesterday morning. We have seen many large buffalo wolves for the past two days; they serenade us every night.

If ever I get back to where I can get some good water to drink, I will be happy. All the water in this country reminds me of puddles in a brick-yard; it not only looks bad, but also has a nauseating taste; yet it seems to be healthy enough, for all of the party are in excellent health. I suppose a person would soon become accustomed to it, so that good, clear cold water would not taste right.

The ground is almost covered with young grasshoppers. We can neither cook nor eat without having the grub seasoned with them. If they all live to become full grown they will devour all the grass, and our horses will have

hard times as we return. One kind of the cottonwoods are beginning to leaf out, and so are the cherry and gooseberry bushes. Traveled eighteen miles.

27th We had a hard shower of rain last night, after we had camped, but before we got supper; it then cleared off, and we have had none since, although several storms have passed within a few miles of us while traveling to-day.

The surface of the country has entirely changed again in to-day's travel. The clay still remains, but there is a different kind of sandstone, and there is more gravel on the hills. On both sides of the river the low hills are now thinly covered with yellow pine and cedar; there is also more cottonwood along the river and creeks. There are but little bottoms along the river, the low hills generally coming down to it. Two creeks came in on the south side to-day; one of them, I think, is dry; and we also passed two dry ones on the north side. Saw a small band of big-horn or mountain sheep, for the first time on the trip; also a few antelope, and plenty of wolves, prairie dogs, and prickly pears. After we camped, I went back into the hills, about a mile, to look for buffalo, but, in place of them, I found fresh tracks of twelve horses going up the river. I suppose it is a war-party of natives, and, if so, I expect they will visit us to-night in search of our horses. There are plenty of geese and ducks along the river. Several of our horses seem about to give out, and among them, "Parkie," Bell's mare. Saw grape-vines here for the first time since I left California. Camped in a small bottom on the river, under a steep bluff. Traveled fifteen miles.

28th. Left the river to our right, and went through the hills for about four miles to avoid a rocky point. After we came to the river again, we had a splendid road down the bottom to camp. The river bottoms along here

average about two miles wide. The cottonwood timber not so good as it was yesterday, but there is more scrubby yellow pine and cedar on the hills. I have not seen any fir timber since we left the divide. Along here, the timber only extends from one to ten miles back from the river on both sides. On the south side there is a snowy range parallel with the river, distant from forty to fifty miles, with high table-land intersected by couleés between it and the timber near the river. On the north side from where the timber runs out are nearly level plains as far as a person can see, and not a mountain in sight in the north and east. Saw only three antelope and four elk to-day; game is getting very scarce, and I fear we will have to do without fresh meat until we find buffalo. Lent Bell a horse, so his mare Parkie could rest. I am afraid she will go up the spout.

I killed a very large eagle where we are camped to-night, therefore we call it "Eagle Camp." Underwood, Blake, and Bostwick went hunting in the evening. Underwood killed an antelope. Hauser went into the river to swim across, but weakened. Our camp is a little below a creek entering on the south side. During the day, we passed several creeks on both sides of the river, that are dry at present, but have plenty of water at some time of the year; but whether from rain or snow I am not able to determine. Anybody who will take grasshoppers for bait and go fishing can catch abundance of white fish. We have traveled twenty miles to-day.

About an hour before sundown, while lying around camp resting after the fatigues of the day, we were startled by hearing several guns fired in a clump of cottonwoods across the river, and immediately afterward we saw about thirty Indians fording across. They came on a run, vociferating "How-dye-do," and "Up-sar-o-ka," which latter means

“Crow Indians,” in their language. By the time they were fairly in camp we had our horses all tied up and every man prepared for emergencies.

They first inquired who was our captain. I told them, and asked which was their captain. They showed me three, one big and two little ones. The large chief told me to have my men put all our things in the tents, and keep a sharp lookout, or we would lose them.

I then gave him a small piece of tobacco to have a grand smoke, and I also found that one of them, a very large man with a big belly, could talk the Snake language, and he was at once installed as interpreter. They (the interpreter and chiefs) sat down in a circle, and requested the pleasure of my company. I complied with the invitation, and our party stood guard over our horses and baggage, while I smoked and exchanged lies with them. It would take me a week to write all that was said, so I forbear. Meanwhile, the other Indians began disputing with each other about who should have our best horses. I requested the chief to make them come out from among the horses and behave themselves, which he did. At eight p. m. I put on double guard, and at ten p. m. all but the guard retired to rest.

NOTE.

Our leader's description of the Indians' conduct is much too brief to do the subject justice. For several hours, in fact during the whole time he was smoking and talking with the chiefs, there was a constant struggle and excitement in the camp—the young bucks taking forcible possession of our horses and blankets, and our men by superior strength retaking them, and in many instances handling them without gloves, by throwing them violently to the ground; upon which the Indians would become perfectly frantic with rage, drawing their guns, bows, and knives, pointing to their chief, and making signs that upon a signal from him they intended to take our scalps.

Several times they fired their guns (each one was armed with a double-barreled shot-gun sawed off short, and also with a bow and quiver of arrows) within six inches of our men's heads, and would draw their bows back to the arrowheads, placing them directly against the men's breasts. This state of things continued for several hours, and until some of our men's anger began to get the best of them, particularly Watkins and Bostwick, who had been in Indian fights before, and were not disposed to wait any longer before commencing the fray, which they, and in fact all of us, believed would have to begin sooner or later. Finally one of the Indians fired his gun close over Watkins' head, who had just said that he did not intend to wait for orders any longer, and, almost simultaneously with the Indian's firing, Watkins went for his revolver (a mountain expression, meaning that he drew his pistol), but, fortunately, an Indian standing directly behind him, quickly threw a buffalo robe over his head and clasped it about his body and arms. This only exasperated Watkins, and when released by the other men, who instantly rushed up and slung the Indian off, he swore he would wait no longer, and several others of the men seemed to agree with him, and were upon the eve of commencing the fight, when at this juncture I ran up to the captain and excitedly told him that unless something was done immediately, the shooting would begin without orders or concert of action. He told me to tell our men to keep cool, and wait till he began the fight, or gave orders to begin. And turning to the chief, he told him, in a peremptory tone, to order his men to come out from among the horses and tents and keep quiet. The chief, who instantly saw that a crisis had come, signaled his men to drop their guns (for both parties were in the attitude of battle), which they did, and quieted down and gathered around the camp fire.

Our men also cooled down, and began preparing for the night, and as it was now eight p. m., talk broke up. As the chiefs kept a close watch on our captain's movements he thought it best not to give his orders to the men direct, but quietly told me to tell them that at daylight we would saddle our riding horses first, and get them ready, and then if the Indians attempted to take possession of our packs or pack-horses, we would turn loose on them, kill as many as we could, and then mount our horses and strike into the mountains toward Ft. Benton, thus getting a good start of them before those who escaped could

get to and arouse the main camp, which he had learned from them was across the river, only some twenty miles away.

During the three or four hours that the chiefs had been talking and smoking with our captain, they were apparently perfectly indifferent to what was going on between their men and ours, acting as though the row was a thousand miles away. And in this little game our leader stood them off, by appearing as utterly unconcerned as they possibly could.—S. T. H.

The Indians, however, wandered around camp all night, like evil spirits. And such an old night's sleep as we had. Every few minutes somebody would have to rush out of his tent and capture something that the Indians would steal out from under the tents in spite of the guard, and this, too, when it was bright moonlight all night. One thing is certain, they can discount all the thieves I ever saw or heard of; in short, they have to be seen to realize their superiority over all other thieves, either white, red, or black, in the world. They would steal the world-renowned Arabs poor in a single hour.

At daylight I aroused the party, and we proceeded to ascertain our losses, which were too numerous to mention, everybody having lost something. In case we stood them off without a fight, I thought it best to pack up and go about eight miles before breakfasting, for I knew that before we could get something to eat we would probably have half their village to watch, and judging from their last night's haul, that would be too good a thing for the thieving scoundrels.

As soon as we began to pack up, they at once proceeded to forcibly trade horses (always taking much the best of the bargain), blankets, etc., and to appropriate everything they wanted. I saw that the time had come to die or do; therefore, I ordered every man to be ready to open fire on them when I gave the signal. With one hand full

of cartridges, and my rifle in the other, I told the Indians to mount their horses and go to their camp, telling them that they were thieves and liars; in fact, called them everything mean that I could think of under the pressure. I ordered them to leave instantly, or we would kill all of them.

They weakened, got on their horses, and left. Pretty good, for the chivalry of the Crow nation to be driven off by fifteen white men!

Two of the chiefs, however, very politely requested to be allowed to go with us to where we would stop, and take breakfast with us. I told them that was played out; that the whites were now mad and would not give them anything to eat. But they took the chances on that and went along.

NOTE.

Our captain thus briefly describes one of the most daring acts ever performed by any man. An act of cool self-possession and bravery rarely, if ever, equaled; one that forever after fixed him in the hearts and admiration of his little band, and to which, in my opinion, they owed their lives. And I know that from that hour, the very men who, the day before, had been complaining of what they believed to be his timidity, looked upon him as a hero of undoubted courage; no longer did they question his "nerve" or policy. The facts are: At daylight, about three A. M., we all quietly began saddling our riding horses, in accordance with the orders of the evening before, but, unfortunately for the programme, the Indians forcibly prevented our even bridling a horse. Seeing his plan thwarted, our leader instantly formed a new one, without manifesting any surprise, or in any way showing any evidence of being disconcerted.

Passing close by me, he said, in an undertone: "Tell the boys there's going to be trouble—to be ready—keep a close watch, and do as I do, and for their lives not to fire until my gun goes off." With this he went to work in the most unconcerned, indifferent way imaginable—lit his pipe, and moved around quietly, giving directions here and there about packing, breakfast, etc., interspersing the directions with

his dry, witty remarks: doing nothing to excite even our suspicions as to what his plans were. In the meantime I had passed his words around, and the Indians evidently concluding they had things all their own way, were changing their lariats from their horses to ours, and quarreling with one another about choice of horses, etc. A quarter of an hour probably passed in this way, our men imitating the captain's example as near as they could, preparing for breakfast, collecting our blankets, etc., and showing a general indifference; but in passing each other, would ask, in undertones: "What does he mean?" "Is he going to let them put us afoot here and kill us by piecemeal?" "How long is this thing going to last?" etc. The mystery was finally solved. The opportunity came. He had waited to throw their chief off his guard, and catch him apart from his warriors. Our first warning of it, however, was by being startled by our leader's quick, sharp order, "Look out!" and at the same instant he covered the principal chief's heart with his unerring rifle, the muzzle of which was not more than two feet from the old warrior's breast. Instantly we all followed suit, by covering an Indian with a cocked rifle or revolver, and like a flash their robes fell from their shoulders, and they were naked, with their guns leveled on us in return. The suspense and anxiety we endured for a few minutes, while we glared at each other, was fearful. To realize it, one has only to imagine himself surrounded by these savage fiends, hundreds of miles from any relief or reinforcements. They were two to one of us, equally as well armed as we were, and several hundred more of them within a few miles. But, fortunately, they all looked to their chief, and saw that he was *lost* if a gun was fired.

We, too, looked to our captain, and our danger was almost forgotten in admiration. His whole features, face, and person had changed; he seemed, and was taller; his usually calm face was all on fire; his quiet, light blue eye was now flashing like an eagle's, and seemingly looking directly through the fierce, and for a time, undaunted savage that stood before him. For several seconds it was doubtful whether the old warrior-chief would cower before his white brother, or meet his fate then and there.

Our captain, with his flashing eyes riveted upon him, was fiercely and eloquently reproaching him with his bad faith to the pale faces and their Great Father, winding up by saying, in a voice of stern determination, "Signal your warriors off, or I'll send you to your last

hunting-ground!" For an instant the suspense was beyond description; a death-like silence reigned. The dark, fierce, snake-like eyes of the fiends about us were enough to unnerve the most of men. To me the delay was awful, and I could not decide from the defiant air of their chief, whether he was going to give the desired signal or die; but finally a wave of his hand relieved our doubts, and his braves all lowered their weapons of death, and sullenly sought their robes and ponies.

Upon his giving the signal, our captain looked around at us, saying, "Boys, he has weakened." His expression was so changed and peculiar, and the remark so unexpected from his sublime and noble appearance of a moment before, and at the same time was such welcome news and great relief, that I threw up my hat and shouted with laughter, although a short moment before I had been under the most intense excitement of my life. This hilarity of mine caused the serious aspect of things to change into a moment's fun and absolute forgetfulness of our dangerous situation, at least for a moment or two.

The second chief, who was a straight, tall, fine-looking young warrior, and as brave as Julius Cesar, was perfectly pale with rage because the old chief had n't signaled the fight, and the fact that I laughed and exulted over it only increased his rage. Rushing up to me, in a white heat, he placed his finger on my nose and then on his own, and quickly touched his gun and then mine, and pointed to one side. All of which was a plain enough challenge to a single-handed combat. And while I did n't "see it," the other fellows did, shouting with laughter, and saying, "Go in, Hauser," "You can get away with him," etc., etc. But I could n't "see it" in that light, and the young brave had to retire without satisfaction, which, I regret to say, he got afterward, as this journal will show.—S. T. H.

29th. We started a little after sunrise, accompanied by the two chiefs and six others, who also concluded to go along. Went six or seven miles and camped to let the horses feed and get breakfast, or rather dinner. Along the road I talked to the old chaps like a stepfather, and it made some impression, for when we camped they seated themselves on a log and remained perfectly quiet until we were done eat-

ing, when I collected the fragments from the different messes and invited them to partake. After dinner, the head man threw down his robe, and all the others, except two, followed his example. He told me that he gave me the robes to show that we would be friends hereafter. I replied that we could be friends without my taking the robes, and that we were poor and could not give anything in return for them, and for him to keep them until we met again, and we would then exchange presents, etc.

After breakfast they went back, and we traveled on down the river.

Game is about all gone, doubtless from our proximity to the Crow village. We see a few elk and antelope nearly every day, but they are on the open plain, and there is no show to kill any of them without taking more time than we can afford to spend.

Timber is nearly all gone on the low hills. We camped at the head of a large valley lying on both sides of the river. The hills are like those on Green river, only they are beautifully terraced and crowned. Across the river, opposite to camp, is a very high wall of rock, the different stratas being well defined on the face of it.

About sundown, we saw two Indians coming; we concluded there were more behind; drove in and tied up the horses. We let them come into camp without moving or saying a word. They sat on their horses a few minutes, taking a mental inventory of the crowd. The head man then asked for our chief. I responded, and he then dismounted, pulled off his saddle, sat down on it, pulled off his hat, took a roll of something out of it, and, after undoing sundry wrappers, opened it and displayed a paper from Schoonover, Indian agent at Ft. Union, at the mouth of the

Yellowstone river, which stated that the bearer was "Red Bear," one of the principal chiefs of the Crow nation.

We gave them some supper, etc. He then presented me with a black horse; said he was all right; friend of ours, etc. Had a long talk with him, in the course of which he asked about old Jim Bridger, and also Peter Martin, desiring to know where they were and why they never came to see the Crows any more. The other Crows had told me that the Sioux had attacked the Fur Company's express boat from Ft. Benton, near Ft. Union, and some said they had taken it, and others said they had killed some of the crew, but had not captured the boat. I asked Red Bear if it was so, and he replied that a rumor to that effect was current among the tribes, but he did not know whether it was so or not.

I hope it is only a Crow lie, for Worden and Powell were on that boat, and it would grieve me to know the Indians had injured them, or anybody else for that matter.

It rained a little about dark. When we retired to rest I gave orders to the guards not to kill, but take prisoner any Indians that they might discover prowling around after our horses, and sure enough, about 11 p. m., they discovered one crawling up to two of our best horses that were tied to the same tree. They watched and waited until they got dead wood on him, and then captured him and called me up. I introduced him to Red Bear as one of his good Indians, who he had just been telling me would not annoy us any more, as he had told them not to, etc. He said the man was crazy, had no ears, etc. The old story; anything to excuse him. We had already had a practical illustration that stealing or attempting to steal is far from being considered a crime by even the best of them.

We turned the thief loose, and early in the morning they

all started back, leaving us alone in our glory. Traveled eighteen miles.

30th. Traveled all day down a valley between terraced table-lands and buttes; valley about eight miles wide; snowy range to the west about eighty miles distant; no other snowy mountains in sight; low, open country around base of mountains. Camped three miles below the mouth of a large stream coming in on the south side; suppose it to be Clarke's fork; plenty of buffalo grass here; many elk and some antelope in the valley; saw two big-horn rams on high cliff by the river.

I accepted Red Bear's black horse last night, and presented him my white mare in return. I thought at the time I had a little the best of it, but I found during today's travel that I was mistaken.

No timber, except cottonwood, and that very scrubby, within thirty or forty miles of here. Plenty of geese and ducks along the river.

We are so far away from any high mountains that all the party feel discouraged and lonesome. Give me the mountains in preference to plains, where one can see more level ground than he can ride over in a day.

The ground is literally covered with young crickets. Between them and the grasshoppers I am afraid the grass will soon be used up. Course of river, six degrees north of east. Traveled fifteen miles.

Friday, May 1, 1863. About one o'clock last night Bostwick had his roan horse stolen while he and Geery were on guard. It was done by two Indians, one of whom showed himself, but not plainly enough to shoot at; and while the guards were both watching to get a shot at him, his companion crawled into the other end of camp and cut the horse loose, and got away with him without attracting

their attention, and this, too, when the moon was nearly at the full and without a cloud. Verily, the Crows are world beaters, and words can not do the subject justice. Fortunately, Bostwick was on guard himself, so he can not blame anybody else with carelessness.

Course of river nearly northeast. About ten A. M. saw buffalo for the first time on the trip; turned into the river bottom and camped. After dinner, Bostwick, Underwood, and I went out into the hills to kill one.

When we got on the hills, about three miles from the river, we could see over a large extent of country, and there were buffalo in nearly all directions in bands of from two to nine. I think we saw altogether about one hundred.

We were afraid our horses could not catch them, and on foot we could only get within about two hundred and fifty yards of any of them. Finally, I tried a shot at that distance. Shot him too high to kill dead, and away they went. We tried another band, and Bostwick and I both shot at one about two hundred yards. Both hit him, but he ran off with our lead.

It was now getting late, so we concluded to run them. We started in about five hundred yards behind one, and in three-quarters of a mile he ran into a band of ten or twelve.

I was riding a brown mare, bought from Robert Dempsey, and Bostwick and Underwood both led me for the first mile. After that, I had it all my own way. I ran up to them, and tried to pick out a fat one, but didn't know how; finally chose the largest; run alongside, and let him have it behind the shoulder. He and three or four others left the band. I followed, and went to run up again, but he would n't stand it, and charged me. Such fun! Turning, I ran round ahead of him, and shot him behind the

other shoulder, and down he went. I could have killed the other three; their tongues were out. When I came into camp and told about it, Blake asked me why I did n't cut them off and bring them with me, for they were good to boil.

The prickly pears have been very bad for two days past. Cottonwood trees are in leaf (half size). Splendid trees now, and plenty of them. Table-land on north side of river, and broken hills on south side. Valley ten miles wide, until within the last two miles, when river cañoned between table-lands. Saw a large rattlesnake while hunting, and also many very large shakes that look like what are called "bull-snakes" down in Pike. Traveled fifteen miles.

2d. General course of the river northeast; low hills on both sides of the river thirty or forty miles back. We crossed to the south side of the river three miles above camp. The river was in four channels where we forded it; one of them was deep enough to wet our packs a little. Abundance of good cottonwood timber along here. Soil is good, and plenty of room for farming. Saw elk and buffalo all over the country; yesterday, all of the latter were bulls; to-day, saw many cows and calves. Bad traveling, on account of dense patches of prickly pears. Passed a small stream (about four sluice-heads), coming in on the north side. Strong east wind, and looks like rain in the afternoon. Several of our horses are in a bad condition—poor, and very sore backs—and some are very tender-footed.

In the timber along the river, we saw many houses built of dry logs and bark; some are built like lodges, but the most of them are either square or oblong, and among them were many large and strong corrals of dry logs. The

Crows evidently winter along here, and, from the sign, they are very numerous.

There is plenty of small game about here, and it is not wild. Traveled fifteen miles.

3d. About dark last night, the wind changed into the west, and blew a gale; it blew down all the tents—that of my mess, which we had picked with a lash rope. It rained very hard for about two hours during the night; it was clear in the morning; but we had a very strong west wind all day. One of Vanderbilt's horses was exhausted this morning, and he had to walk; but the other men let him ride their horses occasionally. Smith's mule gave out during the day, and I let him have my extra horse to ride until his mule is able to carry him again.

About a mile from camp, this morning, there was a band of buffalo cows and calves feeding. They let us come within five hundred yards of them before they ran. The temptation to catch a calf was too great for me to withstand, and I also wanted to see if my claybank stallion could catch a buffalo. In a mile I was in the middle of them, without striking him with the whip. I separated about fifteen calves from the herd, but two cows would stop and keep taking them away from me. Finally, I was forced to kill the cows; and by that time three of the men came up, and we took their tongues and tenderloins, and let three of the calves follow us to the train, where they kept trying to suck the horses, the poor little things not knowing them from buffalo. At last, one of them got his thigh broken by a kick; one gave out, and the other followed us to camp, and stayed with the horses until dark, and then strayed off into the timber.

We camped three miles below Pompey's Pillar, on which we found the names of Captain Clarke and two of his men

cut in the rock, with the date July 25, 1806. Fifty-seven years ago! And it is probable that this landscape then looked precisely the same as it does now.

There are also two more names cut here which I never heard of before. But I suppose they must have belonged to some of the bands of trappers that, under old Jim Bridger, the Sublettes, and Bonneville, made this their hunting ground.* The names are Derick and Vancourt, and the accompanying date is May 23, 1834.

The pillar is a good landmark, but it is all stuff about the spring in the top of it. Buffalo to be seen in every direction, and very tame. We can ride within three hundred yards of them, unless they smell us; and if they do, they will run if they are a mile away. Small game is also abundant. No wonder the Crows like their country; it is a perfect paradise for a hunter.

Course of the river, twenty-five degrees north of east. Pine timber on low hills south of the river again. Passed two small creeks, nearly dry, on the south side. From Clark's fork for twenty miles there is a perpendicular cliff of white and yellow sandstone along the river on the south side, and thence to our present camp it changes over to the north side.

Soil seems too sandy here for farming, and where it is not sand it is greasewood flats. Saw some box-elder trees eighteen inches in diameter, but only about twenty-five feet high.

About sundown a large band of buffalo came in to drink at a water-hole about two hundred yards in front of our camp. They came in on a run, and did not halt until

*A most graphic account of the life led by those trapper bands on the Yellowstone and elsewhere, is to be found in a work entitled the "River of the West," by Mrs. F. F. Victor.—G. S.

they were all in the hole. Four or five of us went out to give them a scare. We went on the bank above, and within ten feet of them, and gave a yell. Such fun! They run over one another, fell down in heaps, nearly drowned a lot of calves, etc. Just such another stampede a man would probably never witness again in a lifetime. We laughed till we could hardly stand. Traveled eighteen miles.

4th. Course of river, sixty degrees north of east, and the bottoms average about one mile in width. Low hills along here exactly like those on Black's fork of Green river, only there are scrubby pines and cedars on those. The water is warm in the river, and many alkali ponds. Plenty of good cottonwood timber along the river, and sage-brush and greasewood out on the flats. Saw many buffalo and some few antelope. We have seen no sign of Indians for the last two days, but there is always a calm before a storm. Some of our horses are in a pitiable condition, sore-backed, and nearly exhausted. "Parkie," Bell's mare, is skinned from the root of her tail to her neck. Some of the party do not know how to travel with horses, but they will probably learn by the time we get back to Bannack City, for they will have to walk; and the next time they get a horse, they will take better care of it.

Every one is talking about drinking-water. Some prefer Missouri River water to any other in the world, but the majority long for American Fork* water as the best they ever saw. Talk about living in such a country as this! Why, I would not be compelled to drink this water one year for five hundred dollars. We have seen but one spring since we crossed the divide between the Yellowstone and Missouri. Traveled fifteen miles.

* American Fork is now known as Gold creek.—G. S.

5th. Course of river northeast; narrow bottoms along it; plains on both sides; very little pine timber; plenty of cottonwood; traveled ten miles, and camped at the mouth of the Big Horn river. Great was the excitement in our little party when we found we were actually at the Big Horn.

Above the junction on the Yellowstone the bottoms are narrow, and the plains on both sides terminate next the river in perpendicular cliffs about one hundred feet high. At the junction, and for two miles above, the Yellowstone runs along a cliff on the north side. Four or five miles below the junction, the hills come down to the river. There is no mountain at the mouth of the Big Horn, nor in sight below, but there are some rocky buttes on a tableland about three miles distant.

So far my map has been more correct than any of the United States maps that I have seen, except in regard to the divide between the Missouri and Yellowstone. None of the maps had the gap in the mountains located right, and to have been guided by them we never would have found the Yellowstone.

The soil is good enough in this vicinity, but I think it would have to be irrigated to raise good crops, and there is no show to do that. From the summit of the hill between the two streams we can see some snowy mountains in a southwest direction, apparently distant about seventy-five miles. They are the only mountains in sight. The bottoms on both streams, and also below the junction, have plenty of cottonwood timber, and on the buttes east of here is some scrubby yellow pine. The course of the river is northeast for about ten miles below the junction, which is as far as it can be seen from here.

In the evening, some of the party washed a few pans of

loose gravel from a bar on the Big Horn, and found from ten to fifty very fine colors of gold in every pan. They also tried a gravel bank about fifty feet above the river, and got several colors to the pan. All the party think we will find good diggings up the river. We saw comparatively few buffalo to-day (about three hundred). Bostwick killed a white-tailed deer near camp this evening. I do not allow any one to shoot without permission, either while traveling or in camp, otherwise there would not be any ammunition left in two weeks' travel.

Geery was very near being drowned while bathing to-day. He went into the Big Horn, and was swept down into the whirlpools where the two rivers met. At first he tried to regain our shore, but finding that impossible, he turned and swam to the other shore, which he reached much exhausted. After resting awhile, he went up the Big Horn a short distance above the camp, and swam back to the other side. He is a splendid swimmer, and that is all that saved his life, for a common swimmer would have been drowned under the circumstances.

From Bannack City to a point between the Madison and Gallatin rivers (Big Willow creek), we traveled to suit ourselves, in regard to course, etc.; then we were suckers enough to try to travel by Lewis and Clarke's notes and maps, and the consequences were that from there to the mouth of Shields river we traveled seventy-five miles without getting any nearer our destination. After that, we laid Lewis and Clarke aside, and traveled to suit the lay of the country. From Bannack City to the mouth of the Big Horn, by the way we came, is four hundred and one miles, and deducting the seventy-five miles lost travel, leaves three hundred and twenty-six miles actual distance from point to

point, and there can be a good wagon-road made over the route with but very little labor.

Wednesday, May 6, 1863. Early in the morning, five men were detailed to cross the Big Horn and survey a town-site and ranches. They made a raft, and crossed without any difficulty. Four men were sent out to prospect, and the rest had to keep camp and guard the horses.

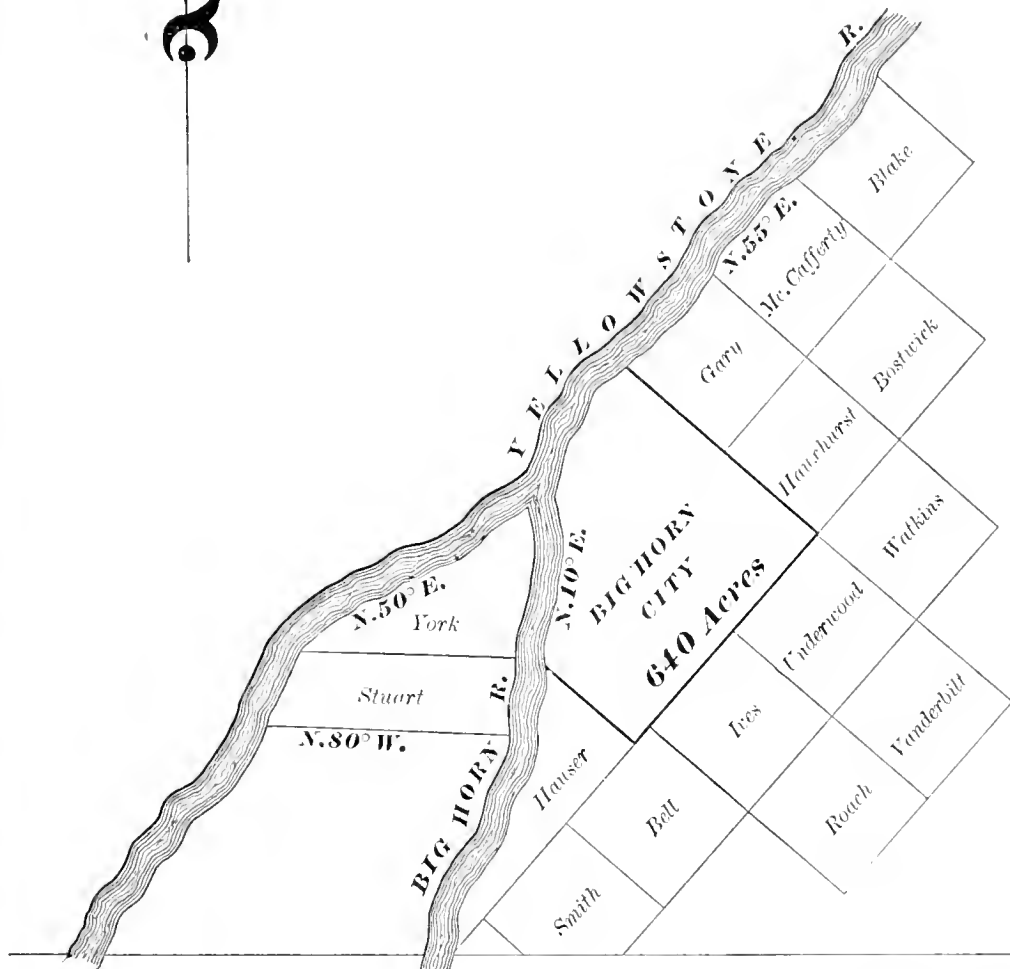
The prospectors returned first. They found only a few colors or specks of gold. The party that went across the Big Horn located a town-site of three hundred and twenty acres, and thirteen ranches of one hundred and sixty acres each, while I located two ranches in the bottom between the two rivers. The subjoined plat shows the shape of all the locations, as well as the general topography of the vicinity. I also engraved my name, with the date, on a sandstone about three-fourths of a mile above camp, on the Big Horn. It will stay there for ages, and if I perish on this expedition, I have left my mark. In the evening, four of the party cut their names on a perpendicular sandstone rock between the rivers.

It has been very warm to-day. Caught a catfish that would weigh about nine pounds.

Saw plenty of buffalo on the other side of the Big Horn for the past two days. They seem to be traveling down the river. The grass is very scarce here, and of only three kinds—bottom, bunch, and grama grasses—but all very scattering.

7th. Started up the Big Horn river on the west bank. Saw plenty of white-tailed deer, buffalo, and elk. Abundance of cottonwood timber along river, and pine on the rocky buttes east. Soil good, but grass poor. Plenty of prairie-dogs.

Passed a creek coming in on the east side of the river,



Scale of 80 chs. to an inch.

Map of "Big Horn City,"

As Surveyed in 1863.

FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES STUART.

Drawn by W. W. de Lacy C. E.

about four miles above the junction; plenty of cottonwood along it. It is no doubt the creek that Captain Clarke mentions as coming into the Big Horn seven miles above the junction. I think he must have been tired after his walk, and estimated the distance according to his feelings.

Passed another stream on same side, with timber on it. Could not see any water in it from our side of the river. It is probably a large, dry creek.

After we camped, I went a short distance and killed a buffalo, as we were out of fresh meat. It is very convenient to be able to kill meat whenever you want it. We are living high now—marrow-bones, tongues, liver, sweet-breads, and catfish are good enough for anybody.

The water in the Big Horn is muddy, exactly like the Missouri low down; but it has no bad taste. The Yellowstone above the junction is miserably bad water. Very disagreeable traveling to-day; strong northwest wind that raised clouds of dust. Course of river, south twenty degrees west. Traveled eighteen miles.

8th. Traveled fifteen miles. General course of the river from camp to camp, south twenty degrees east. It makes a gradual turn to the left. We camped opposite the mouth of a creek entering from the east, and two of the party have gone to examine it. Very cold wind from the east; overcoats feel good. Saw fresh Indian sign near camp; everybody on the lookout; do not intend to let any more of them come into camp; would rather fight than have friends steal everything we have; and it is impossible to let more than two of them come in without their stealing, and all of us on guard at that.

Desolate looking country; low, level plains on west side, about five miles wide, covered with small sage-brush, prickly pears, and buffalo; then another low bench rising

above the first and extending as far as the smoky atmosphere will admit of seeing, and I suppose of the same character as the first one. To the southwest is a range of snowy mountains, and south ten degrees west is an isolated snowy peak. East of us are plains as far as we can see; southeast the same; low hills to the northeast; and to the northwest broken sandstone hills, with a few pines. Grass very scarce to-night.

The two who went to examine the creek across the river have returned, and report a stream of clear water twenty-five yards wide coming from the east; moderate current. Plenty of cottonwood timber along its course, and low, open country as far as they could see. They found the color in a bar on it, but very fine. I suppose it to be the Little Horn river. Its course is east five degrees south.

We have two on guard at a time, and divide the night into two watches. York guards the horses all the time in daylight, and therefore does not stand any night guard. I have to come on at one o'clock to-night, and it takes all the romance out of traveling in the mountains to have to leave a warm comfortable bed at one p. m. on a cold, windy, rainy night, and stand guard until six next morning, the weary hours cheered by the infernal howling of coyotes, buffalo, wolves, and pleasing thoughts of Indians crawling around camp, and the probabilities of hearing their arrows and bullets come hissing through the pitchy darkness.

Every evening at sundown our fires are put out. In camping, I pick a smooth level place. We tie two horses to each picket, and as they are driven only ten feet apart, the horses are in a very small space; yet we had one stolen, as before related. We travel from five to seven and a half hours a day, making our day's journey without stopping for noon. We average about two and a half miles

per hour when traveling. I killed a buck antelope a few minutes before we camped this evening.

9th. Traveled fifteen miles. Course of river, south twenty degrees west; a gradual bend to the right all day. Cold north wind, with a little rain occasionally until twelve o'clock, when it rained so hard that we camped. Nearly clear at dark.

I killed an antelope from camp this morning with my revolver. I also killed a black-tailed deer after we camped, being the first one I have seen on the waters of the Yellowstone. Saw one thousand buffalo to-day. The hills from five to fifteen miles back from the river are alive with them.

Open, smooth plains east of us to-night; to the west, level table-land for five miles back from river; then broken hills. South twenty degrees west is a snowy mountain.

Found the remains of an Indian *buried up a tree*. Suppose it to be a Sioux, and wish they were all up trees. Don't know if the Crows bury in this airy manner; but, from the fact of this being the first body we have found, we are inclined to think they do not.

Several of our horses are pretty well used up. Some of the men have to walk nearly all day.

10th. Traveled eight miles. Course of river south. We had a great time last evening shooting at a mark distant about sixty-five yards. I only shot twice, both balls nearly in the same hole, about half an inch from the center. I beat the party. Sharpe's rifles are at a premium, although the other rifles in the party are nearly all tolerably good ones.

This morning, after we had traveled a few miles, everybody wanted to run buffalo. I stopped the train, and told them to go in. And such another time as we had! There

were over one hundred shots fired, and only two buffalo killed dead, but plenty went off mortally wounded. It was a shame to kill them, but it was the first time that it was a free thing for all that wanted to take a chance, and they improved the opportunity. It was an exciting sight to see the stampede of buffalo, men and horses going furiously in every direction over the plain.

I think we will strike it rich, for we can get plenty of colors to the pan along the river, and we are still away down in the plains. When we get to the Big Horn mountains we have got dead wood (may be).

Smooth plains, terminating in a hundred foot bluff next to the river on the west side, and low clay hills and some low, pointed buttes on the east.

Two of the men have been following the river, looking for a ford all the afternoon, and have found a place where we can cross by raising our packs.

It is bad traveling on this side of the river, as it is getting much broken up into hills and deep couleés, while there is a good open country on the other side extending to the foot of the snowy mountain.

At this camp is the first good grass we have found for a long time, and our poor horses are enjoying it. We found a good spring in the bluff near where we camped. It seems like home to have good, clear cold water to drink once more.

We have caught more catfish than we could eat since we have been traveling up the Big Horn.

Such fun as the boys have relating their to-day's exploits with the buffalo! Some are sorry they ran their horses; others say they would have run theirs if they had known they would have to walk the rest of the trip in consequence; and they all say it was great fun, if it was death

on horses. It is indeed most exciting sport, and very hard to resist when a chance for a chase occurs. We passed several ravines to-day that had good water and cottonwood in them.

11th. Traveled only one mile, just across the river.

At seven o'clock, just as we were going to start from camp, tents down and horses packed, I looked across the river, and about a mile above us I saw three white men, with six horses, three packed and riding three. They were coming down the river, and I waited until they got opposite to us, distant about three-fourths of a mile, and then hailed them. They would neither answer nor stop, but kept the same course and at a little faster pace. I then sent Underwood and Smith across ahead of our train to overtake them and hear the news, and also to ask them to come back to the crossing, and we would camp all day with them, etc. After we had crossed the river, I and Blake started to meet the strangers, not doubting but our men had overtaken them. We rode down the river about five miles, when we met one of our men returning without having seen anything of the travelers. I then surmised that they must have turned up a small creek near where we had last seen them from camp, and I was right, for we soon found their trail going up into the hills. We followed them ten miles, and then gave up the chase. It seemed that as soon as they got out of our sight they had started on a run, and kept in ravines and brush along the creek for about three miles till they got to the hills. They then left the creek, and went into the worst places they could find, up and down steep ravines, over rocky points, etc. We found we could not overtake them until their horses tired out, and it would not pay to run ours down to see three fools. We found a fry-pan and a pack of cards

on their trail, and brought them to camp to show that we had chased them pretty close. I think if we had chased them five miles farther we would have captured their pack-horses and provisions. None of us have the least idea who they are, where they come from, or where they are going. I have given orders to have the next small party we meet brought into camp dead or alive, for it is played out letting people pass us in that way in the mountains without giving an account of themselves.*

* This party, it afterward appeared, was J. M. Bozeman and John M. Jacobs and his little daughter, seven or eight years old. They were on their way from the Three Forks of the Missouri river to Red Buttes, on North Platte river, looking out a route for a wagon-road, which they finally found, and which was afterward known as the Jacobs and Bozeman Cut-off. They had been chased by a party of Indians a few days before, and when they saw and heard Stuart's party they at once took them for Indians, and did not wait to find out, but at once did their utmost to escape, with the result above stated. But two days later they came suddenly upon a band of seventy-five or eighty mounted Indians. Knowing they would be plundered of everything, if not murdered, and considering resistance hopeless, Jacobs managed to drop his rifle and bullet-pouch into the sage-brush before the Indians got to them. His anticipations were realized, for they were at once stripped of almost everything, and many were for killing them on the spot; but finally, after a stormy discussion, they were given three miserable ponies in exchange for their horses and turned loose half-naked and without anything to eat. Moving slowly away, they waited until the Indians got out of sight, when they returned and found Jacobs' gun and bullet-pouch; but unfortunately the latter only contained five balls at the time, and as they made all possible haste to get out of that dangerous neighborhood, they did not stop to kill and dry any meat, and before they knew it they had passed out of the buffalo range, and meeting with bad luck in killing small game (which is usually the case when it is absolutely necessary to kill it), their five bullets were exhausted; and, after severe hardships, they finally got through to North Platte in a famishing condition. It was doubtless the intention of the

I killed a buffalo as we were returning from the chase. The river was deep fording this morning, but did not wet our packs. There is a small creek comes in on the east side of the river, one mile below camp (Stranger's Escape creek).

There are plenty of young goslings swimming in the river. All our party wrote their names on a tree near camp to-night.

I expect those strangers we chased will not sleep very sound to-night. When calling to them I made the signs for "friends," "peace," "come to us," and "wait and we will come to you;" but they either could not or would not understand. One thing is certain, they have furnished our party with something new to talk about until something else occurs.

12th. Traveled twelve miles. Course of river, for first six miles, south five degrees west; thence six miles to mouth of cañon south twenty-five degrees west. Passed and crossed Box-Elder creek about six miles from camp. It is a small stream coming from southeast; no willows or cottonwoods on its banks, but plenty of box-elder trees and bushes. Saw plenty of thickets of large plum bushes, same as down in Pike, both yesterday and to-day.

If we had undertaken to travel by any of the maps of this country we would be completely lost, for neither the creeks running into, nor the courses of the river, correspond with any published map; so we have to travel on our own judgment.

Indians to have them die of hunger before they could get out of the country. Poor Bozeman, after whom the present flourishing county-seat of Gallatin county was named, was murdered by the Indians near the mouth of Shields river, on the Yellowstone, on the 20th of April, 1867.—G. S.

When we camp we always prospect in several different places—on river bars, banks, and gulches. Whenever we find gold in ravines we will stop and prospect several days. So far, we have only found very fine float-gold along the large rivers.

The mouth of the cañon, near our camp to-night, is old, red sandstone, in perpendicular walls, two hundred feet high.

On the west side of the river the red sandstone crops out for several miles, and can be plainly seen for a long distance. Northeast from here are open, smooth, low hills to the base of the mountains. We have not seen many buffalo to-day, probably thirty or forty.

Saw plenty of fresh Indian signs near camp. Sixteen horses have been here to-day, and probably more whose tracks we did not see. We will have to look out for squalls, as there is evidently a war party in the neighborhood.

It is eleven years to-day since I left the home of my boyhood. Who knows how many more it will be before I see it again, if ever?

May 13, 1863. Last night Smith and I had the first watch, and about eleven o'clock the horses at my end were scared at something, but it was very dark and I could not see anything. I thought it might be a wolf prowling around camp. A few minutes before eleven o'clock I sat up and lit a match to see what time it was, and also to light my pipe, but at once laid down again; we were both lying flat on the ground trying to see what made the horses so uneasy, and to this we both owe our lives. Just then I heard Smith whisper that there was something around his part of the horses, and a few seconds later the Crows fired a terrific volley into the camp. I was lying between two of my horses, and both were killed and very nearly fell on

me. Four horses were killed, and five more wounded, while in the tents two men were mortally, two badly, and three more slightly wounded. Smith shouted, "Oh, you scoundrels!" and fired both barrels of his shot-gun at the flash of theirs, but, so far as we could tell next morning, without effect; he most probably fired too high. I could not fire for the horses were in the way. I shouted for some one to tear down the tents, to prevent their affording a mark for the murderous Indians a second time. York rushed out and tore them down in an instant. I then ordered all who were able to take their arms and crawl out from the tents a little way, and lie flat on the ground; and thus we lay until morning, expecting another attack each instant, and determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. When at last day dawned, we could see a few Indians among the rocks and pines on a hill some five or six hundred yards away, watching to see the effect of their bloody work. An examination of the wounded presented a dreadful sight. C. D. Watkins was shot in the right temple, and the ball came out at the left cheek-bone; the poor fellow was still breathing, but insensible. E. Bostwick was shot in five places—once in back part of shoulder, shattering the shoulder-blade, but the ball did not come out in front; three balls passed through the right thigh, all shattering the bone, and one ball passed through the left thigh, which did not break the bone; he was sensible, but suffering dreadful agony. H. A. Bell was shot twice—one ball entered at the lowest rib on the left side and lodged just under the skin on the right side; the other ball entered near the kidneys on the left side, and came out near the thigh joint. D. Underwood was shot once, but the ball made six holes; it first passed through the left arm above the elbow, just missing the bone, and then passed through

both breasts, which were large and full, and just grazing the breast-bone. H. T. Geery was shot in the left shoulder-blade with an arrow, but not dangerously hurt. George Ives was shot in the hip with a ball—a flesh wound. S. T. Hauser in the left breast with a ball, which passed through a thick memorandum-book in his shirt pocket, and stopped against a rib over his heart, the book saving his life. Several others had one or more ball-holes through their clothes.

We held a council of war; concluded that it was impossible to return through the Crow country, now that they were openly hostile; therefore, determined to strike for the emigrant road on Sweetwater river, throwing away all of our outfits except enough provisions to do us to the road. Watkins was still breathing, but happily insensible. Poor Bostwick was alive and sensible, but gradually failing, and in great agony. With noble generosity he insisted on our leaving him to his fate, as it was impossible to move him, and equally impossible for him to recover if we remained with him, and which, he said, would only result in all of us falling victims to the fiendish savages. He asked us to hand him his trusty revolver, saying he would get even on the red devils when they came into camp. We gave it to him, and a few moments later were startled by the report of his pistol, and filled with horror when we saw he had blown out his brains. Oh, noble soul! May you sit in judgment on your murderers on that great *Last Day!*

Bell, who had declined to have his wounds probed, saying he was mortally wounded (as we all thought he must be from where he was struck), now said he would try to ride, and we put him on a horse and started, leaving camp a few minutes before twelve o'clock. We traveled slowly on account of the wounded, and camped to get supper be-

fore sundown, having traveled five miles nearly southeast. Started again at thirty minutes past four p. m., and went east five miles, thence south ten miles, to camp, at ten p. m., in the Big Horn Mountains.

NOTE.

Again, our captain thus briefly notices one of the most fearful tragedies that ever occurred in the mountains, and in which his nobleness of soul and heroic courage shone more brilliantly than ever before. On that dreadful night our lives were saved only by an accidental circumstance in the first place, and afterward by his wisdom and heroic bearing. As an illustration of his sagacity and mountaineer knowledge, I would state before going into the details of that dreadful night, that as we were riding along the day before, he remarked that we were being dogged by a war party. As I saw no Indians, nor signs of any, I asked him how he knew. He replied: "Do you see those buffalo running at full speed off there next to the mountains?" Looking in that direction, some six or eight miles, I saw what he described, and answered that I did. "Well," said he, "you will shortly see those others a couple of miles or so ahead of them start also." Sure enough, in the course of about half an hour they too stampeded, thus showing clearly that they were frightened by something traveling in the same direction we were, and it was also evident that it was something beyond them, for they all ran toward us. This convinced me that he was correct, and after he had explained and drawn my attention to the circumstance it was easy enough to comprehend.

Reaching the spot selected for camp, we busied ourselves with our various duties—some preparing supper, others starting off with pick, pan, and shovel to prospect, etc.; but I noticed that the captain quietly took his rifle and started off alone for the rolling hills next to the mountains. In about an hour he returned, and throwing down some pemmican, remarked: "Those thieving scoundrels are close around here; so close that, in their haste to keep me from seeing them, they dropped that, and if we do n't look sharp, we will get set afoot to-night."

As night approached, it clouded up and threatened rain; so we carried in all our flour and most of our other baggage, saddles, etc., and

placed them around next the walls of our tents, making our beds inside of this circle, which proved to be a providential act.

Night coming on, the captain remarked that there would have to be a sharp watch kept, as he felt confident the Indians would make an attempt to get our horses, and said he would go on guard himself. As it grew dark we all retired to rest except the two guards, without any misgivings; for during the last three weeks the Indians had been around our tents nearly every night, trying to steal our horses, and as they had never attempted to fire into or molest us, since our first meeting, when we stood them off, we had ceased to have any apprehension that they would attack us. The only precaution we took (that of taking our rifles and revolvers to bed with us) was to be ready, in case they attempted to stampede our horses by dashing in among them.

The only one who seemed to have any premonition of the coming tragedy was Watkins, who several times during the day had called my attention to the mournful cooing of a dove, saying that it made him sad, and caused him to think of his boyhood days and of his mother's home, and that he could n't get over it, etc. It was strange to hear him talk in that strain, for he was the most reckless of the party, and usually did not seem to think of home, death, or anything else. Drew Underwood and I slept under the same blankets; and in the same tent were also York and McCafferty. Geery, Bostwick, Ives, and Watkins occupied a tent, as did also Bell, Vanderbilt, and Blake another; while Hauxhurst and Roach did not put up any tent, but simply spread it over their bed.

We all fell asleep without fear, having become accustomed to having Indians around camp trying to steal our horses *only*, as we had learned to suppose, when I was startled by the captain shouting, "Keep close to the ground!" Instantly following his voice came the most unearthly yelling and firing that I ever heard, and that so very close that the crash seemed to be directly against my head and inside the tent. I was fairly lifted to a sitting position, and my first realization of what was the matter, was hearing Underwood say, "I'm shot through and through." "My God, this is awful," was my reply, adding instantly, "So am I;" for feeling the shock and sting of the ball and blood trickling down my side, I thought it was all over with me. Hurriedly thrusting my hand under my shirt, I drew a sigh of relief, for I found that the ball had not gone through me, it having struck a thick memoran-

dum book that was in my left shirt pocket, which it passed through, and flattened and stopped against a rib near my heart.

Instantly seizing our rifles we crawled out of the tent, but before we got out the yelling and firing had ceased. It was pitch dark, dark as Egypt, and what followed was even more trying to our nerves than what had passed. We could distinctly hear the demon-like whisperings of the murderous fiends in the ravine that we knew was not over ten paces from us—yet so perfectly dark was it that we could not even see the outlines of the bushes that bordered the ravine; in fact, we could not see our hands before us. Add to this, that we did not know how many of our little band were left alive. Some we knew were dying, from the moans we heard, yet we could not see them or offer a word of consolation, for one audible word would have brought a shower of arrows. As it was, they were flying in all directions, and it seemed impossible to escape being pierced by them. We could hear them whizzing through the air every second, and so near that we often felt the wind; and so close were the Indians that we could hear the twang of their bow-strings. Too shrewdly the cowardly murderers had resorted to their bows and arrows, after they had emptied their double-barreled guns, knowing well that if they used their guns after we were aroused, that the flash would afford a mark for us to return their fire; but arrows gave no guide, and they were safe in the ravine and darkness.

Crawling to our captain as best we could, constantly admonished by the flying arrows to crawl low, we found him lying between and among five dead horses, all shot by the Indians in their efforts to kill him, guided by his voice when he had shouted to us to "Keep close to the ground"—an order given upon his hearing them cocking their guns just before they fired; which order was given at the imminent risk of his own life, but it saved ours, which was always the aim of his big heart at *any risk*, and as fortune *sometimes* favors the brave, so in this instance she did him, for the dead horses furnished him a complete barricade, from which he whispered his directions to us. On reaching him, I asked, in a suppressed whisper, how many men were killed. "Do n't know; you are the third man that has reported," he said. To which I replied, "Great God, Jim, this is awful." He answered: "Never mind; it's rough, but we will give them a game yet. You and Underwood crawl toward the river about fifty yards; don't fire until you

can punch your guns against them. Wait; there will be a general rush on us before morning. Remember, *do n't shoot* until the rush is made, and you can touch them with your guns. If you fire sooner, the flash of your guns will direct a hundred shots to you. Keep cool, and we can stand them off." So Underwood and I dragged ourselves over the horses and for the distance indicated, requiring no further orders to keep close to the ground, for the whiz of the arrows made us lie flatter than ever, if possible. And here we lay, face downward, for three long hours, with cocked rifle in one hand and revolver in the other, in the most fearful suspense, expecting every moment that they would renew their yells and rush upon us. With every nerve strained, we watched and waited, with nothing to relieve our suspense, except the gratitude we felt at being still alive, and the hope of succoring our wounded comrades, whose dying groans were perfectly heartrending. Add to this the audible whisperings of what we supposed to be directions and preparations for the final charge, and the peculiar, never-to-be-forgotten sound of the arrows which we heard, but could not see; each one so close that we felt that the next one must strike. Yet we dare not fire in return—*only wait* for what seemed inevitable death. In this way hours passed—hours that seemed weeks—when, to my utter surprise, our captain came, walking erect, and almost stumbling over me. In a whisper I said: "What are you walking for? Why do n't you get down and crawl? You will be killed." To which, in the same whispered tone, he replied: "Oh, I'm going around to see how the boys are, and to get some water for Bell and Bostwick. There's enough of us left to give them a lively rattle in the morning." At that moment an arrow came so close we could actually feel the wind of it. I again appealed to him to crawl. His answer was, "I was not born to be killed by these red devils," and he calmly walked down to the river and got a cup of water and took it to the wounded men, and to this day God only knows why he was not pierced by a dozen arrows, and it seems almost a miracle that he was not.

Underwood was not more than four feet from me, and yet we never dared speak; only watched and tried to see through the darkness, and prayed for morning or light enough to see to shoot. Yet, what were we to hope for with the coming of daylight? We knew that they were ten to one against us. Still, it would be better than the great disadvantage at which they had us. And the uncertainty! Anything was better than that.

Morning came at last, and what a sight it revealed! There was poor Watkins, shot through the temple and unconscious, but crawling around on his elbows and knees; Bostwick shot all to pieces, but still alive, and five others wounded; the men scattered all about the camp-ground, face downward, with cocked rifles and revolvers in hand, eagerly watching the bushes and ravine from which the fatal fire had come. Five horses were dead, and six or seven others had arrows sticking into them. On the side of the mountain, in plain sight, were the Indians moving around among the trees and rocks. With the approach of day, the cowardly wretches had quietly retreated up the ravine to the side of the mountain out of danger, yet keeping in sight so as to watch our every movement. We were in a most trying and desperate situation, surrounded by merciless Indians, hundreds of miles from the nearest white men, with the whole tribe between us and our homes, and with seven of our little band wounded—two fatally, and three others severely. We gathered into a little knot to talk over the events of the night, and to ascertain the extent of our wounds. This done, I asked Jim (as our captain was familiarly called among us) what we had better do. He answered: "Have a hot cup of coffee first; we will all feel better, and will then decide."

I forgot to mention that just at break of day, and as we were about rising to our feet, an Indian sent a last arrow right into our midst, but from a greater distance up the ravine. Jim instantly seized his rifle, and started to cut him off from the mountain, by getting between him and those above, but he proved too quick, and escaped. According to instructions, we proceeded to make a fire and prepare some coffee, although none of us felt like either drinking or eating.

Within a radius of thirty or forty feet of where Underwood and I had been lying, I picked up forty-eight arrows, and the tents were completely riddled. Probably three hundred balls and arrows passed through them.

Having drank our coffee, we held a council of war, or rather got together to hear what Jim suggested, which was that it would be hopeless to try to return to Bannack the way we had come, as we would not only have the blood-hounds up on the side of the mountain after us, but the whole Crow nation that we had passed three weeks before. Therefore, we would have to return by the way of the South Pass and Ft. Bridger, although it was some ten or twelve hundred miles, and

part of it over a totally unexplored country, inhabited by the hostile Sioux, which fact Jim said "would prevent the red devils up there," pointing to them, "from following us more than seventy-five or a hundred miles, and we might, by a scratch, miss the others."

The route being decided upon, we determined to wait till noon or later to see the last of poor Watkins, Bostwick, and Bell, by which time we thought they would breathe their last. The other wounded, we thought, could all ride. We also decided that we would throw away all of our outfit but five or six days' rations, to lighten up the packs, for the purpose of riding our horses seventy-five miles the first twenty-four hours, the object being to get the Indians following us too far from their main camp to return for reinforcements, should they succeed in surrounding us and compelling us to entrench ourselves. Jim then said it was important to show the Indians that we had "good medicine," and that "our hearts were not on the ground," by challenging them then and there for a fight, stating that he did n't know whether they would fight or not; "but that if it was Bannacks or Snakes, they would give us a brush;" but that "he was not familiar enough with the Crows to know whether they would or not; but if they did, we had as well fight them there as anywhere, and it would have a good effect on them in their future attacks." We then proceeded to throw away all but six days' rations and a few other necessary articles; and being all ready to start, we prepared for the fight. But before going out, Geery, Underwood, and myself, who belonged to the "fraternity," had a little side talk, which resulted in each one declaring that if he got mortally wounded, he would reserve one shot that should prevent unnecessary sacrifice of the party by remaining to defend a man that must soon die any way, and also to prevent torture, if captured. In order to ascertain when we were mortally wounded, we agreed to have Jim examine and decide. On the other hand, we agreed to remain by and defend each other as long as there was hope of the wounded man living. This understood, we talked it over with Jim, and finally with all the rest, who all came to the same agreement.

This fearful determination was prompted by our desperate situation, as it then seemed impossible for any of us to escape; but we all had a great desire for some of the party to do so, and report where, when, and how we had died. We felt absolutely desperate and reckless, yet

determined that some of us should live to report our fate, if a brave resistance could do it.

I doubt if there was a single one who thought he would be the fortunate one to escape; but there was no desponding or lamenting—all were resolved to die fighting. Our captain said he thought about half of us might live to tell the tale by keeping cool, sticking close together, and every man doing his duty. All being ready, we started in single file for an elevated plateau about three hundred yards off, and diagonally toward the Indians. A forlorn hope, indeed! but resolute and determined. Arriving at the place he had selected for the fight, our captain went through the whole manual of signs, calling them cowards, thieves, murderers, and everything else, and defied them to come down and fight us. At first they signaled an acceptance, and began moving around, as though they were coming, but finally settled down again behind rocks and trees, evidently concluding they would wait a better chance. After waiting until satisfied they would not come, we returned to camp. It was now about three p. m., and Jim said we would soon have to start. Bell had given up all his valuables, and given me directions what to do with his property if I escaped; but when Jim felt his pulse, he expressed surprise at not finding him sinking; yet, from the nature of his wounds, he could not hope for his life. On asking him if he didn't think he could ride, he expressed a willingness to try, saying he might go a little ways at any rate. While helping Bell on a horse, poor Bostwick blew his brains out. Geery, who was sleeping with him, said that when Bostwick found he was shot, he asked him (Geery) to cock his revolver and put it in his right hand, stating that he wanted to sell his life as dearly as possible; that he had not long to live, but would *save* some of the Indians. He was sinking rapidly, and refused to let us try to put him on a horse, saying that it was utterly useless, and would increase his sufferings for nothing, as it was impossible for him to live. This was some time before, and the report of his pistol surprised me, as I supposed him to be in a dying condition.

Succeeding at last in getting Bell on a horse, we started slowly off, as of course he could not go fast. Riding up to Jim, I said I believed Bell would live. To which he replied that he feared not; that it was only a spasmodic effort, and that he would probably fall dead off his horse within an hour or so.

As we began to move, the Indians mounted their ponies, and moved along parallel to us, but out of gunshot. Bell apparently got stronger; and when we reached a little stream about five miles from our camp, Jim called a halt for consultation and a further examination of Bell's pulse and wounds. After which, he announced that there was a show for his life; therefore, we would camp right there and then, and give Bell a chance to recruit up, adding that we would stay by him at all hazards, so long as there was hope of his life, but that it would now be impossible for us to go more than fifteen or twenty miles a day. This was a serious and desperate change in our plans, as we had thrown away nearly all of our provisions, expecting to go seventy-five miles in the first twenty-four hours, and thus get beyond reinforcements to, and possibly out of reach of the Indians, who were at that moment gathering about us on the hills. Still the men all cheerfully and heartily indorsed the captain's resolution, and we accordingly halted and remained some two or three hours, getting supper, and allowing Bell to rest.—S. T. H.

May 14, 1863. Traveled twenty miles, toward nearly all points of the compass; general course west twenty-five degrees south. Very rough mountain all day; had difficulty in getting through the snow. After going five miles, we stopped at a spring for breakfast, and then went twelve miles more and halted for supper. Here poor Geery shot himself accidentally. He and another man laid their rifles on the ground, and while unpacking the horses, some blankets were thrown down upon the guns, and Geery shortly after going to get his, took it by the muzzle and drew it toward him. The blankets or something else drew back the hammer sufficiently to discharge the rifle, and the ball struck him a little above the left nipple, shattering his shoulder and giving him a mortal wound. In spite of our united entreaties, he shortly after blew out his brains, so that we could bury him and leave the place before dark. This was the most heartrending scene on the whole trip. We buried him, and went three miles, and camped long

after dark, hiding our horses among the pines. The poor things have had no feed to-day. Since we left "Bloody Camp" I have adopted the plan of camping before sun-down, and getting supper, and then we pack up and travel several miles in the dark, and then turn abruptly off a half mile or so, and camp and picket the horses and lie down without making a fire. By these means I hope to outwit and escape the Indians, who are following us, and waiting to get another chance to fire into our camp at night. They are too cowardly to take any chances by attacking us in daylight, although outnumbering us ten to one; consequently, they stealthily follow us, hoping to throw us off our guard and exterminate us by another night attack.

NOTE.

After a very difficult and tedious descent into a gorge to get water, we halted about four p. m. to get supper. All of us were intensely wearied and worn out. A few men were thrown out as pickets, and the rest were busied in unpacking, when, in the midst of our preparations for supper and rest, York announced that he saw Indians approaching on the points above us. All hands flew to arms, but were startled and checked by the report of a rifle right in our midst. We knew that it must be one of our own guns, but whether accidentally or purposely discharged we did not at first know; but looking inquiringly around, all eyes at last centered upon Geery, who, with a deathly pallor on his face, stood with his head erect, but his body partly leaning against his rifle. He answered our anxious looks by saying: "I have foolishly but accidentally destroyed my life." Rushing up to him we eased him down to a sitting posture. He then, with great calmness and deliberation, opened the bosom of his shirt, and pointing to the ghastly wound, about three inches above his left nipple, said: "My life is fast ebbing away—only a few hours more; but that is too long for you all to remain here. See, the sun is fast declining behind the mountains; the Indians will soon be upon you, and it would be impossible to defend yourselves in this place. Jim, tell the boys I am fatally wounded." This request but too plainly indicated his dreadful reso-

lution, and too soon brought us to an awful realization of our desperate but determined agreement on the morning after the attack, and we all appealed to him not to think of so rash an act, telling him that he might live, and using every argument that we could think of, collectively and individually begging him not to think of such a thing. During the whole time he held his revolver firmly grasped in his right hand, and warned us that any attempt to take it from him would only hasten his action. No one attempted to force it away from him; we only reasoned, or tried to reason with him, but we could not make him lose sight of the inevitable fact that he must die within a few hours anyhow, but that in the meantime darkness would be upon us, and with it the Indians, who were already approaching us, and whom we could not successfully resist in such a place. Finally, he called upon Jim again to "tell the truth; tell the boys I can't live over a few hours at most." Jim, who was in tears, and his big heart almost breaking, could not truthfully answer him in the negative; therefore he evaded a direct reply, by answering: "Never mind, Geery; we will stay by you—all the Indians in the world could n't drive us away from you."

This reply only seemed to fix his noble soul in the resolution to do what he knew would probably save the party, or most of them; yet how few men there are that could so reason and act under such circumstances. Turning to us, he said: "See, comrades, Jim knows that I am fatally wounded, and must die soon, but he avoids telling me; and the fact that you would all, I know, stay by me, and die for me, has determined me. Remember (putting the muzzle of his pistol against his breast), I am not committing suicide. Bear witness to my friends that I am only shortening my life a few hours to prevent you from uselessly and foolishly sacrificing yours in defense of mine. God knows I do n't want to die; that I fear death—but have a Christian hope in eternity—yet must die, rather to save than to sacrifice. Remember this gorge in the mountains, and the spot where I am buried; describe it to my friends some day, if any of you ever live to tell of it." Those strong men were all weeping over him as he continued: "God bless you all, comrades; I must die, and in time for you to bury me and escape before dark. Bury me in this coat, and here." He was about to fire the fatal shot, when Jim said: "For God's sake, Geery, do n't; but if you will do it, do n't shoot yourself there; it will

only prolong your agony (the muzzle of the pistol, as before stated, was against his breast). If you must do it, place the pistol to your temple." To which Geery replied: "Thanks, Jim; and may God bless you all, and take you safely out of this." As he placed the pistol to his temple the men, with weeping eyes and full hearts, all turned to walk away, as they could not bear to see him fire. He pressed the trigger, and the cap only exploded. I never heard one sound half so loud before; it echoed in all directions as if to make him realize what he was doing. I then appealed to him, saying, "Geery, for God's sake, desist; this is a warning." To which he paid no attention nor made any reply, but rather seemed to be soliloquizing, and said, "I know not what to think of that; it never snapped before." Cocking his pistol again, he engaged a few seconds in mental prayer, and again pulled the trigger that launched him into eternity. The report of the fatal shot was awful, and sent a thrill through our swelling hearts that will never be forgotten.

We gathered around his dying form, and it was "indeed a fearful thing to see the human soul take wing," especially as he had so nobly died to save us. Never before had I seen our little band give way; they all wept like children, and seemed far more disheartened than the morning after the massacre.

Waiting some half hour after he had drawn his last breath, we buried him, as desired, in his soldier overcoat. We had scarcely finished his burial, when the pickets announced that the Indians were approaching us, and were within gunshot—yet there was no firing.

After our last sad duty was finished, Jim directed us to pile limbs and brush on the grave, and burn them so as to conceal it from the Indians, and prevent them from digging poor Geery up for his scalp and clothes.

We then gathered our things together, as best we could, and packing up, moved on in single file, out of the gorge, camping, or rather hiding, in the sage-brush, some six miles away, where we arrived in the night.—S. T. H.

May 15th. Traveled twenty miles, but the distance in a direct line was about twelve miles. Course of travel from camp to camp was west twenty degrees north. Everything all right this morning; nobody dead; my mare "Tony"

and Hauxhurst's mule slightly poisoned with something they ate in this camp.

We were badly deceived in the country to-day. From this morning's view there seemed to be four miles of bad country, and beyond that it seemed to be open country, with no rocks or pines; but when we got to the open country we found it was cut up with tremendous chasms of perpendicular rock, from one to eight hundred feet in depth, and, in one instance, one reached the enormous depth of fifteen hundred feet.

We suffered much for water, Bell in particular, although there was plenty of it in sight, at the bottom of these chasms. We could not get down to it, not even on foot.

Camped for the night in a bad cañon, being compelled to descend into it to get water. Put on double guard at camp, and a picket on top of the cañon, to protect our ascent out of it in the morning. The walls were about two hundred feet in vertical height, with only a narrow gap where we could get down to the bottom, where there was a small creek. It was not more than six hundred feet across the top of this cañon or chasm.

May 16th. Traveled fifteen miles. Course very near east. We reached the top of the cañon this morning without any accident. Saw plenty of rattlesnakes. Early in the morning Blake and I went on foot to look for a place where we could cross the cañon, but couldn't find one. Returning to camp we packed up and started east, which was almost retracing our steps of the day before. Shortly after starting I noticed what I took to be an Indian smoke signal. Seeing it a second time, I was satisfied that it was a signal and called the attention of the party to it; and shortly after we all saw several distinct signals, which I knew were intended to gather the Indians together for

an attack on us. Yet there was no other route possible for us but the one right up the ridge and trail along which the signals were made. Reaching within half a mile of the mountain on the side of which the signals had been seen, I saw that the trail ran right along the edge of the chasm, the mountain to the left being quite rocky and steep, and at one place there was a large perpendicular bunch of rock almost hanging over the trail. Back of and near these rocks was where we had seen the smokes. There was a faint trail that ran around behind this point. We all felt certain that we would have to fight our way past this point. So we called a halt for preparation, all dismounting except the badly wounded, who were to bring up the rear. All of the extra ammunition was packed on a mule and placed in the rear in York's charge. He was armed with Bell's shotgun, and instructed to kill the mule as soon as the firing began in front, so that our ammunition could not be lost by a stampede of the animals, and we could fall back to the mule when we needed a fresh supply. I felt that it would be much better to send one or two men on the dim trail around behind the rocks, but did not like to order any one to go, as they would have to receive the whole fire of the Indians if they were there, as we supposed. After we had prepared ourselves for battle and had advanced a few steps, Hauser came up and said: "Jim, if we all go under these rocks in this way, they will kill the last one of us the first fire." To which I replied: "I know it would be better to send two men above and behind those rocks, but as it would be nearly certain death I do n't feel like sending anybody, although I think it would enable most of us to get through; but I feel that we might as well all take the chances together." "If you think it will increase the chances of more getting through, I'll go," was Hauser's

answer; and, sure enough, he mounted his pony, cocked his rifle, and spurred off. Underwood, seeing him start, said, "If Sam's going, I'm going too;" and as his left arm was useless, because of the wound he received in the night attack, he took his bridle in his teeth, and with his cocked revolver in his right hand, spurred after Hauser.

When they disappeared behind the rocks a pang passed through my heart, for I felt that they would probably never reach the other side. We all hurried along, expecting every instant to hear the firing at Hauser and Underwood, and then at ourselves; but we reached the open ground beyond, where they joined us without a gun being fired. Why they did not attack us here is a mystery, and I can only account for it by supposing that they failed to collect in time in sufficient force to do so. None of us ever expected, for a moment, that we would get through without a battle, and at a great disadvantage too; but they are a superstitious, cowardly set, and I believe they are getting rather afraid of us, thinking that our "medicine" is very strong; for, in the first place, they were amazed to find that they had not killed us all in the night attack, and then our sallying out and defying them to come and fight us the next morning, astonished them still more, and our calm and deliberate way of getting ready and moving slowly off, convinced them that it would be dangerous to come within our reach, and now, to-day, our two men riding so boldly almost among them, and cutting them off from the rocks, from the top of which they would have had so great an advantage, seems to have demoralized them so that they were afraid to commence an attack for fear they might get the worst of it.

Our road the rest of the day was bad, up the mountain and through deep snow. We were compelled to camp early,

on the summit of a ridge, on account of fog and rain. It was so foggy that we could not see a horse fifty yards. There was no feed for the horses to-day, and Bell's mare gave out and was left behind.

May 17th. Traveled ten miles; general course south. Started early in the morning; followed a ridge that ran toward all points of the compass; snow very bad; had to tread roads with our feet for our horses; stormed on us in the afternoon; saw where three buffaló had mired down and perished in the snow; a large band had tried to cross the mountain and failed; men and horses all tired out in the snow; found granite in place to-day for first time since crossing the Missouri divide; yellow pine has given place to fir; have seen but very little game in past two days; some few buffalo in the snow. We have been out of fresh meat for four days, because we do n't dare to shoot for fear of the Indians hearing us, but to-morrow I am going to kill something to eat anyhow. It is binding to have to almost ride over elk, deer, and buffalo, and not dare to shoot.

Ives broke his gun clear off at the breach getting through the snow and fir-timber to-day.

This has been a terrible day's travel on both men and animals. A few more like it, and we are afoot.

Very little feed for the horses to-night. We have not guarded them for several nights, but travel until after dark, and then turn them loose.

Our wounded men are doing well. I made a great mistake when I left my surgical instruments at home, for I shall most probably never need them again as badly as I do now.

It will be a scratch if any of the party are seen any more,

but I suppose it is all for the best. Man proposes, and God disposes.

18th. Traveled twenty-seven miles. Course west ten degrees south for eight miles; then west forty degrees south nine miles; thence south ten degrees east ten miles.

We started at seven A. M., traveling west in order to get to a valley that we could see, and also to get down out of the snow as soon as possible. Two miles from last night's camp I killed an elk at one shot one hundred and seventy-five yards; took the tenderloin and meat off the hams.

We had a very bad rocky road down the mountain to camp for noon on a small creek coming from the east.

What we can see of this valley is exactly like Smith's fork near Ft. Bridger, Utah. There is a large river in it coming from the south. It is either Popo Agie or Little Horn river. One map says one, and the other says the other.

I am certain that by traveling south we will strike either Independence Rock, or Rocky Ridge on Sweetwater river. We have not seen any Indian sign for several days. We are safe until they find us again.

Our horses are used up; some are tender-footed, others very poor. The way we made the elk meat disappear at dinner ought to be a caution to the game in this part of the country. Plenty of "l'herbe saleé" or "salt grass" for the horses, but very little of any other kind. It is the first we have seen for a long time. Saw plenty of big black water-spiders, such as "Old Watch" used to have so much fun with in California. When a person is in the danger that we have been, he can think of all that he has done or seen in the whole course of his life in a very few minutes.

After dinner, we traveled down the creek several miles, and then turned off to the left through clay hills to a small

creek coming from the east; stopped and got supper; started again at dark, and went four miles into the clay hills and camped; no feed but "salt grass;" game all gone again; saw only two antelope and one elk this afternoon.

Through the roughest of our troubles I did not have time to sleep, as I was on guard every other night, besides seeing to everything personally. I intend to write notes of our trip separate from my journal as soon as we get in a place of safety.*

19th. Traveled seventeen miles. Course south five degrees east for five miles; thence south ten degrees east twelve miles. Started at sunrise to find water and get breakfast; went nearly south five miles, to what we called "Raft river," a large creek coming from the east, thirty yards wide. After breakfast, made a raft and crossed; towed our raft back and forth with our picket-ropes; made several trips before we all got over; found good grass in the creek bottom, the first we have had for some days; Green river country to a dot; a large valley filled with table-lands and clay buttes; a high snowy range to the west; open country south; north-east, low hills; east, a mountain with some snow on it. Started at five P. M. to make our night drive; about sunset we had a furious gale, lasting about an hour. It was the worst storm of the kind I ever saw. The air was filled with sand, dust, twigs of trees, grass, weeds, etc., so that we could not see one hundred yards while it lasted. Shortly after it ceased we came to a river one hundred yards wide, coming from the south twenty degrees east; followed up it till dark, then went three miles into clay hills, and camped for the night; no grass for our poor horses. Saw a small

* This, however, he never did, which is much to be regretted, for he was a man of wide information and a very close observer.—G. S.

band of buffalo during the storm. Passed the mouths of two creeks coming in from the west ; could not see the size of them ; had timber along their course.

20th. Traveled twenty-seven miles. Course south four miles, south twenty-five degrees east fifteen miles, south forty degrees east eight miles. Breakfasted on the river after going four miles ; some little grass along the stream ; ate the last of our fresh meat ; saw some Indian signs about ten days old. Started again at nine A. M. ; in nine miles we came to a large stream seventy-five yards wide, coming from the east ; made a raft and crossed without any trouble ; had dinner of bread and coffee only ; then traveled ten miles and stopped to let the horses feed, and take some more bread and coffee ourselves ; bad country to travel in—clay and rock ; saw some buffalo signs, three elk, and two antelope, but could not kill any of them without stopping too long to do it. Started on at dark ; traveled along a clay and greasewood flat much cut up by deep narrow ravines ; very dark, and sprinkling rain ; went three miles and camped ; tied the horses up as there was no grass, and we feared they would ramble too far from camp in search of some.

21st. Traveled fourteen miles. Course south twenty degrees east eight miles, south six miles. The river makes a gradual bend to the south. Camped last night on an alkali flat, and as it rained, the mud and water was six inches deep in camp this morning, and such abominable, sticky mud at that. It began raining about nine P. M. and continued till nine this morning. I was on the first guard, and it was raining so hard when I awakened the relief that I told them to stand guard in bed, to keep awake if they could, but if they did happen to sleep a little it would make no difference.

Our horses were hopped and tied to the greasewood,

and the poor things are nearly frozen this morning. Poor Parkie, Bell's mare, was so chilled with the storm that soon after starting she fell down in a steep gully and was not able to get out, so we had to leave her to her fate.

Blake and Underwood killed an elk fawn, and we ate it up for dinner. Rough living; no bread; it is getting so scarce that we do n't eat it every meal. Started from noon camp at twelve o'clock and killed an antelope on the way, and had a square supper—bread this time. Camped after dark near the forks of the river, passing several deep gullies on the way. The river seems about equally divided; if any difference the fork coming from the west is the largest. The Big Horn mountains are northeast from camp, and covered with snow, part of which fell last night.

22d. Traveled fifteen miles. Course south forty degrees west four miles, south thirty degrees west five miles, and southwest six miles to camp. Prospected this morning and found plenty of colors. Do n't know positively what stream we are following, but it comes from the right direction for us. Went a few miles and stopped for breakfast. Game of all kinds is abundant again. After breakfast went about two miles, when I killed an antelope, and in about two miles more saw a band of buffalo. Underwood and I went after them, killed five, and took the best of the meat to dry; built a scaffold and dried about seventy-five pounds; did not have time to dry more before night. I could kill a whole band of buffalo with my Sharpe's rifle, without having a horse to run them.

The snowy peaks to the west begin to look pretty jagged and rough. I think they are the Wind River Mountains.

The appearance of the country has changed for the better. The clay hills are about gone, and we can get feed for our horses. Started at dark and traveled ten miles. Camped

in excellent bunch grass. Very little timber along the river, and no willows or brush of any kind except sagebrush. Passed several dry creeks coming in from both sides. I think there is water in them near the mountains.

23d. Traveled sixteen miles. Course south twenty degrees west five miles, south twenty degrees east two miles, and south fifteen degrees west nine miles. River very crooked. Took breakfast this morning before starting. Passed a very bad rocky point on the river; had to make a road in some places. It is a kind of red and white sandstone, good grit for grindstones, and is very severe on our horses' tender feet. After passing the point stopped to dry the rest of our buffalo meat, but the wind began to blow so hard that we could not do it. We then put out a guard and all went to sleep. What with traveling in the night, and standing guard when we stop, it seems as though we will never get enough sleep. Saw plenty of fresh moccasin tracks near camp. I suppose it is a war party of Crows, and some of us will have to go up the spout to-night. Pleasant country this for pleasure trips! Started after dinner and went three miles to supper camp. Had a very bad, rocky hill to cross. Saw forty or fifty mountain sheep on it. McCafferty's mare had a colt last night; had to kill it; could not afford to wait on colts at this stage of the game. After supper went ten miles, and camped for the night at the mouth of a large stream coming in from the west. Saw plenty of large trails coming from the northeast, and diagonally crossing our route. Good grass all over the valley now.

24th. Traveled fourteen miles. River course south forty degrees west five miles to a round butte with level top, then south ten degrees east eighteen miles to a valley. The last ten miles is through a very bad cañon which runs north and

south. When we started we went down to the river (one mile), to get breakfast and dry meat. The character of the country has again entirely changed—low hills covered with buffalo grass, and a few scrubby cedars on the points.

Our route, since the massacre, has been through a part of the country too mean for Indians to either live or hunt in, and I came through it to keep out of their way. We are traveling for safety, not comfort.

Started on at twelve o'clock; left the river in about two miles to avoid bad hills, but did n't better the matter, and had to come back to the river for water; very red hills and some quartz; find plenty of colors in loose gravel along the river.

I killed two buffalo bulls; we seem to be nearly out of their range, as there is but little sign, and that all old. Had dried meat for supper, for we did not get back to the river till dark, and it would not do to build a fire; after dark traveled about four miles, and stopped for the night.

25th. Traveled twenty miles; general course of travel and river south five degrees east. I let everybody have a good sleep this morning. Started at half past seven A. M., and followed up the cañon eight miles to a spring, where we stopped for breakfast. Cold water and good grass, but thousands of big crickets. They are eating up our blankets and clothes, and crawling into our food and everything else; they are a miserable nuisance. There will not be a spear of grass here in two weeks. Rough, bad road to-day. Saw many elk and antelope. Stopped for supper near the valley; had a rough time getting down the mountain. Saw fresh Indian sign again; those devils seem to be eternally after us. Found a good color in surface dirt; horses badly used up by rocky road. After

supper went through a short cañon to main valley ; thence south six miles to camp for the night.

26th. Traveled thirty-one miles. Course of travel south forty degrees west to river. The river from cañon up for fifteen miles comes from south ten degrees east, thence south twenty-five degrees west ten miles ; gradual bend thence to southwest to forks, five miles. Started at sunrise to find a suitable place to get breakfast ; went nearly southwest seven miles to river, which is here about seventy-five yards wide, but shallow ; camped at mouth of small stream coming from the east ; its water is warm and muddy ; saw plenty of Indian signs here ; horse-flies and gnats are troubling horses to-day for the first time. Started again after breakfast at half past seven A. M., and traveled until half past four P. M. over a good road, making twenty miles in that time.

Found wagon tracks at twelve o'clock. I am now well satisfied that for the last eight or ten days we have been following up Wind river and Popo Agie river.

We have been in a large valley since supper last night. At some distant period of time this valley has been a lake about one hundred miles long and seventy-five wide. This river drained it, and there is a very bad cañon where it broke through the mountain.

Plenty of cottonwood along the river, and gravelly, greasewood, and sage-brush plains, with an occasional round level-topped butte—some of sandstone, others of clay—all covered with gravel. Abundance of bunch-grass in the hills, but very little of any kind along the river. No game except scattering antelope, and they are very wild. Started after dark, and went about four miles into the hills to camp for night.

27th. Traveled twenty-two miles. The main branch of

the river comes from the northwest, the other fork from the west. From the forks of the river to the Wind River Mountains is about twenty miles. Started at sunrise, and camped for breakfast about two miles below the forks. Abundance of good cottonwood timber along the river, and beautiful valley along the base of the mountains. In course of time there will be a large settlement at this point. It is the best country we have seen since crossing the Big Horn Mountains. Started again at eight A. M., leaving the river to our right, and traveled till three P. M., making fifteen miles. Bad road and very warm; everybody suffered for water. I killed an antelope about four hundred yards off-hand; it was in better condition than any we have killed yet. Stopped at very small alkali spring; did not drink the water, but made some coffee; did not let the horses drink it either, for fear it might be poisonous. Everybody's hair pulled, and things did not work right.

Started again at half past four P. M., and traveled till nearly sundown, when we found a small stream of good cold water, and camped for the night.

This is the first time we have suffered for water since the time we were entangled among the chasms on the Big Horn Mountains, and it went hard with us; and, to make matters worse, for several days we have only had a small ration of bread once a day, and it is hard for some of us to become accustomed to the change. General course of today's travel south ten degrees east.

28th. Traveled thirty miles. General course south ten degrees west to the emigrant road, fifteen miles. Started at half past six A. M., and traveled until twelve M., when we came in sight of the old emigrant or overland road to California and Oregon, and great was the excitement; we all felt mighty good. Saw some antelope, and I killed one.

We made a lucky hit coming across from the Popo Agie river. The way we came is the shortest and best. We struck Sweetwater river, sixteen miles below Rocky Ridge, and camped for dinner. Found plenty of colors in loose gravel on the bars. Started after dinner (three p. m.); crossed the river, and went south two miles, where we came in sight of telegraph poles. Our feelings at seeing the road and telegraph, after running the gauntlet for about four hundred miles through the Crow nation, can be better imagined than described. In another mile we came in sight of a train of horse teams about three miles ahead of us. The boys could n't stand it any longer, but gave vent to their feelings in all kinds of motions and noises. We were equal to a Chinese camp on a drunk, for noise.

We followed the train slowly, and about sundown we came to their camp, at the foot of Rocky Ridge, at the place that, in 1860, was called "Pacific City," although it only consisted of a single trading-house.

When the train saw us coming, they were all in confusion, like a disturbed ant-hill, running in every direction and hallooing to one another. They finally formed in an irregular square in the road, in front of their stock, fully prepared to exterminate us.

We rode slowly up to them, and before we came close enough to be killed decently, they discovered we were white men, and great was their rejoicing thereat, for I think the greater part of them had faith in the motto, "He who fights and runs away," etc. With the emigrants were four soldiers from South Pass station. It seems that this year there are soldiers stationed in small squads at intervals of about eighty miles all along the road, to protect the emigration from the States to California and Oregon.

As soon as we had unsaddled, and the soldiers found out

where we were from, they gave us enough provisions to do us a week. They were first-rate fellows, and wanted us to go up to their station and stay a week with them. The emigrants are the best outfitted of any train that I have seen for a long time; they have splendid horses and plenty of them. They report very few trains ahead of them, but plenty behind.

It was a pleasure to see our boys eat, and they kept it up till ten o'clock at night.*

29th. This morning early, the soldiers started for their station, leaving the "pilgrims" to our tender mercies. We bought some provisions and tobacco from them, and about eight A. M. they too left us. We have a pack-saddle to make before we can move. No news from the States. These emigrants are out and out know-nothings. It seems like old times to be with them. The most of them do not seem to have any more sense than children, and can ask more foolish questions in an hour than could be answered in a week.

* The soldiers with this train told us that a party of Indians had, the day before, succeeded in stampeding and running off about forty head of horses and mules from some trains about thirty miles below where we then were, and that they had pursued them for some distance, but could not come up with them. The Indians had gone north toward the Big Horn mountains, and in their flight had thrown away some flour, which the soldiers picked up, and wondered where they could have obtained it. This afforded proof positive that our captain was right, and that the same party who made the night attack on the Big Horn river had dogged us some four hundred miles to the road, for we had left several hundred pounds of flour in that ill-fated camp, which they of course at once appropriated; and, as we drew near the road, they, despairing of getting any advantage of us, had turned off and struck the road lower down, and made the above-mentioned raid upon the emigrants, and returned to their country rejoicing.—S. T. H.

We concluded we would lay over to-day and rest both men and animals. So far we have only lost two days, which is steady traveling for poor horses like ours.

About half past five p. m. I was awakened by the cry of Indians, but saw, as soon as I got up, that it was a train of emigrants coming, about six miles off.

We have had jolly times to-day, eating and sleeping, making up for privations past and gone. The trains camped a few miles below us to-night. A Mormon, home-ward bound, camped with us. He has been down as far as the Devil's Gate, sold out his cargo, and loaded up with saleratus for home consumption. They will have some good bread when he arrives.

30th. Traveled twenty-four miles. Stirred early this morning, so as to travel before it became too warm. Emigrants began passing about sunrise. All horse teams, some very fine horses. We are as good a thing as the pilgrims want to stare at, and ask questions that have neither rhyme nor reason.

Started at half past six a. m., and traveled till eleven a. m., when we camped on Rock Creek for dinner. I told our party that in 1860 I found good prospects on this creek three miles above here, but we were all in too much of a hurry to stop for trifles. I am too far out of my range to look for diggings just now.

Started at one p. m., and traveled until three p. m., to the last crossing of Sweetwater, and camped for the night.

There is a brevet second lieutenant and twenty soldiers here, also a telegraph station. The buildings are on the north side of the river now. When I was here, in 1860, they were on the south side.

The lieutenant is a German, and consequently I will not become very intimate with him; his men all seem to be

good fellows. We met Louis Silvers going to see his old ranch at Rocky Ridge. He was glad to see me, and inquired after Reece and Granville, and also everybody in the Flathead country that he used to know. He had had luck last summer—the Indians cleaned him out of thirty head of cattle, eleven head of horses, and about one thousand dollars' worth of provisions, goods, etc. He left his wife in Salt Lake this spring.

31st. Concluded to stay here all day and have our horses shod. More grasshoppers here than any place I ever saw; it is impossible to cook or eat without having them in the grub.

The telegraph operator here (Walter Cook) is a very clever young fellow. He is going to start to the States to-morrow.

Friend Silvers presented me with a can of oysters, the only thing in the world the poor fellow had to give, and what was worse, I had nothing in the world to give him in return.

Our horses being all shod by five p. m., we pulled out for a new camp where we could get some feed for them. About dark we came to a large freight train (Hardesty and Alexander's) en route for Salt Lake. We camped with them on Sweetwater, five miles from Pacific Springs, hopped our horses, and let them go once more. We left Bell at the Crossing station; he is going in a spring wagon to the Three Crossings, where there is a surgeon, to have the ball extracted from his side, and then come on to Bannack City with the emigration.

York found several old acquaintances in the train to-night. Wm. McAdow, a brother of Budd, is with it. He looks and acts exactly like his brother. Only traveled seven miles to-day.

June 1, 1863. We were awakened this morning by Messrs. Hardesty and Alexander inviting all of us to take breakfast with them. We had the pleasure of once more eating food cooked by a woman. Two weeks ago the chances were very much against our ever having an opportunity to do so. There are three women along with this train, and they all seemed pleased to render us any sympathy or assistance in their power. We got some sugar and coffee from them, and paid for it, but we would have been welcome to all we wanted if we hadn't had a cent.

Started at six A. M., and camped at one P. M., at Little Sandy creek, twenty-eight miles. There is a telegraph station here also. Feed very poor; water warm and muddy. About five P. M. Hardesty and Alexander's train passed, and we packed up and followed to Big Sandy, six miles, where we camped together again. Good grass, but water warm and muddy. Very disagreeable traveling; strong west wind, which raises clouds of dust.

2d. Traveled twenty-eight miles. Last evening McAdow made arrangements to travel with us to Bannack, and York concluded to go to Salt Lake with the train; so it is merely an exchange. I let York have "Red Bear," the black horse the old chief gave me, so that if he did not get a situation to suit him he would have the horse to ride to Bannack or Deer Lodge. We have some extra horses in the party that McAdow can ride. Stopped to noon at the old mail station on Big Sandy. The old station is all used up for firewood by the emigrants except some of the largest timbers. I killed an antelope, and presented half of it to the ladies of Hardesty and Alexander's train. After dinner went on to Green river and crossed at Louis Robinson's ferry. He was not at home, but my old friend, Josh Terry, was running the institution. In the evening

Robinson arrived from Salt Lake; was glad to see me, but charged me fifty cents a head for ferriage nevertheless. He brought telegraphic States news up to May 30th. The South has the best of it so far. I have been very unwell since dinner; have a terrific headache. Camped in the bottom below the ferry. Grass tolerably good.

3d. Traveled twenty miles. I was sick last night, and no better this morning, but all the party are in a hurry to get home, so we started at eleven o'clock, and went to Ham's fork by four p. m. It was all I could do to make the trip, having a very bad headache, and my stomach and bowels are in a terrible condition. Medicine does not seem to do me any good. If there is not a change for the better soon, I am in for the typhoid fever.

I have heard that all the old Green river men are camped around Ft. Bridger, and it would be too mean for me not to go and see them, when it is only a day's travel out of my way. Peter Myrtle and Granger are here at Ham's fork. The latter has a station, and Peter is trading on the road.

4th. Traveled thirty-three miles. I was very sick during the night, and took medicine by the quantity, and am very weak in consequence this morning. It was very cold last night; froze ice half an inch thick, with a very cold west wind. There are now several houses at Ham's fork, some wood and some stone, and a good stone corral and barn, and plenty of hay at this time of year. Left camp at nine a. m. and traveled till one and a half p. m., when we stopped for dinner on Muddy creek; stayed there two hours, and then started for Ft. Bridger; arrived near the fort about sundown; camped near a couple of wagons from Pike's Peak, who told us that all the mountain men were camped about two miles below. After supper, I saddled

up, and went down to their camp. The first lodge I found was Boisvert's, and I stopped with him for the night. He was very glad to see me, so that he could hear the news from Deer Lodge and Beaver Head valleys.

5th. Traveled two miles. After breakfast, I went to the fort with Boisvert. Great times here now. General Connor has made nearly all the Indians come to the fort, and deliver up the horses that they have stolen from the whites heretofore. There are about sixty lodges camped a little below the fort, and more to come in to-day. They have already given up seventy-five or eighty head of horses. The soldiers treat them pretty rough. I met Forbes, the man who left a train on Salt river in 1860, and went to Ft. Hall with Fred. Burr. He invited me to take dinner with him, and I went, for I have a weakness for good dinners just now. Old Judge Carter hunted me up among the crowd, and gave me a very dignified shake of the hand, but never said dinner once, although he must have noticed how thin I was. Had an introduction to General Connor; gave him an account of our trip. He did not seem to sympathize with us very much.

Nearly all the mountaineers are going to Beaver Head or Deer Lodge. They were going on the 15th of last month, but when they found there was a show to get back some of their horses that the Indians had stolen, they concluded to wait awhile.

There are plenty of Pike's Peak emigrants passing all the time. They did n't like the Peak, and are hunting a better country.

6th. Cold and windy last night, and very windy, with a little rain, to-day. Our horses are lost this morning.

I dined with Uncle Jack Robinson. Had plenty of newspapers to read, which is a great luxury. Terrific times in

the States. Emigrants passing all the time, mostly for California.

Only found part of our horses; seven head gone yet. Hopped what we had, and turned them out; expect they will be gone in the morning, but grass is too short to tie them up. We are all getting in a hurry to get home; intended to have started to-morrow. Supped with Monsieur Boisvert, and had plenty of fresh milk and butter, to which I did especial justice.

The California Minstrels give a concert at the fort to-night. They are all soldiers. Admission fifty cents.

7th. Traveled three miles with what horses we had, and then found the lost ones above the fort. After dinner moved six miles to a little creek west of the fort.

Jack Robinson sends a large lot of newspapers by us to Hereford. Judge Carter also sends letters and papers to Dick Hamilton and John Sharpe, who went to Bannack early in the spring with a lot of goods. I gave the judge my map; he says he will have it lithographed. He talked with me about two hours about the mines at Bannack, etc., but never said *eat* once, although it was the right time of day.

The soldiers are going to-morrow to look for eighteen lodges of Snakes, who won't come to the fort, and the orders are to exterminate them.

8th. Traveled thirty miles. Started early in the morning on the old Cherokee trail to Soda Springs. All pleased to think we are now turned toward home. Passed two wagons camped on First Muddy. They are waiting for company to travel with, as they are afraid of Indians.

Camped to get dinner at twelve m. on Second Muddy, eighteen miles from the fort. Road very dusty, and wind in our faces, which makes it very disagreeable driving our

pack-horses. Had bread and butter for dinner, and it would astonish most of folks to see the rapidity with which we make bread and butter and coffee disappear. After dinner we went about twelve miles and camped, because it was so windy and dusty that nobody liked to drive the pack-horses. Saw the track of an antelope. I would like to have his ribs to roast for supper.

9th. Traveled thirty-five miles. Very cold last night; froze ice half an inch thick. About two-thirds of our horses tried to leave this country last night. We found them this morning about eight miles up the creek. Started at eight A. M., and traveled until half past twelve P. M., making sixteen miles. Met Frank Lowe this morning, eight days out from Bannack. News from them not very encouraging. They still have "a man for breakfast" occasionally.* Stopped for dinner at a small spring near the rim of the Great Basin. Water neither good nor plentiful, but better than none. Good grass for our horses. After traveling fourteen miles, stopped for supper on a small miry clay creek. After this trip, I think I will quit traveling on the emigrant road, for the dust both blinds and chokes us. At dark we packed up and went five miles, then turned off the road about half a mile and camped. Hopped some of our horses, and let them all go. Passed a very large spring coming from under the point of a butte on the east bank of Bear river.

10th. Traveled twenty-seven miles. Rained a little about daylight. Started at sunrise for Smith's fork of Bear river, which we reached at nine A. M., and stopped for breakfast. Several of the horses are nearly tired out.

*A western phrase, meaning some one was killed in a row during the night.

Caught plenty of large trout here. We have not stood guard or tied up our horses at night since we left Rocky Ridge on Sweetwater. Our horses are so poor that if they were tied up at night they would not be able to travel next day. Rested until half past five P. M., then traveled until after dark, camping on Tomman's fork, near the ford. Plenty to eat and plenty of newspapers to read, therefore we are enjoying ourselves very well.

Some are a little uneasy about Indians, for Frank Lowe told us that the Cache Valley Diggers had killed a Mormon near Soda Springs a few days ago, and that we had better keep a sharp lookout, or they might pitch into us.

11th. Traveled thirty miles. No wood this morning to get breakfast with, except a few very small willows. The horses were all within two hundred yards of camp; this grass suits them. Packed up and started at seven A. M., and went to Peg-Leg Smith's old place, which we reached at quarter past eleven A. M., and stopped for dinner. Bear river is too high and muddy to catch any fish. Saw a notice, put up by the side of the road near here, warning the emigrants not to camp near this place, and stating that one of their party, Doc. Russell, was seriously wounded while fishing near here June 4th, and also that the Indians had fired into their camp at night.

It seems as if there was a good chance for some more of us to lose the number of our mess yet before we get home. The devil is getting into the country. I have been along here often, and the Indians were never hostile before.

I am getting very tired of living on bacon; it is very good with fresh meat, but hard living on it straight. Started again at half past four P. M., and traveled till half past nine P. M. At dark we saw three fires on a mountain on the south side of Bear river. We stopped and built a fire,

as though we were going to stay all night, but soon started on again, and followed the road for about two miles, and then turned off into the hills and camped; turned all of the horses loose, but some of the party stood guard over our camp.

12th. Traveled twenty-four miles. Horses all near camp this morning. Wood scarce, but we found enough small willows to cook breakfast with. Started at quarter past six A. M. and traveled till half past eleven A. M., when we arrived at Soda Springs. Here we found three trains—two emigrant and one freight—hitching up to start on the new road to Snake river, by the way of Hickman & Rikards' new ferry. They are the first to go that way, and I think they will have a rough time breaking the road through the sagebrush.

There is a company of California volunteers stationed on the river a mile above Soda Springs, for the purpose of protecting the emigrants. There is also a settlement of Morrisites (Mormon seceders). They have laid out a town half a mile above the springs, on the river. They have about twenty houses already built, and are busy building others. They expect a large train of their brethren to arrive in three days. They are all old country people—mostly Welsh and Danes—and are miserably poor; women and children are begging for food and clothing from the emigrants, but, like all Mormons, they are industrious.

Found Jim Roup here; he is waiting for Frank Lowe to return from Ft. Bridger, when they will return to Bannack City.

Caught plenty of fish to-day, and had a general blow-out drinking soda-water. Started at dark and camped in the sage after going four miles; turned the horses loose to get what grass they could.

13th. Traveled eleven miles on the new road. Our horses were all lost this morning, but Jim Roup found them about five miles from camp. He has concluded to travel with us until Frank overtakes us, and may be till we get through.

Started at eight A. M., and went six miles to Blackfoot creek, where we halted to get breakfast. Plenty of wood, and lots of chubs in the creek ; fish for breakfast of course. Kiskadden's train camped near us to get dinner. We left them catching chubs. Kiskadden could n't stop fishing long enough to go to dinner, but made his cook bring him a cup of coffee and some fried fish (putting on airs). Started at one P. M., and after traveling about four miles, we overtook Harry Rikards with some soldiers and two trains of traders and emigrants mixed. They were lost and nearly mired in a swamp. I showed them where to get out, and where we were going to camp. We then went on, and they followed us to camp on Blackfoot creek. Harry was very glad to see us, for the pilgrims were getting rather personal ; talking about hanging him for bringing them on such a route. I expect I will have to pilot them to the Flathead crossing on Snake river, for it's plain that Harry do n't know anything about the way there. It's such fun to hear the pilgrims damning new roads, Harry, and the soldiers. They even quarreled with each other about who was to blame for coming this way.

Sunday, June 14th. Traveled six miles. Turned our horses out last night and did n't stand guard. Two trains of emigrants camped near us. The soldiers camped last night about five miles back, in a swamp. Harry and the officer, a third lieutenant, do n't get along very well together.

The emigrants had a council with us about roads and ferries. They talked of taking the Landers' cut-off road

if ever they could find it; but I persuaded them to stick to the new road. I went ahead five miles, to where Landers' road crosses Blackfoot creek, and waited for the train. After they came up they crossed and went two miles, and camped for the night at some large springs of poor water, warm, with a bad taste. Good grass. I killed three geese, and our fishermen caught plenty of fish.

15th. Traveled ten miles. We did not get up this morning until nearly all the emigrants were ready to start on their way to—they do n't know where. Had breakfast about nine A. M., and about ten started and went five miles, and stopped for dinner at a large grove of quaking aspens. It blew a gale, so that we could hardly cook even in the thick grove. I dined with the soldiers; had slapjacks, which seems like old times. After dinner went about five miles, and camped with the soldiers again so that we can have our horses guarded. Tolerably good road now; some few rocks this morning.

16th. Traveled ten miles. Very cold last night, with some wind. Passed plenty of snowbanks both yesterday and to-day. By the time we began to get out of bed the emigrants were hitched up nearly ready to start. I gave them directions where to go and they started. After breakfast we felt too tired to travel, but managed to start at ten A. M. Found the emigrants camped in about six miles. Stopped to rest and get some dinner. Bought two and a half pounds of tea at three dollars per pound, from a Mr. Mathews, of Red Rock, Mahaska county, Iowa.

Bad, swampy creek to cross. The first train and soldiers crossed before they stopped for noon; the others began crossing while we were saddling up to start after dinner. The first wagon crossed without any trouble, but the second mired down, and they had broken three chains trying to pull

it out, up to the time we left them. The air was slightly blue around there about that time. We went about five miles and halted for the night. Frank Lowe arrived from Ft. Bridger about sunset, with late news, etc. We have great fun with the pilgrims. We are asked, "How far is it to Snake river?" about a thousand times a day.

It was a great mistake to come this way, for we will have to swim Snake river sure. Rikards' boat will not be ready to run in a week from now. He has n't any energy at all; could n't built a canoe, much less a boat. His boat is framed—nothing to do but put it together and calk it; but, at his gait, that means a week at least.

17th. Traveled fifteen miles. Did not tie up any horses last night; consequently they are all lost this morning. There are four or five among them that are bad to ramble, and the others follow. Found them, however, and went three miles before dinner. Halted at a bunch of quaking aspens and willows, and found a very small spring, but good food for our horses. Every body went to sleep and slept nearly four hours before we were sufficiently rested to get dinner, after our hard forenoon's travel. I think we would n't have awakened before dark if a little green snake, about a foot long, had not crawled over my face and scared me out of a year's growth. I then roused up the rest of the party and we took some dinner. At five p. m. started again, and in a mile overtook a train, from which we bought a hundred pounds of flour, which will do us home. Traveled twelve miles, until after dark, and camped on a small creek with nothing but sage along its banks. We are now ahead of boat, emigration and all, and are going to travel about thirty miles a day after we cross Snake river, provided our horses can stand it.

18th. Traveled eleven miles. Last night we neither

cooked supper nor made any fire, but hopped our horses and went to sleep. This morning we were stirring at daylight: cooked breakfast, packed up, and went to Snake river; made a raft, after traveling all over the country to find timber enough to make one. McAdow and I paddled it across, with our provisions, guns, etc., while the rest of the party drove the horses in and made them swim over, and then embarked on logs, and so got over dry. We left our saddles and blankets on the horses, and my mare Tony came very near drowning. While in the middle of the river, one of the other horses, in plunging about, got on her head and gave her a good ducking, and when she came up she seemed to be crazy, and swam about in every direction, until finally she drifted into an eddy, and came close enough to a projecting point of rocks for me to catch her mane and hold her until she was sufficiently rested to try once more for her life. I then towed her by the mane along the rock about sixty feet to where she could get out. The river is very low for this time of year. Caught abundance of trout while we were drying our saddles and things. Bought a seven-pound cheese of a Mormon, and ate it up for dinner. Traveled six miles after supper, and camped near some emigrants from Denver, who had come the old road, which we had again reached when we crossed the river. There were some families among them, and they were intending to settle in Beaver Head or Deer Lodge valleys.

19th. Traveled thirty miles. Had splendid feed for the horses last night, but the mosquitoes were very bad.

Started early this morning. Market lake is now full of water. There is a new road passing on the north side of the lake, and striking Camas creek at the crossing. It is a much better road than the old one. Camped for dinner

above the crossing of Camas creek; found poor grass, but plenty of trout. About two miles from camp we overtook George Hillerman (alias "Pie-biter"), who had a doleful tale to tell. He says that he left Bannack shortly after we did last spring, to prospect on the head of Snake river. They could not agree about the route to travel when they were on Lewis' fork, and he and a man named L. F. Ritchie separated from the rest, who all went south toward Landers' road. They two went on up Lewis' fork, and he says they found good prospects; cached their tools and grub, and started for Bannack City, and when near a valley on the river, Ritchie accidentally shot himself, breaking his arm near the shoulder. Hillerman brought him to where the Salt Lake road leaves Snake river, where he died from mortification. Hillerman having no tools to bury him with, wrapped him in a blanket and two buffalo robes, and sent word by the expressman to get the first train to bury him as they came along by there.*

After dinner, we went to where the road leaves Camas creek and camped for night. Here I beat the party catching trout for the first time. Blake is the best fisherman among us.

20th. Traveled twenty-eight miles. We were up by daylight; had breakfast, and started by five A. M. Where the road crosses Dry creek we found six mules and a horse. Four of the mules were tied together, two and two, and fastened to sage-bushes. We untied and drove them along, thinking the owners must be ahead somewhere; and about two miles from the first water in Dry creek,† we met two men on foot, looking for them. They stated that at twelve

*Some circumstances afterward led to the belief that Hillerman had murdered him.

† Now known as "Hole in the Rock."—G. S.

last night all their animals, six horses and six mules, were stampeded. We found seven for them, so they only lost five horses. We stopped and had dinner with them, and let them have two horses to work, so they can make the trip to Bannack by traveling slowly. In the afternoon we traveled eight or nine miles, and halted for supper. After supper, we had intended to go about eight miles, but after going three miles we overtook our unfortunate wagons again, and they bribed us to stay all night with them on Lodge Pole creek,* by telling us they would give us all the butter and eggs we could eat if we would only stay all night with them. That proposition struck us right where we lived, and we incontinently camped, and they were as good as their word.

21st. Traveled twenty-eight miles. Started at seven A. M., and traveled until half-past eleven A. M., making sixteen miles, and then stopped for dinner on first creek after crossing the divide.† Plenty of gnats and horse-flies. Saw a few antelope; very wild. Our horses are too poor to do any hunting, although we are starving for fresh meat. Jake Meeks passed while we were camped. He has been to Bannack City with four loads of flour, which was dull sale; had to store it until times are better. He also told us that there has been a big stampede from Bannack to some new diggings that have been struck on Stinking Water river. I am afraid it is our place that we found as we went out in April.

After dinner we traveled ten miles, and camped for the night on Sheep Horn Cañon creek, near its mouth. Sorry I have not time to go and look for my big Powhatan pipe, that I lost about five miles above here in April, 1858.

* Now known as "Pleasant Valley."—G. S.

† Now "Junction Station."—G. S.

The road to Bannack City passes down through Red Rock valley and Horse Prairie. The old road by Black-tail Deer creek is played out.

Monday, June 22, 1863. Traveled forty miles. Some of the party thought they heard somebody driving horses last night, and consequently we were all up early this morning. It proved to be a false alarm, as we found our horses all right. Started at five o'clock, and traveled until half past ten A. M., when we halted for dinner above the point of rocks on Horse Prairie creek. Passed a lot of gamblers camped on Red Rock creek. They are en route for Denver, via Salt Lake and Ft. Bridger.

After dinner, packed up and pushed on to Bannack City, which we reached late in the evening. Everybody was glad to see us, and we were glad to see everybody, although our hair and beards had grown so, and we were so dilapidated generally, that scarcely any one knew us at first; and no wonder, for we had ridden sixteen hundred miles, and for the last twelve hundred without tents or even a change of clothes.

THE UPPER MISSOURI RIVER.

FROM A RECONNOISSANCE MADE IN 1872, BY THOMAS P. ROBERTS.

Since the days of Lewis and Clarke, in 1805, little more has been heard of the region of the Upper Missouri river, below Gallatin City. The military explorations of General Reynolds, in 1860, embraced this portion of the Missouri country, but the party traveled by land downward to Ft. Benton, and owing to the conformation of the country, was compelled to make wide detours from the river, so that glimpses only of it were attainable.

So it has been with the gold-hunters, and all who would not take boats, and who cared not to separate from their pack-animals; while the few who have descended in improvised boats along this portion of the stream, have left no public record of its characteristics. It is believed that the following description will convey a correct idea of its leading features, and perhaps interest the general reader, particularly those who desire to learn more concerning the interior of Montana.

Being ordered to examine the Upper Missouri from the Three Forks downward about two hundred and fifty miles to Ft. Benton, in order to ascertain its capabilities for navigation by light-draught steamers, the writer organized a party for this purpose in Helena, Montana, with Mr. Lewis H. Barker, civil engineer from the line, as assistant, with six others, several of whom were French Canadians and experienced batteaux-men.

After considerable difficulty in Helena, it being a place not overerowed with ship-builders, we had a handsome boat built suitable for our purpose, twenty-four feet in length, and four and a half feet in width. Our equipage being ready, we took advantage of light wagons in a train bound for Ft. Ellis, and had everything safely deposited at the Three Forks, sixty-five miles south of Helena, where we were to commence operations.

The junction of the Gallatin, Madison, and Jefferson rivers—which streams form the Missouri proper—is effected in a basin or valley some fifteen or twenty miles in diameter, with mountains in full view west, south, and east, varying in altitude from two thousand to four thousand feet or more above the plain, the plain itself being about four thousand feet above the sea. Some presented a denuded appearance, while others were well timbered, and though it was late in July, their highest summits and gorges were still streaked with silvery lines of snow.

It is difficult to determine from which points of the compass the three rivers debouch, though from the top of the bluffs at the exit passage of the united rivers, which almost deserves to be called a cañon, there is a fine view of their meanderings. The courses of the streams, with their numerous cut-offs and sloughs, are marked by graceful belts and lines of cottonwood and black alder, by islands clothed with the richest verdure, and by groves and jungles of the wild currant; but by far the greater portion of this immense park is open and covered with varieties of the rich bunch-grass, for which Montana is celebrated. The sheen of the sparkling waters seen through openings of timber among the islands and channels, with the soft shadowy forms of the silvery rimmed mountains in the distance surrounding the landscape, formed in the long twilight a more

beautiful and enchanting picture than it was ever before my fortune to behold.

Gallatin City stands in the plain near the forks, its site indicated by a grist-mill, two stores, a ranch, and a *race-course* fenced in with the fair-grounds. The place is annually the scene of exciting "Cayuse" races, the ranchmen from Gallatin valley, and Bozeman, and miners from the neighboring camps in the surrounding mountains, congregating to bet gold dust against flour and bacon on their favorite nags.

After securing a camping place a half mile above the ferry and stage-road crossing, immediately at the junction of the Jefferson and Madison rivers, we proceeded to calk and pitch our boat.

While here, we gauged the volume of the rivers, not only to discover which of the three was the largest or parent stream (a point that had never before been definitely determined), but also to ascertain how much water there was to deal with at that season of the year, for the purposes of navigation. These and the necessary observations for latitude, barometrical and thermometrical notes, etc., kept us busily occupied for several days. Lines were also run a few miles with the transit to unravel some of the topographical intricacies of the three rivers, with their manifold chutes and passages, near their confluence.

When we began the reconnoissance, the streams were about four feet below the high-water mark, and, according to the statement of the old ferryman, only eight inches above the lowest water-mark. It is one of the most striking characteristics of the Upper Missouri, and the same may be said of nearly all the Montana streams, that they never overflow their banks to any extent, and that they are more regular and unfailling in their discharge than streams

of equal annual flowage in the States east of the Mississippi river. This equable flowage is due almost entirely to the regularity of the melting of the snow in the highest regions of the mountains, from which source their principal supply is drawn.

We found that the Jefferson discharged two hundred and twenty-six thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight cubic feet per minute, the Madison one hundred and sixty thousand two hundred and seventy-seven, and the Gallatin one hundred and twenty-five thousand four hundred and eighty. There can, therefore, be but little doubt that the Jefferson is the father of the Missouri, which fact makes it, by fair inference, the grandfather of the Mississippi, a distant but noble relative.

Adding these figures together, we have a total flowage of five hundred and twelve thousand four hundred and eighty cubic feet per minute for the Upper Missouri at the Three Forks. Reducing their quantity to the lowest stage known, there will remain over three hundred thousand cubic feet per minute in the Missouri at this point, which is three times the volume of the Ohio at Pittsburg when at its lowest stage.

The length of this wonderful watercourse, the Missouri, can be best appreciated when it is considered that we were here camped two hundred and fifty miles below the extreme heads of the Jefferson, and about the same distance above Ft. Benton. Ft. Benton is not less than two thousand nine hundred miles above St. Louis, which city is still twelve hundred miles above the mouth of the river.

The entire length of the river is not less than four thousand six hundred miles, some geographies to the contrary notwithstanding, they variously estimating its length to be from four thousand to four thousand three hundred miles.

Returning to the Jefferson—a large island at its mouth divides the stream, and in exploring it a mile above our camp, we discovered where its waters first mingle with those of the Madison. I note this particular junction because I never before saw two streams unite in the same manner. They run with swift currents, five or six feet deep, and some two hundred feet wide, directly toward each other and thence at a right angle their united volume, agitated with the rude contact, rushes northward.

The meeting of the currents created great swirls in the water, which nearly swamped our boat when we attempted to shoot through. A basin seems to have been scoured out in the gravel bottom by the action of the stream, the depth of which we were unable to ascertain with either pole or line.

At mid-day, July 27, 1872, everything being in readiness, we bade farewell to the Three Forks, with its quiet, shady groves, and launched out on the strange river. Two pairs of oars were kept in motion forward to aid steering, as well as to propel the boat through slack water—my own station being at the stern, where, standing erect, I could guide the little craft, and look out the channels that might offer. Mr. Barker sat next ahead with the mess chest in front of him, the top being used for a drawing-table, on which the courses and estimated distances, widths, depths, bars, reefs, and general notes of the topography were to be drawn. A small compass lay on the table, and from time to time our method was to land and take accurate observations of the shape of the river, which the motion of the boat would not very well permit. Soundings were taken and called out as we approached, crossed, and receded from the shoals and bars. Occasionally it became necessary to

cross back and forth from shore to shore, to sound out the contour of the bottom more thoroughly.

At other times, when, by mistaken judgment on the part of *the helmsman*, we found ourselves in impracticable chutes of the islands, the tow-line would be laid to the shore and the boat "cordelled" back, often a half mile, to try the other channels.

Frequently we were puzzled, doubting which channel to take, for occasionally at the heads of the islands, the greatest volume and best depth afforded by the channel chosen, would be so divided, farther down, among numerous chutes, that none of them could be found to equal the neglected one which promised so little at the head of the island.

Two Henry rifles and a Greener breech-loading shot-gun were convenient to the "quarter-deck," constantly loaded, but never fired excepting to replenish the larder.

Chapters could be written on the opportunities of glorious fishing and shooting, which our duties, if not our humanity, compelled us to forego; suffice it to say, that we recommend the anxious sportsman to try this favored region. He can report how many elk, mountain sheep, black-tail and white-tail deer, antelope, cinnamon and black bear, wild geese, and beaver he killed, and how many white fish he caught, and what glorious weather he experienced, and how many pounds' weight he had gained at the expense of the rest of creation.

For the first few miles of our course we had comparatively easy currents, with a river five hundred feet wide, confined by low, bare, rocky hills on both sides, having nowhere a depth of less than three and a half feet on the shoals, with channels generally six and eight feet deep. The country soon, however, began to open right and left

with grass-covered hills, with here and there pine trees overhanging the rocky shore. At six and a half miles below the mouth of the Gallatin the river suddenly narrowed in a left-hand bend under a point of rocks on the right, seventy feet high, which we called "Eagle Rocks." There was no eagle visible, but still there might have been. By an amusing coincidence this same rocky point was named "Eagle Rocks," three months later, by Col. John A. Haydon, assistant engineer in charge of the Yellowstone and Musselshell expedition, when he surveyed a railroad line sixteen miles along this part of the Missouri river.

In this pool, just above the rock, on the opposite side, we landed for a lunch, and while the coffee and bacon were cooking we struck the first "prospect" at a point near the water's edge, where I observed that the gravel overlaid the bed-rock, and in the first panful of sand obtained several "colors" of gold, an indication which promised to pay well; but when the cost of bringing a ditch from any stream that would cover the bar was considered, we concluded not to set up a claim stake.

This, in a nutshell, is the case throughout Montana generally, most of the placers remaining to be worked requiring capital and a legitimate amount of honest labor to yield a handsome reward.

Over a hundred and twenty million of dollars have so far been taken out of this favored territory at comparatively little cost, but nature paused there, as if she had advanced enough to advertise a country which possessed so many elements of wealth that would speak for themselves. There is no doubt that her advertisement will be sufficiently remunerative, for a decade will not pass before her iron, coal, copper, silver, grazing, and agricultural resources will be furnishing employment to tens of thousands of settlers,

who this day have no more idea of their destiny to labor in these fields, than they have of making a flying trip to the moon. Yet it is all coming to pass.

But the boat is waiting and we must be off. Passing several islands and ripples of no particular account, at the fifteenth mile, at the end of a long, deep pool and straight piece of river, we find ourselves entering among higher hills.

At the foot of the reach rises a vertical, reddish-colored rock wall, six or eight hundred feet high, with appearances in favor of the river going somewhere under it to the right, but as we proceeded we found, contrariwise, a sharp turn to the left and ourselves entirely closed up in a cañon a mile in all through, which we called Red Rock cañon.

Midway in this cañon, through a deep-cut fissure with many sharp turns in it, enters Sixteen-mile creek from the east or right bank. It being late, and Saturday, we concluded to camp here on a bench nearly under the frowning rock wall and opposite the creek.

This was our first cañon, and had it been the only one on the river, memory would specially delight to linger over some of its points of interest. Some scanty, shabby looking pines and cedars crowned the tops of the walls on either side. From these heights, on the following day, we enjoyed views of the river and the mountains toward the head of Sixteen-mile creek, where it meets the Musselshell headwaters, on the other side of the Belt range. The Rocky Mountains were west of us thirty miles, but concealed from view even from our elevated perch, by high, bare knobs in close proximity to the river. They are the only ranges that the railroad will cross between Lake Superior and Puget Sound. On the top of the high ridge between the creek and the river, we found three silicified or petrified

trees, which appeared to have been, in some epoch, broken off even with the surface of the ground. We know they must have been trees.

Dr. Hayden, the geologist, has seen similar instances elsewhere in the Territory, and indeed patient digging would doubtless have disclosed their branching roots all solid. Imagine a crystalline looking, firmly imbedded stone of a brown and pinkish color, bits of which were translucent, five feet in diameter, with an outer circle of dark amber-colored crystals five inches long. It would scarcely be taken, at first glance, for the section of a once living tree. I removed bundles of crystals from the periphery that could be easily separated from each other; but they were soft and somewhat of the nature of gypsum.

Monday, July 29th, we left our camp at Sixteen-mile creek and started downward again. A mile and a quarter out we passed Ella island, a small, rocky, but beautiful island covered with cedar, and, as we supposed, elm trees. At several places during the morning we saw, as we all believed, elm trees, but that they grow at all in Montana is a disputed question, and my regret is that we secured no leaves or wood for more careful examination; for a few miles below we passed the last of these trees and saw no more of them.

Five miles below the cañon, emerging from the hills which had closely confined the river all the way along, and immediately by the water's edge, we passed a powerful spring of water, clear as crystal and of sufficient volume to turn the wheel of the largest grist-mill. Its waters were icy cold and modified the temperature and color of the river along the shore thirty feet out and some distance down. A mile and a half farther we passed through "Goose Rapids." The river through them is as wide as

usual, five or six hundred feet, but has a rough bottom, creating waves. A large rock, thirty feet square and ten feet above water in mid-river, makes a good pilot's mark—*to be avoided*. Immediately at the foot of "Goose Rapids" we emerged from the mountains, and now the low, open, rolling plains extended before us for miles on either side. This point is the beginning of the Missouri River valley proper, one of the best grazing and agricultural districts of this mountainous Territory.

Five miles down the valley Crow creek flows in from the Crow Creek Mountains on the left, with its waters muddied by the work it has accomplished in the Radersburgh gold mines. It is quite a small stream, not more than twenty feet wide.

Three miles further we passed Curlew island, properly so called by us on account of the great number of curlews standing on the bar at the head of the island. We found curlew that evening a better article of diet than one might suppose from their light weight and trim figures.

At the thirty-ninth mile we reached Indian Creek ferry, where we camped for the night. On the way we had passed numerous islands and some ripples, but nothing striking that could be mentioned to materially vary the scenery of the river through this open plain.

Through the Missouri valley occasional ranches were to be seen, and on our right, to the east, ten or fifteen miles distant, the Belt range, continuing along northward, with deep-cut ravines or passes, opening doubtless to the waters of the Musselshell and Smith rivers. These mountains are the natural division that separate central Montana from the buffalo country and the plains, and form a barrier against the hostile Sioux and Crow Indians. The view westward, toward the "continental backbone," as the Rocky Moun-

tains are called, was, after a few miles' distance, broken by rolling hills and glimpses of distant timbered knobs and peaks at intervals, which marked, in a general way, the course of the great divide.

At the sixty-fourth mile, after passing Duck creek, White gulch and Confederate creek, Diamond ferry, and other points of minor interest, we entered Black Rock cañon, where the river for half a mile is narrowed to the width of two hundred feet in its passage through a spur or ridge that strikes east from the Rocky Mountains toward the Belt range. The rocks here are very curious, having been worn to rounded forms by the action of the river as it cuts its way down from a higher level, or possibly the ridge may be formed of drift boulders. They are of great size, and piled over each other like tiers of cannon balls to the height of five or six hundred feet throughout the passage. From the crevices large yellow pines stand out, adding picturesqueness to the grandeur of the scene.

The river through this cañon, although narrow, is absolutely without any appreciable current, indicating its profound depth. We had no line long enough to reach the bottom.

How comes it, it might be asked, that the river, if it wears its own channel through these cañons, happens to cut deeper here than at other places where a more friable bottom would naturally allow the same amount of attrition to do much more work? Three miles below Black Rock cañon we halted at French Bar, on the left bank of the river, distant only sixteen miles by road from Helena City, the metropolis of the Territory. At this point the firm of Taylor, Thompson & Co. are carrying on operations by hydraulic mining extensively. The entire slope of the

hills here, over an area of several hundred acres, is rich with gold dust; the "pay streak, however," is overlaid by from ten to thirty feet of gravel and earth. To get rid of the superincumbent material, this firm has, at great expense (\$65,000), run a water-ditch from the Rocky Mountains along the ridge, twenty-three miles in length, with such a slight descent that it is here more than four hundred feet above the river. At the desired point the water enters the pipes and is conducted to the mines to tell with the force of a dozen steam fire-engines against the bank.

By the operation of undermining, hundreds of cart-loads are daily washed through the flumes—bowlders, gravel, sand, and mud, all are dumped out in "the tailings" at the river bank.

The fine gold deposits itself along in little pools of mercury placed to catch it, in the rough bottom of the trough or bed-rock flume.

Hydraulic mining is an interesting operation, and strangers to the Territory will find no more interesting camp to visit than French Bar.

The mercury having escaped from the cistern of our barometer, and supplies of groceries having been provided to last only to this point, it was necessary for us to send to Helena. In consequence we remained at French Bar until August 2d. In the meantime we continued our observation for latitude, and gauged the river, the discharge of which we found to agree strikingly with the river at Three Forks, after allowing due increase for the springs and other tributaries.

It was satisfactory to know that none of the water had passed off in hidden underground passages, as the waters of some of the Arizona streams are said to do.

Hon. Felix R. Brunot, chairman of the board of Indian

peace commissioners, at the time visiting Montana, in company with a number of ladies and gentlemen from Helena, paid Mr. Taylor a visit while we were in camp and took tea with us before returning to the city. Mr. Brunot complimented our cook for the rolls and bread, both of which were strange articles of diet for us, having been quietly beforehand obtained at the "Bar" hotel. The cook was sufficiently intelligent and polite not to reply to our guests. The ladies were greatly disappointed in not finding nuggets of gold as big as goose eggs scattered over the ground at French Bar, the liberty and ability to find these things not going hand in hand.

August 2d, early, we left French Bar, and three and a half miles below entered Eldorado cañon, when the river is again narrowed by the mountains, but broader than is usual in such places. The bluffs on either hand rose to the height of six hundred feet, with more slope than usual, mixed with rocks and earth, and tolerably well timbered at points. Half way up the acclivity, on the right hand, was a flume or trough carrying water from the heads of Trout creek to the Eldorado mines below the cañon. The scene is really fine. At the seventy-third mile below the Forks we passed the mouth of Big Prickly Pear creek, which drains the Prickly Pear valley, in which Helena (only twelve miles distance by road) is situated. On account of the turns of the hills near its mouth, we could obtain no view of the beautiful basin-like wide valley of the Prickly Pear, its landscape dotted with rich grain fields and verdant pastures. It is, however, well to know that they are there, for not less than one hundred and fifty square miles or ninety-six thousand acres of arable land, as fertile as any in America, are embraced in this valley.

Three miles further on we passed through American cañon, which bears a marked similarity to the Eldorado cañon.

We were amused on the way by the antics of some wild geese. The young ones, scarcely able to fly, could, with the greatest difficulty, only keep ahead of the boat, which they, in the utmost alarm, struggled to avoid, as if it was some devouring monster. The old geese would remain a while to encourage their young, swimming with them, then, with the noisiest fluttering, would fly down the river, and then back toward the boat, cackling and hissing as if to intimidate us. It was somewhat affecting to witness the exhibition of parental solicitude. Occasionally, when we approached more nearly to the terrified young one, almost as large as their parents, they would dive after the manner of the dipper duck, and come up to the surface in some other part of the river.

The diving of the wild goose, which can not, under the circumstances, be claimed as a habit, was something new to the members of our party. Wild geese at the age of these young ones, we found by experiment to be quite tender and of good flavor, while the old geese proved to be tough and rancid.

For three miles below American cañon the country is low and open on both sides, though it was noticeable that we were approaching, gradually, a dismal-looking range of mountains, apparently a continuation of the Belt range. The appearance, on our approaching nearer, was much in favor of our continuing due north down a long vista of low looking country lying between these mountains, and another range here starting up on our left and extending parallel with them far northward. Mr. Barker was, in fact, about attaching a new chart to the old one he had nearly finished, with the idea of carrying out the next few miles of

observations on the same general or meridional direction, when, as if by magic, a gap in the mountains began to unfold to view the entrance of the river into a cañon through the range toward which we had been bearing. Not until we were fairly within the portal and the sunlight was shut out from behind us, did we fully realize how closely the river is here locked within the embrace of the mountains. For two miles ahead a wonderful vista now began to open out, and still there was visible no outlet to the turreted and pinnacled walls which penned us in. Higher the walls grew, and darker and more somber became the shadows, while a solemn stillness seemed not only to pervade the air but the water, which fortunately for our observations flowed sluggishly along.

The order to "cease rowing" sounded somewhat sepulchral, and the quick echo or reverberations almost drowned the words.

For some moments the party was spell-bound, but very soon the adjectives began to flow rapidly, both in French and English. Yet how trite they sounded in the presence of this magnificent display of nature's wonderful handiwork. High up on either hand were colossal statues, carved by the master, Time, in the niches of this gigantic winding hall, five miles long. The walls rose majestically six hundred, eight hundred, and one thousand feet high, and in places appeared to rest against the white clouds above, which completed the arch over our heads. The sides afforded no foothold for man or beast, excepting occasionally, up through lateral fissures, in whose dark recesses lay tumbled in rare confusion huge broken pillars and angular rocks, jammed and forming natural bridges from chasm to chasm.

Down the river, midway in the cañon, at the principal turn to the left, the wall actually hung over the river, so

that a plummet-line six hundred feet long, dropped from the brow, would have struck our boat as we passed beneath it. Pine trees fringed the summit, and struggled for an existence in some of the crevices, some of their tops pointing downward, and many were broken off where the superincumbent growth was too weighty for the slight hold of their roots.

We long for the pencil of a Bierstadt or a Moran. Such grotesque forms, such heights, such depths, such lights and shades as here presented themselves, were far beyond the power of pen to illustrate. Words may exaggerate points, but no descriptive language can do justice to this scene. During our speculations the boat drifted around and around, as it slowly floated past the "Black Crook Dens" skirting the deep river, which nowhere through the cañon is more than three hundred feet wide. Although not a breath of wind was stirring, we all noticed sudden changes in the temperature, as from time to time we passed through strata of air, now warm and now twenty degrees cooler, which atmospheric phenomenon we could not account for. A slight rustling from the top of the cliff on our left suddenly attracted attention, some small stones beginning to drop and splash in the water near us, presaging perhaps grave disaster that might entomb us under the mountain's huge weight; but presently the practiced eye of Mr. Scott, "the third mate," an experienced miner, mountaineer, and surveyor, detected the cause of our alarm. It was a mountain sheep, or "big-horn," looking down from the dizzy height, and stamping his feet with no puny rage and evident dissatisfaction at the strange creatures far below him.

In quick succession two shots from the Henrys resounded through the cañon like six-pounders on the Fourth of July; but the sheep bounded nimbly away, and disappeared

in a clump of cedars enveloping a secluded niche, whence no doubt he watched us floating silently down the rock-belted aisle.

Thus we drifted for nearly two hours through this great white rock cañon, each point of view only adding fresh charms and novelties to its stately grandeur. Lewis and Clarke called this cañon the "gates of the mountains," which may do very well, though several other "gates," but none so grand, intervene between it and the final exit of the Missouri river from the mountains, thirty-six miles below.

Emerging from the White Rock cañon, we found ourselves passing between grassy slopes and timbered mounds and ridges, which roll back a half mile or more to the high mountain peaks of the great range we had just passed through. At one point a spur reaching to the river presented a "foot" to be washed, a hundred or more feet high "from heel to toe."

On our left was now plainly visible the "Bear's Tooth" mountain, with its scraggy, rocky top, which is a vertical seam with deep serrations rising out of the steep earth, flanking it nearly to the summit. It well merits the name of "Bear's Tooth," from its resemblance to the fangs in the jaw-bone of a bruin. In height the "Bear's Tooth" is scarcely less than two thousand five hundred feet above the river. Its higher points are visible several miles below, looming up over considerable cliffs three hundred to five hundred feet high, under which we passed. It is distinctly visible also over minor ranges and hills from Helena, not less than twenty-two miles distant. It appears to be either a syenite or a granite dike. Under the flanks of the "Bear's Tooth" the river makes a number of curious, short bends around red, rocky bluffs, surmounted with

pine trees, and occasionally with attractive-looking pasture patches, affording excellent food for the mountain sheep and deer, which seem to make this place a favorite resort, judging from the numbers we saw.

We camped for the night on a grassy point of this kind in the apex of a sharp bend, and some fifty or sixty feet above the water. We had a few old pines for companions, which whistled us to sleep later when the breeze sprang up.

The beavers were numerous in the river below, and we could from our elevation see all their motions distinctly in the clear water—the splash of their tails, accompanied with a sharp report, throwing up the water similar to the plunging shot of a cannon ball. Some rifle and revolver shots (not the “suicide,” but the respectable army revolver) were fired at them to make them jump, which they did at the flash apparently, more quickly than muskrats, showing a portion of their bodies for an instant only while the balls were speeding toward them.

August 3d, with an early start, we again began to “make” the bends of the river. One of them, of a semi-circular shape, carried us in the rear of the Bear’s Tooth—the mountain side for nearly one thousand feet up, on a forty-five degree slope, being literally a mass of small pieces and splinters of rock, ready apparently with the least disturbance at the base to slide down *en masse*. This we called “Sliding Hill Bend,” there being no bend or bluff of a similar character on the entire river between the forks and the Gulf of Mexico. (There is, however, another of a similar name on the Ohio, above the Kanawha.)

As the river gradually receded from the mountains, it left hillocks on the left, fringed with small willows at the water’s edge.

Three mountain sheep were grazing here behind a grassy

knob seventy feet high, that rose from the water. As the knob presently concealed us from view, we silently landed to observe them. Messrs. Barker, Scott, and myself slowly clambered to the top of the hill with our Henry rifles for telescopes. The "big horns" were still quietly standing in the bottom about one hundred and fifty yards distant, and in plain sight—one of them being a ram and the others ewes. How our hearts throbbed ; certainly mine did. Only one who has killed so large an animal for the first time can well imagine the excitement. I had shot antelope and buffalo before, but here was one of those rare animals, first discovered by Lewis and Clarke, in 1805, and never, we believe, has a living one been seen in the "States."

They stand nearly four feet high at the shoulder, with bodies as large around almost as that of the jackass, and not differing much in shape from that docile animal, excepting in the head and tail, the latter seeming to be an appendage nearly wanting in the "get-up" of a mountain sheep. At this season they were covered with short, smooth gray hair, much finer and softer than that of the deer or antelope. Their heads are surmounted with immense horns, somewhat of the shape, but not curled so much, as the horns of a common sheep, this being their only point of resemblance to the domestic species. Scott was to count three, and Barker and myself were to fire at the ram, as the males at this season of the year are fatter than the ewes. "One, two, three," and with the word we fired simultaneously. For a moment the sheep stood as if petrified, and then off they scampered up the slope behind them. Scott, who was surveying "the enemy" through a field-glass, cried, "Good shot ; you have struck the ram in the side !" While the sheep were running, we kept firing as fast as our

Henrys would permit, until they were lost to sight over the brow of the hill.

I never felt so disappointed in my life, notwithstanding the assurance that the ram had been hit on the first fire. We followed along on the trail, but nothing was to be seen of the sheep, and we were reluctantly about returning to the boat, when I espied in the grass a spot of blood, as though a gill of it had been freshly spilled on the ground. Looking more carefully, a little further on we found laid out under some bushes in a ravine our ram, stark dead. Two rifle-balls, within two inches of each other, had pierced his body just back of the heart, severing the abdominal aorta artery, as the "post mortem" disclosed. Now were "our brows bound with victorious wreaths."

Four miles further, we passed the mouth of the Little Prickly Pear, which comes in from the west.

A few miles above its mouth, its valley is entered by the Ft. Benton and Helena stage-road, which runs for twelve miles through what is called Prickly Pear cañon. The scenery here has delighted many a traveler, but it is not to be compared with the White Rock cañon of the Missouri in its depth and grandeur.

The advantage of having a boat in a navigable stream, from which to look up and into every crevice and niche along the way, adds much to the interest, ease, and pleasure of the tourist in viewing such scenery. I should judge that the Missouri cañon would more effectually gratify the tourist, than would even the frightful gorge on the Yellowstone, with its terrific depths and raging stream three thousand feet below, which forms the principal wonder of the famed National Park. The best photographs I have ever seen of the Yellowstone gorge represent the downward view, but still the eye is not entirely distracted from

a softer and more distant landscape of trees and mountains lying across and miles beyond it.

Nothing of this nature detracts from the view we obtained of the cañons of the Missouri, and in future, when the light-draught pleasure steamers shall take tourists from the National Park and Three Forks to the great falls of the Missouri, travelers will admit that they never enjoyed such treats of scenery as will reward them on the way.

The descent by rail and river from the National Park to the Missouri Falls may hereafter be made in a single day, if the "time-tables" are properly constructed.

At the one hundred and second mile, after passing varied scenes of islands, hills, and mountains, we found the river again entering among higher bluffs of dark, red rocks, irregularly tumbled and detached. At this entrance was a small island dividing the river, its shores composed of beautiful gravel, the whole overspread with cottonwood and pine trees. We called it "Saturday" island, and the cañon below, the "Atlantic."

A half mile or more within the cañon we camped at the mouth of Dearborn river, a shallow stream at this season, about one hundred feet wide, flowing from the west. The scenery here being very beautiful, we decided to remain over Sunday.

Scarcely had we pitched our tent when the patter of cloven feet attracted our attention to a band of mountain sheep, eighteen in number, that had come bounding down the natural stairway in the high rocks opposite.

They were ewes and kids, with not a ram among them; and although but a hundred yards distant across the river, they paid no attention to us, excepting to look with wonder-bewildered aspect at the motions of the handkerchiefs and towels that were waved at them. After all of them

had quaffed their fill from the river, they began moving off slowly, Indian file, up the passages toward the high grounds from which they had come. In the morning three of the sheep returned and remained in sight all day, affording us excellent opportunities to study their habits and movements. With the transit instrument we could discern their very eyelashes, and I fancied I could hear them munching their cud. The two hundred and fifty pounds of the sheep we had killed, or at least the quarters of it hanging on a sapling in our camp, persisted in remaining perfectly sweet, owing to a characteristic of the Montana climate. Here, also, as at the mouth of Sixteen-mile creek, the white fish, almost equal to brook trout in flavor, abound. Nothing was wanting but more friends to partake of the abundance kind nature had placed at our disposal.

August 5th, we started, well rested, from the Dearborn river, passing Gregory and Milnor islands. At the foot of the latter, on the right, is a grand, old, towering, sugar-loaf rock, looming up from the river nearly eight hundred feet high, which we christened "North Pacific Rock." Further along in the same cañon, is Barney's ripple and Wilkeson's eddy, where half the river countermarches past the other half, below a rocky, angular projection, or "Devil's Slide," extending into the water from the left. "No bottom, no bottom," was sung out by the leadsman as we crossed this eddy, profoundly deep.

One mile below the eddy is a sharp turn, leaving a castle-shaped rock two hundred feet high, and surrounded by water on three sides, which we called Brunot's Point. Then comes Flenniken's ripple, at the one hundred and twelfth mile, where the mountains proper terminate. The river has now burst forth from the Rocky Mountains, and flows for over fifty miles, with little or no current through

the plains to Sun river, above the head of the Great Falls. There is, however, just below Flenniken's ripple another one, which proved the most difficult rapid on the river, thus far traversed by us. It is at the foot of an island which we called Half-breed island, which name was suggested by seeing some half-breeds standing on the main shore opposite, as we passed along.

By mistake we took the right chute of the island, which appeared wider and deeper than the other; but before going far down it, we plainly perceived that a serious rapid existed below the foot of the chute. Its waters discharged violently toward mid-river, meeting the current from the other channel, which descended with a more regular grade. For a moment I was undecided whether to risk the rocks and breakers, or push to the bank and land. In the meantime there was no lack of decision in the current, which threatened to sweep us broadside upon some immense boulders, over which it curled and fairly boiled into a white foam. Only with the greatest difficulty did we succeed in getting the boat turned by vigorous rowing sufficiently near the shore for the bowsman to jump with the line.

He succeeded, with the aid of others promptly extended, in checking the boat as it rounded to, and we beached her not more than twenty feet above one of the worst boulders of the reef, where she certainly would have been dashed in pieces had our motion not been arrested.

Even in the other channel, steamers will be compelled to "cordel,"—that is, lay a line from above and haul up through Half-breed rapids with their capstans, an operation frequently performed in the lower Missouri.

With considerable difficulty, we got the skiff with its heavy load past the obstructions, and come to camp about five miles below the mountains, in the Long Pool, on

a little island covered with box-elder, which extends its growth no higher up the river than this point. Thence we were two days rowing, and sailing, when the wind favored, down Long Pool to Sun river.

The bends were numerous and regular, and the river throughout this distance generally ten feet deep, with a black, sandy bottom, and with a width ranging from six hundred to one thousand five hundred feet. We found the mosquitoes very troublesome at the landings, though the breeze when we were on the water would soon drive them away. Once, when the wind was dead ahead in a long reach, Messrs. Barker and Scott, kindly got out, expecting by a walk of a few hundred yards across to meet the boat when it got around the turn. The bend, however, proved to be five miles around, and we took time in its circumnavigation. Just as I expected, and with a certain degree of malicious satisfaction, I found our friends on the bank, after an hour or more, frantically fighting the swarms of mosquitoes which had followed them up by myriads through the underbrush. At another point, some twenty miles above Sun river, we found some men "harvesting" the rich, natural meadow-grass, they having a contract for the delivery of hay, at Ft. Shaw, on Sun river, thirty miles north.

Their horses were protected by coverings from their apparently insignificant foes. I observed to "the boss" that the mosquitoes were very annoying on this part of the river. "Oh," said he, "this is nothing," at the same time bringing up his whisp that he used as a fly-brush, and smacking his puffed and swollen neck and pimpled forehead with the flat of his other hand. "You ought to (smack! whack!) see the mosquitors (whack! smack!) in Southern Illinois, where I (smack! whack!) came from."

The sun on the evening of August 6th was just dropping below the horizon as we approached Sun river. We had nearly despaired of reaching the falls that day, and had in fact passed the mouth of Sun river, mistaking its channel for an entrance to some island chute, when the roar of tumbling waters greeted our ears. We hurriedly pulled in to the left bank and found ourselves at the first rapids of the series that extends for twenty miles down the stream. For several miles the country appeared to be rolling, with not a tree or bush in the range of vision.

We had now completed the reconnoissance of the Upper Missouri river; but a description of the falls, knowing that they have been as yet seldom visited, can not be inappropriate at this time.

Our duties embraced also a survey for a railroad around the falls, to connect with the upper river, provided we discovered the upper portion to be fairly navigable. This fact I was ready to report, and did report, with special recommendations as to the size of the steamers that should be placed upon it, and other suggestions concerning the improvement of the navigation, etc., the details of which are not of special interest to the general reader. We found a practicable line, which would admit of the construction of a railroad at moderate cost.

We remained at Sun river several days, waiting the arrival of a wagon and ox team, which had been sent for from the Sun river settlement, twenty miles distant, to transport our boat over the portage, twenty miles. During the interim, we surveyed several miles of the route for the railroad. One day, while engaged in this duty, a sharp and exceedingly swift whizzing sound was heard by all the party, high overhead, which we thought must have been caused by the passage of an aerolite through the air, but

nothing of which was visible. Lewis and Clarke spoke of a peculiar sound heard most frequently in this neighborhood, similar to that of a cannon fired at a great distance to the southwest. While we were in the Long Pool, above Sun, or Medicine river, as it is sometimes called, we heard a similar sound, exactly like the booming of a cannon some miles distant. We heard it three times, at intervals of about fifteen minutes. Altogether, there was something strange in the coincidence. It is not impossible that in some yet unexplored gulch on Smith river or elsewhere in the mountains, wherever the sound may have proceeded from, there may be a geyser similar to those in the fire-hole basin on the Upper Madison, some of which give an occasional salute of this sort before going into the regular spouting business. These sounds are occasioned, most probably, by the explosion of gases in these hot geysers. Nothing, however, would damage this theory so much as a statement from the commandant at Ft. Shaw that he had been exercising his "peace-makers" on the afternoon of August 6, 1872, though no Ft. Shaw existed in the time of Lewis and Clarke. I must also support another of Lewis and Clarke's statements regarding this region, and, by way of parenthesis, will say here, that having traveled over two thousand miles of their route, in reading their book I am astonished at the wonderful degree of accuracy and charming naturalness which mark their descriptions, and I much doubt whether their accounts in these respects have been excelled by any explorers since.

The steep bluff banks and ravines along the "falls," near the upper end, show signs of cloud-bursts in places, the earth being moved bodily down the gulches, as though it had been suddenly washed from its former position. Captain Lewis writes that, having taken shelter in one of

these ravines from an approaching storm, he was nearly drowned, as was also an Indian woman and child, by the sudden rising of the water to the depth of seven feet, which came down the previously dry ravine in the space of a few minutes. The marks of the deluge are plainly distinct to this day.

We saw nothing of the curious tiger-like animals that burrowed in the ground, reported by him—at least nothing more nearly resembling such animals than prairie-dogs and rattlesnakes, the latter abounding and appearing in great numbers along the rocks skirting the river all the way along the falls. One fine rattler was comfortably coiled up in my blanket at Sun river camp, and had it not been for its rattling, it might have bitten Mr. Barker, who was reading, with his head reclining on the blanket, within six inches of the reptile. Mr. Scott fished it out of the tent with a loop, and chopped its head and tail off.

Dead buffalo were numerous on the plains about the falls, and numbers of live antelope and some deer were to be seen in every direction. This region, and northward into British America, is a favorite wintering place for buffalo, the rich bunch-grass furnishing them at that season the most nutritious food. Many buffalo are lost in the spring as they journey southward, by breaking through the ice into the river, while some are swept over the falls and drowned. At one place twenty-six carcasses in one heap were counted by us on the bank of the river. Their living numbers are in the millions. However, I do not partake of the view that some entertain, that they are very rapidly being exterminated by the hunters. They will, of course, disappear before the white settlers, and, as their feeding grounds are encroached upon, will be more and more hemmed in, until, for want of provender, they will perish.

Their natural increase would now, however, supply the meat market of the country, could it be economized. Domestic cattle will take the place of the buffalo with the advent of railroads.

The wagon having at last arrived and a horse for my personal convenience for reconnoitering, the camp was moved. Two days were occupied in journeying along the falls, while the wagon slowly proceeded on the plains, several miles distant, where the trail was better, overlooking the bluffs. These bluffs maintain nearly the same general elevation all along, while the river cutting deeper and deeper into the plains as it descends, causes them to appear relatively higher as we descend the valley.

The first considerable fall occurs about three miles below Sun river, where the descent is twenty-six feet vertically. On a little island, below these falls, stands a portion of a large cottonwood tree, the top apparently having been blown off. Among the branches still remaining is a black eagle's nest. When I first approached the place, riding, and appeared on the bluff above it, an old eagle sailed out directly toward me and soared immediately over my head, so close that I became almost alarmed for the safety of my hat. After a moment's survey it alighted on a jutting rock within a hundred feet of me, where it remained, until one of the men coming up, discharged a pistol at it, before I could stop him. He missed the eagle. As I had a good opportunity to judge the age of the bird, his feathers being soiled, torn, and otherwise old looking, I came to the conclusion that probably he was the same eagle, whose nest in the same position, on the same island, was seen by Lewis and Clarke in 1805. General Reynolds, who visited the spot in 1860, also saw the eagle and nest, and notes in his report his belief of its identity. The sight of this eagle

was to me one of the most peculiarly pleasant incidents of our reconnoissance.

Below these falls are rapids of nine and a half feet fall, followed at intervals by others of four, three, and two feet fall respectively; then a cascade of fourteen feet, all in a distance of less than five miles.

Immediately below the cascade is a grand fall of nearly fifty feet descent, as stated by Lewis and Clarke. The entire river, over nine hundred feet wide, pitches over a rim of rock, shaped like the segment of a circle, in one unbroken sheet. The noise, the sprays, and the rainbows were not much short of the grandest displays of Niagara.

Six miles farther down, brings us to the "Great Falls," where the river jumps, with one bound, a depth of ninety feet. It is, however, only at the right bank that the descent is vertical, the other half of the river passing by steps over the ledges ten feet or more at a time. No foot-hold for man or beast exists by the edge of the Great Falls.

We had to pass around by climbing up the cliffs and around the head of a deeply cut ravine that opens down to the river. A good view is to be had of it from the cliff, or from a rocky point that stands out below to mid-river in the vast amphitheater just under and below the falls.

Around the turn, above the Great Falls a short distance, is a cataract or cascade of thirteen feet declivity. Looking up the river, it has exactly the appearance of a broken-down dam stretching from shore to shore, with the abutments and seeming lock-walls on the left well preserved.

Through the "lock," a large portion of the river now runs with great force. Nothing would be easier than to put in a breast or undershot wheel in this old natural lock, which would turn the heaviest train of rolls in Pittsburg. [Lewis and Clarke seem not to have thought of this.] Be-

low the old lock, in mid-river, stands the "Devil's Card-table," a slab about fifteen feet or more square, and ten feet or more above the water, worn away so evenly underneath that it is left balanced on a single pedestal scarcely a foot in diameter. The waves dash against it so forcibly that one feels tempted to await its fall.

Altogether, with the curious sound, the red boulders, the strange fantastical impressions in the rocks, the work of the waters and atmosphere, with many other curiosities, one could spend a week here very pleasantly and profitably in rambling up and down the short ravines that break toward the river along by the falls. At one place I was surprised by the similitude of these rock impressions to artificial objects. There was to be seen the mold of a car-wheel almost perfect, an iron pot, segments of wheels, detached grindstones lying about in every direction, and the deep impress of a human foot about a yard long in the rock. I almost fancied myself on the site of an ancient foundry, from which some giant "Friday" had just taken his departure.

Aside from such features, and the picturesque succession of falls, there is not much to interest the mere pleasure-seeker. After seeing and admiring the fine scenery in the neighborhood of Gallatin, with the meandering rivers, forest groves, and majestic mountains with their "silver rims of snow," and the grand and varied scenery of the Upper Missouri, through sunlit parks and somber cañons, one would not feel tempted to remain long in this sunburnt neighborhood. The country for many miles around this part of the river is poorly adapted to cultivation, though excellent for grazing.

Five miles below the Great Falls is the last of the rapids,

the entire descent of the river through the falls being two hundred and ninety-three feet.

Here our boat awaited us, and we descended in a few hours the thirty-five miles intervening, to Ft. Benton, the present head of steamer navigation on the Missouri river.

Ft. Benton, in Montana Territory, is an old fur trading-post, in the midst of a region of comparatively little agricultural value. Of late years, especially since the discovery of gold in Montana, it has assumed some commercial importance, on account of its position at the head of navigation for large steamers, bringing freight from Pittsburg, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities along the Ohio, Mississippi, and Missouri rivers destined for central Montana. There is a good stage road and telegraph line between Helena and Ft. Benton, a distance of one hundred and forty-four miles; so that this distant point on the Missouri is in direct telegraphic communication with all the telegraphic world.

Standing upon the pebbly shore of the stream and watching the clear water flowing swiftly by, it is curious to contemplate the vast extent and variety of country and climate it traverses ere it is lost in the immense volume discharging by the different mouths of the Mississippi four thousand miles away, to be pumped up by evaporation from the Gulf of Mexico, and returned by the clouds to the slopes and summits of the Rocky Mountains, to begin again the round of eight thousand miles.

My examination of the Missouri river from Sioux City to Ft. Benton, made during the early part of 1872, showed that, at a comparatively trifling expense in removing obstructions, steamboat navigation can be maintained throughout the season when not impeded by ice. It is also a remarkable fact that the upper portion of these two

thousand miles of river navigation becomes free from ice in the spring about the same time as the lower portion, and sometimes earlier. In fact, the break-up of the ice is caused by the melting snows from the mountains, which occasion the upper waters to rise first, and thus loosen the ice fetters of the river.

The most striking feature in the natural navigation of the Upper Missouri river is the existence of the pool above the falls, fifty miles in length, having a channel depth throughout of ten feet. The other important feature is the persistency of the quantity of water, which never falls to the extreme or minimum supply which characterizes the low-water periods of the rivers in the "States." Still, owing to the great fall per mile in the Missouri below Ft. Benton, and its rocky and boulder bottom, only very light draught boats can navigate the upper four hundred miles after July. Farther down, the Missouri changes its character; instead of pebbles, sand and loam constitute its bed, and its sparkling clearness is lost and changed to a muddy flow.

Four thousand miles from the sea! Yet navigable for large steamers. Truly this is the Father of Waters!

It seems unfortunate that our early navigators and geographers had not given the name of the principal stream to the main river above the junction of the Mississippi with the Missouri. Above that point, although the Mississippi is a fine river, and navigable for large steamers as high as the Falls of St. Anthony, a few miles above St. Paul, yet neither in its navigable length, or in its entire distance to its source, or in the area of its water-shed, does it compare with the Missouri.

On the Mississippi there are twelve hundred miles of navigation from the junction to the Falls of St. Anthony;

while there are three thousand miles of navigation from the junction to the Great Falls of the Missouri, above Ft. Benton.

The entire length of the Mississippi, from the junction to its source in the State of Minnesota, is but seventeen hundred miles ; while from the junction to the sources of the Missouri, in Montana, it is three thousand five hundred miles, being more than double as long.

The area of the water-shed of the Mississippi, above the junction, is only about two hundred thousand square miles ; while the water-shed of the Missouri, above the junction, covers more than five hundred thousand square miles.

As a whole, the vast basin of the two streams, added to that of the main stem extending to the Gulf of Mexico, embracing about one million five hundred thousand square miles, covering about half the area of the United States and Territories, is the most remarkable on the globe, in the extent and character of its navigable waters ; in the magnitude and value of its agricultural and mineral resources ; in the variety and general salubrity of its climates, ranging from the cold regions of latitude forty-nine degrees to the genial temperature of the sunny South, in latitude thirty degrees ; and, finally, in its wonderful capability of future development for the habitation of more than one hundred million of an industrious population, engaged in all the various employments which are found among the most advanced nations.

Whatever may have been the early processes of nature, geologically and meteorologically, which gradually brought about the present aspects of this important portion of the earth, it is now happily adapted to the uses of civilized man ; and a considerable portion of it, chiefly within the last half century, has been appropriated and partially improved.

Another half century will witness yet greater improvements; and at no very distant period in the future it may contain ten times its present population, living in the enjoyment of all the accessories belonging to the highest civilization.

THE YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION OF 1874.

BY ADDISON M. QUIVEY.

About the 1st of January, 1874, it was determined by citizens of Bozeman and the surrounding country, to send an expedition down the Yellowstone river for the purpose of opening a wagon-road to the head of navigation on the Yellowstone, and thus open the most direct route connecting with the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and it was also expected that the expedition would build a stockade and form a settlement for the purpose of holding the country and road against hostile Indians, etc.

For the purpose of effecting the above object, a meeting was held in the town of Bozeman, and an association formed, styled "The Yellowstone Wagon-road Association;" officers elected for the same; also an executive committee, who canvassed the town and surrounding country for subscriptions of money and materials with which to equip the proposed expedition. But slow progress was made, as many were of the opinion that it would be quite impossible to keep a road open in that country, unless large settlements could be formed along the line of same more rapidly than could usually be done by the inducements of trade and agriculture.

In the fall of 1873, one J. L. Vernon arrived in Bozeman, having traveled from the Missouri river with the expedition of that year engaged in surveying the Northern Pacific Railroad from the crossing of the Missouri river,

connecting with the survey of 1872 near the landmark known as Pompey's Pillar, on the bank of the Yellowstone.

Vernon claimed to have found rich gold mines on the south side of the Yellowstone, somewhere between the Rosebud and Powder rivers, and proposed to lead a party to the same. Some progress was made in its organization, when it was proposed to unite both the expeditions in one, as they were both going to the same country and their interests could be made identical, and many men could be obtained for a prospecting expedition who could not be induced to have anything to do with a wagon-road enterprise. But all efforts to consolidate seemed likely to fail, when Mr. Vernon, without consulting any of his party or informing them of his purpose, gave notice through the press that he had abandoned his expedition, and advising all who had signed his articles of agreement to join the wagon-road expedition, the style of which became the "Yellowstone Wagon-road and Prospecting Expedition."

This occurred about the 20th of January. Vernon informed many of his original party that he would meet them at some point below, and guide them to his discoveries; and he soon after left Bozeman, accompanied by three men, it being generally understood that he intended to join the main party on the road.

From this time material was contributed, and men came forward rapidly, until the 12th of February when about one hundred and thirty men were assembled at the rendezvous near Quinn's ranch (half way between Bozeman and the Crow agency), at which place officers were elected, and final arrangements made for the march, which was commenced on the 13th, and before we arrived at the mouth of the Big Horn, the number had increased to one hundred

and forty-seven men, with over two hundred horses and mules, twenty-eight yoke of oxen, and twenty-two wagons, with supplies of provisions for four months, and two pieces of artillery, with about one hundred and fifty rounds of shell and canister. All the men were armed with the best breech-loading rifles, and were supplied with over forty thousand rounds of metallic cartridges for the same. A large portion of the materials, such as provisions, teams, etc., was furnished by the citizens of Bozeman and vicinity. Gov. Potts gave great assistance in the way of arms, ammunition, etc.

On the 13th we commenced our march down the north side of the Yellowstone, our objective point being the mouth of Tongue river, near which place rich mines of gold were supposed to exist, and it was also supposed that steamboats could ascend the Yellowstone to that point. We followed the route traveled by the trains of Col. Baker accompanying the Northern Pacific Railroad survey of 1872, leaving the Yellowstone at the mouth of Big Timber creek, crossing Sweet Grass creek (twelve miles) about five miles from its mouth; thence following up a small right-hand branch of Sweet Grass to the summit of the divide or table-land between the Yellowstone and Musselshell rivers, which we followed for eight days (two of which we lay by), descending to the Yellowstone again a few miles above the mouth of Prior's creek, and near the place where Col. Baker and his command had their fight with the Indians in 1872. We soon after left Baker's road, and struck across the country, intersecting the road made by Gen. Stanley accompanying the Northern Pacific Railroad survey of 1873, which road we followed until we arrived at a point about three miles above the mouth of Big Porcupine creek, where we crossed the Yellowstone

on the 21st of March. Here we laid by four days, when we resumed our march, leaving the Yellowstone, taking a south or southeasterly course (but necessarily a very crooked one) until we crossed the Rosebud creek, probably twenty-five miles above its junction with the Yellowstone; thence we followed up the Rosebud creek or river about forty miles; then crossed the country in a southwesterly direction to the streams tributary to the Big Horn river, crossing the Little Horn, Grass Lodge, Rotten Grass, and other streams, finally reaching the old emigrant road, about twenty miles southeast of old Ft. Smith, at which place we crossed the Big Horn river, and followed the old Bozeman road to this place, being absent about ninety days.

The first one hundred miles from Bozeman we traveled through a fine grazing country, with a large amount of good farming lands, and but little snow in winter. There is a narrow valley along the Yellowstone; also along Shields river, Big Timber, Sweet Grass, etc., with cottonwood along the streams, and pine, fir, etc. In the mountains, the rocks are limestone, sandstone, trap, clay, slate, etc.; in some places showing signs of volcanic action. Between Shields river and Big Timber are extensive veins of feldspar, in a friable trap formation.

About forty-five miles from Bozeman, on our route, is an extensive group of hot springs, differing from most of the hot springs of the country, in containing little or no lime, silica, or magnesia, but some sulphur and alkalies. They are now occupied by Dr. A. J. Hunter, who has given them the name of the "Yellowstone White Sulphur Springs."

Dr. Hunter is making improvements, and in time the Yellowstone White Sulphur Springs will become a health-giving resort, famous throughout the land.

After leaving Sweet Grass, sandstone, clay, slate, and other sedimentary rocks predominate, often worn by the elements into strange, fantastic forms. In one place especially, the sandstone is worn in cones from ten to twenty feet in height, having very much the appearance of a vast collection of Indian lodges on a smooth grassy plain.

To the left of our route are a number of shallow, slightly alkaline lakes, having no outlets, which are a great summer resort for the Crow Indians in pursuit of buffalo and other game which abounds in that locality.

After leaving what is known as "Baker's battle-ground" (which is a few miles above where Prior's creek comes into the Yellowstone from the south side), the country becomes more barren, with but little grass or water, and all the country between the Yellowstone and Musselshell east of the above point seems to be a very low formation, full of marine fossils, mostly, I think, of the different orders or varieties of *articulata*—many having the form of the common coiled snail-shell, being from two to three feet in diameter; some of them having the appearance of ammonites; others more the appearance of articulate animals coiled up in that form. In one place I found fossil fishes, but they were so broken and crushed that no good specimens could be obtained, and many shells, the enamel of which was as bright and brilliant in color as the shells gathered on the ocean beach of to-day. What are known as the Bull Mountains are composed of sedimentary rocks, and are an elevated table-land, extending far toward the junction of the Missouri and the Yellowstone. All the country along the north side of the latter stream is inconceivably barren, being almost destitute of grass, water, or timber, except a narrow strip along the river, which alone is capable of cultivation.

We explored the Big and Little Porcupine creeks, which make an imposing show on the maps, following them nearly to their sources, and found them to be only wet-weather rivers, their beds being dry during the greater part of the year. In fact, I do not believe that the Yellowstone has one single tributary on the north side, from "Baker's battle-ground" to its mouth, which runs water during the dry season of the year. The country is valuable for neither agriculture, grazing, nor minerals, but may be interesting to the geologist or naturalist. The country is evidently a marine formation, and from its present appearance I should think it admirably formed for the last home and burial place of the horrible monsters of the earliest animal creation.

I made quite a collection of fossils, most of which I was obliged to throw away when our teams began to give out during the storms in April, when we were obliged to throw away everything not absolutely necessary to our subsistence.

We would have continued down the north side of the river as far as the mouth of the Tongue river, if the grass had been better; but what little naturally grew there had been eaten off by buffalo last fall.

After crossing the Yellowstone, we were six days traveling to the Rosebud river. We had much better grass, but the only water we found was from melted snow in the ravines; and I think it would be impossible to travel the same route in summer, for want of water. On this part of our journey, we were making our own road; and, until we reached the old Bozeman road, we followed an entirely new route. Between the Yellowstone and Rosebud, the country abounds in coal and iron ore, and in places limestone, but no granite or other primitive rocks, and is cut

up by deep, impassable ravines, and our road was necessarily very crooked. In places, the ground was covered with cinders; and in others it appeared that veins of coal had been burned out, leaving beds of ashes, cinders, etc.

Along the Rosebud, we found a narrow valley of fertile land, timbered with cottonwood, box-elder, etc. As we travel up the stream, the grass becomes better, but the geological character of the country continues nearly the same until we arrive at the Little Horn, where we find a beautiful valley, with a fine growth of white ash and other timber along the streams; and from thence to the Big Horn we have a succession of fine valleys along the creeks, and the hills and bench-lands are covered with a fine growth of grass, and the abundance of plum-bushes, grape and hop vines, prove the country to be adapted to the cultivation of the hardier fruits as well as grain and vegetables. And taking it all together, I think it the most desirable country for settlement in Montana.

The country is well watered, and we found gold wherever we prospected; but our prospecting was only on the surface, and the gold we found was light or fine. But the character of the rocks had changed, and quartz boulders and gravel were abundant, having been brought from the mountains by the water; and I have no doubt that rich mines exist in the Big Horn Mountains, south of the Big Horn river.

We found the adobe walls of Ft. Smith still standing, the neatly walled and well-arranged cemetery nearly as left, except that the Indians had wrenched the gates from the hinges, and the boards at the head of the graves are displaced, and some of these hacked and otherwise defaced; but the names on all of them are yet legible. The beautiful monument in the center of the inclosure, with the

names of all the buried—twenty-three in number—engraved upon it, is but little defaced. Nineteen of those buried in this little inclosure were killed by Indians.

From Ft. Smith to Bozeman we found a fine grazing country, with a number of valleys containing fine land for agricultural purposes; but this is within the limits of the present Crow reservation.

The first hostile Indians we encountered, on the 26th of March, were a small party, who, discovering one of our advance guard, “stripped” for fight, and gave him a lively chase; but others going to his rescue, they ran away, leaving blankets, robes, provisions of dried meat, etc., and we saw them no more until the 30th, when, after we had camped, our captain and a few others were taking a look at the country ahead, and when about one mile from camp they were fired at by a small party of Indians concealed in a ravine. They returned the fire, but not knowing the number of their assailants, returned to camp. Shortly after, one of our pickets (Bostwick, from Deer Lodge county), seeing an Indian a short distance from his post, who seemed desirous of talking with him, started out to interview the “red brother,” when he was attacked by four others, who were concealed in the brush. He turned his horse to run, but received four wounds, and was even struck on the head with their whip-stocks, but he held to his horse, and finally escaped, aided by some of our party, who heard the firing and went to his assistance. He recovered from his wounds, but carries two of the bullets in his person yet. From blood found, and one revolver and bow and arrows picked up, it was supposed that one or more Indians were killed or wounded. During the early part of the night, one of our pickets fired at and wounded an Indian, as much blood was found where he had lain,

but he was probably carried away before morning. Before daylight in the morning, they opened a lively fire on our camp at long range from the surrounding hills, many bullets striking about our corral, but doing no damage. They retired as soon as it became light enough to return their fire with effect.

They annoyed us no more for several days. We arrived at and crossed the Rosebud on the 3d of April, camping on the bench above the creek bottom, the bluff being perhaps twenty feet high, having, as usual, thrown up rifle-pits or entrenchments around our camp (which we had done since leaving the mouth of the Big Horn), at night corraled our stock, with the exception of a few horses, which were tied to the outside of the corral, and posted pickets and guards as usual. No Indians in sight, but we were encamped upon a trail, over which a large party, with many lodges, had passed a few days before.

A short time after the guards were changed at midnight, two shots were fired, and two of our pickets reported that they had shot at some mounted Indians, and had killed one horse. Everything became quiet, and the camp was soon wrapped in slumber; but the quiet was of short duration, for about two o'clock several shots were heard in quick succession. Our pickets were driven in, and a rapid fire was opened from a coulée or ravine on the left of our position (facing the creek bottom), at a distance of from seventy-five to one hundred yards; also from a steep bank on our right front at about the same distance, as well as from other points further off.

It was so dark that the Indians could not be seen, and their locality was only revealed by the flash of their guns. But few shots were fired in return. A few rounds of shell and canister were fired at points where they were supposed

to be under cover of brush, ravines, etc. The fire of the enemy began to tell on the horses tied outside the corral, and six were soon killed; and occasionally an unusual commotion on the inside of the corral gave notice that some damage was being done there; but most of their shots went too high. We could hear the Indians talking and laughing, evidently thinking they were going to have it all their own way. Daylight began to appear, enabling the Indians to take better aim, but also giving us a chance to do the same, so that whenever one showed himself within range, he was made a target for our needle-guns.

Just as it was becoming daylight, one Indian made his appearance on our right, perhaps two hundred and fifty yards distant, riding slowly toward a large body of Indians, who were massed at the foot of a hill about half a mile away. The boys opened fire on him, but he did not change his pace or appear to pay the least attention to us until his horse began to falter, and fell dead, when the rider raised partly to his feet and hobbled away, evidently badly wounded, and in a few rods disappeared. Afterward his track was followed by blood to where he had been picked up and carried away. After the fight was over, I looked at the horse and found that it was pierced with nine bullets. Soon a charging party was made up by our adjutant to drive the Indians out of the ravine on our left, which was successfully done, the charging party being covered by a heavy fire of artillery and small arms, which kept the enemy down. The Indians were panic stricken, and only tried to escape. Seven were killed in the charge, and eight or nine horses captured, our men escaping unhurt. At the same time, a party of our men charged out on the right, driving the Indians from their cover on that side, and the fight was over, although a scattering fire was kept

up for some time longer at long range, and we followed them up for half a mile, but without result, as the Indians were evidently badly whipped.

The Indians collected their forces (at least six hundred in number) about one mile above, on the opposite side of the creek, and soon moved away, some remaining in the vicinity, as the next morning, when we moved, we saw them in our camp before we were a mile from it. Seven scalps were taken, and, from blood and other evidence, many were killed and wounded, who were carried away. Nine horses were captured; also several guns, pistols, bows and arrows, etc.

Our loss was one man wounded, twelve horses and two oxen killed and a number wounded, and one horse, too poor to either tie up or put in the corral, captured. Our wagon-covers, tents, etc., were riddled with bullets, and if the Indians had aimed lower, much more damage would have been done.

Careful inquiry showed that we had expended between eight and nine hundred cartridges for small arms, and about thirty rounds of shell and canister. The Indians fired over three shots to our one. During the fight the Indians had killed a dog belonging to our party, and had roasted and eaten it in the ravine, within one hundred yards of our corral.

For two or three days after, we occasionally saw a few Indians watching us; and on the night of the 11th of April, one of our pickets fired at what he supposed to be an Indian; but nothing more being seen, the night passed quietly. In the morning the stock was turned out to graze as usual, attended by a guard; and while most of us were eating our breakfast, an alarm was sounded, and a large force of Indians were seen coming out of ravines at

the head of a little valley to the south of our camp (which was on a hill), and coming like a whirlwind down upon our herd, evidently expecting to stampede our stock. Our herders were immediately reinforced, and fire opened on the Indians as they came within range. Some corraled the stock, while others fought the Indians back. In doing so, one man, Z. T. Yates, from Boulder valley, was killed, but was carried into camp by his companions.

The Indians quickly took to the ridges and ravines on all sides of camp, and opened fire, which was returned whenever it was possible to do so effectively.

A large number of the enemy took possession of a hill about two hundred and fifty yards south of our corral, and firing rapidly, were doing some damage, when a party of our men charged them and drove them with loss, as several were seen to fall from their horses as they were running away. In this charge a new Sharpe's cavalry carbine, fifty caliber, was picked up, which an Indian had dropped.

Shortly after, a charge was made to the north of our camp, and several Indians killed; one, evidently a chief, fell into our hands. The enemy soon after left. During the charge on our herd at the commencement of the fight, one Indian was shot from his horse, which ran into our herd and was captured. Our loss was one man killed, and several horses killed and wounded. Of the Indian loss we know but little; only one scalp was taken, but at one time we saw them carrying away six, who were either killed or badly wounded.

We soon broke camp and moved on, and in the afternoon reached the Little Horn, crossed it, and camped on a bench overlooking the valley. Here, during the night, we buried our comrade, Yates, in our trenches, and so effectually concealed his grave that there was no danger of the

Indians finding it. Here a storm set in, and we were obliged to lay over, after which we had almost constant storms for nearly two weeks, and the country was almost impassable for wagons. Indians were all the time in sight during the day.

Our next day's travel was not more than three miles, when we lay over another day on a high point near Grass Lodge creek. At this place, in the afternoon, the Indians attempted to drive in our pickets, who were quickly reinforced, when the Indians left. Here we were obliged to leave two heavy wagons, our teams being so reduced we found it impossible to take them farther.

On the morning of the 18th, we moved out of camp and crossed Grass Lodge creek (the Indians being in sight on the hills), and moved up the valley of that stream, keeping near the bluffs on the north side. We had proceeded thus about two miles, when a large body of Indians poured out of the timber on the creek about one mile distant, and a little in our advance, coming at full speed, but with the order and regularity of a regiment of cavalry. As they came within range, our advance and left-flank guard dismounted and opened on them, when they quickly broke and took to the hills and ravines, losing some men and horses killed and wounded. At the same time another large body of Indians crossed the creek in our rear, and came across the prairie to attack us on that side. As we drove our wagons in double column, with the pack-horses between, our train was soon closed up and ready for them. Our rear-guard checked them in their career, although there could not have been less than four hundred in that column, and they, too, took to cover and opened fire from every quarter on our train, which was corraled next to the bluff, upon which our artillery was soon posted, and our men stationed to the

best advantage for offensive or defensive operations as opportunity might offer. The fire of the Indians was terrific from every point, but their aim was bad, or rather those who were near enough to shoot with certainty took no aim at all, as they were afraid to raise high enough to do so; yet it seemed strange that no one was killed, as the balls fell thick all around.

Soon, however, a party of our men charged the Indians to the north and east of our position, and drove them in every direction, capturing one scalp and one fine horse and trappings, and one breech-loading rifle. Immediately after, a mounted party (all other charges were made on foot) scoured the hills, scattering the Indians in every direction. At the same time our artillery shelled them out of the timber on the river, and the fight was over.

The Indians were completely demoralized, and molested us no more, although a few were seen for several days after. Our loss was but one horse killed and several wounded. The Indians' force could not have been less than one thousand, and many of them had needle-guns of fifty caliber, center fire, as we picked up many battered bullets of that size, and found a good many metallic shells that they had used. They also had Spencer and Winchester and other breech-loaders, but probably a majority of them had muzzle-loading rifles and many revolvers. Many of them had bows and arrows in addition to their fire-arms. Most of them were well mounted—much better than we were.

Stormy weather continued until we arrived at Ft. Smith, after which we had fine weather most of the time until we got through. Before reaching Clark's fork, a small war party of Crows made their appearance, and concluded not to travel any farther in pursuit of Sioux, but travel with us during the afternoon, and camp with us at night, seem-

ing to be wild with delight at the sight of Sioux scalps and other trophies which our party had brought along, and at night got up a grand scalp dance. They continued far into the night, and the next morning left us to join their main camp, which was moving from the neighborhood of Wind river, where they had been hunting during the winter, and were then on their way to the Crow agency.

Soon after leaving Clark's fork, the horse and mule teams and packers left the ox teams, arriving in Bozeman a few days in advance. The last teams arrived in Bozeman on the 11th of May.

During the whole trip, every precaution was observed to guard our wagons. We drove in double line wherever practicable, with the pack animals well in hand; and when moving we always had a guard in front and rear, and on each flank. We entrenched all our camps from the time we passed the mouth of Big Horn, going down, until we crossed it (about sixty-five miles from its mouth), coming back.

The expedition failed in its object, partly because the feed was too short to sustain our stock, so that we moved very slowly going down, and partly because we had not provisions to stay in the country much longer, and men seldom prospect much when harassed by Indians. We are now satisfied that no gold mines exist in the neighborhood of the lower Yellowstone, or in the Little Wolf Mountains; but most of us believe that rich mines exist in the Big Horn Mountains, south of the Big Horn river, and most of our party are desirous of returning to that country the following fall, and exploring it thoroughly.

In regard to the navigability of the Yellowstone river, we know but little more than we did when we went away;

but it is very easy to make a good road as far as we went on the north side of the river, and, doubtless, in time it will be the great thoroughfare to the east. Our expedition was a failure, but it has not disheartened the people of Eastern Montana in regard to the Yellowstone route to the east; and while we find a barren country along the Yellowstone, and to the north of it, we find a magnificent country to the south of it; and from what we know of the valleys of Tongue and Powder rivers, we believe them to be among the finest in the West. And we also find that the prowess of the Sioux has been vastly overestimated, and that a small force of frontiersmen can whip the whole tribe at small cost.

I forgot to mention in proper place that coal makes its appearance in many places between Big Horn and Clark's fork, and that in one place, southeast of Prior's creek, I found extensive beds of fossil marine shells, which are all, or nearly all, of one species, but of different sizes, and are much like those which are usually called "cockle" shells.

J. L. Vernon joined our party on the road, as expected, but gave us the slip a few days after, and was heard of next at Ft. Benton, where he and his companion stole a skiff, and went down the Missouri river. He was a fraud, and all he made by his misrepresentations was two mules and one horse, furnished by a citizen of Bozeman for the trip.

The officers of the expedition, elected by the members, were as follows :

Captain—B. F. Grounds.

Lieutenant—William Wright.

Adjutant—E. B. Way.

Signal Officer—Hugh O'Donovan.

Secretary—B. P. Wickersham.

In addition to these, there was a council, composed of the

following members of the expedition: F. B. Wilson, T. C. Burns, William Langston, Addison M. Quivey, D. A. Yates, George Miller, A. B. Ford, Jas. Hancock, and Joseph Brown.

The expedition traveled six hundred miles; was gone three months; had four fights with the Indians; had one man killed (Yates), two wounded; had seventeen horses killed, twenty wounded; killed about fifty Indians, and wounded nearly one hundred. The expedition did not fulfill the expectation of its promoters, but did all that, under the circumstances, seemed possible to attain the object in view.

GEOLOGICAL NOTES
ON
NORTHERN AND CENTRAL MONTANA.

BY O. C. MORTSON.

In treating upon this subject, I believe I am entering an almost unexplored field, as, with the exception of Messrs. Meek and Hayden, I do not know of any one who has entered into detail on this subject. If any errors are found in my statements, I hope they will be taken as involuntary; as having no standard work at hand, to verify my classification, it may be that I am wrong on some minor matters. I have located the different beds of the stratified rocks by the fossils contained in them, feeling sure that, by this method, I can not go far wrong. The following notes I have collated from those of my different journeys, which I have made in these localities from 1867 to the present date.

The present essay, I propose to divide as follows, viz :

1. The igneous and metamorphic rocks; their upheaval, and connection with the mountain ranges, and effect on the stratified rocks.
2. The rocks of the Jurassic Period.
3. The rocks of the Wealden Epoch.
4. The rocks of the Cretaceous Period.
5. The Tertiary Period.
6. The Post-Tertiary Period.

The igneous and metamorphic rocks interest us, as regards their connection with the numerous mountain ranges

in Western Montana, and the presence of the precious metals, connected with their upheaval.

The eastern boundary line of these rocks is, roughly speaking, as follows :

Commencing at the British line, following southwardly along the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains to the Dearborn river, following that stream to the Missouri river, crossing which it follows the Great Belt Mountains for a short distance, and then strikes off to the western peaks of the Little Belt Mountains, and from there, along the eastern side, to the Judith Gap; it then strikes southwardly along the eastern base of the Crazy Mountains, across the Yellowstone river, and by the eastern base of the Snow Mountains. The Judith, Snowy, and Highwood Mountains are surrounded by stratified rocks, though connected with the same upheaval as the other mountains. All rocks east of the above-mentioned line are pertaining to the Jurassic and cretaceous periods, and in places tertiary deposits.

The upheaval of all the mountains in Central Montana most probably took place in the tertiary period, and attained a still higher altitude in the post-tertiary; again being brought to nearly their present level in the latter part of this period. Though I have classed these mountains among the igneous and metamorphic rocks, we must not forget that the majority of their ridges are covered by rocks pertaining to the early tertiary period.

The Bearpaw Mountains I ascribe to a later period, their upheaval having distorted the strata in their vicinity, and later tertiary rocks being found among and in them. The origin of these mountains is undoubtedly volcanic, the center of action being in the western peaks. One peak, which is the highest in that vicinity, is an extinct crater, lava,

tufa, and volcanic sand being plentiful. The Sandy creeks rise near this peak, and it is owing to the volcanic sand in their beds that they derive their names. The upheaval of these mountains I ascribe to the post-tertiary period, probably the same disturbance that occurred in the early part of the glacial period.

All the other ranges of mountains were upheaved almost, if not quite, at the same period. This I have reason to believe, first, by the similar character of the rocks composing their peaks; second, by the similar character of the rocks composing their foot-hills; and third, by the number of dikes crossing between and connecting the different ranges.

These dikes are exceedingly common, and, in certain instances, of great length, and easily traced. They are sometimes trap, but mostly granitic in character, and generally five to nine feet in breadth, the strata in the vicinity being distorted, elevated, and metamorphized by their protrusion. This is found in the Rocky Mountains and outspurs, where the limestone has been turned into marble, and in the Great Belt Mountains, where laminated clays have been turned into slate. These metamorphic changes must have been caused by the intrusion of these igneous rocks while in a state of fusion. A large number of these dikes branch from the east side of the Great Belt range, crossing diagonally Deep Creek valley, and connecting with the Little Belt range. The metamorphic character of the rocks are well shown in the vicinity of Camp Baker. Another series connect the Little Belt with the Highwood Mountains. One of these, and the largest, crosses from the southern peak of the Highwoods to the confluence of Cora creek with the Belt Mountain creek, and connects with the Little Belt Mountains. This dike is of dark

granite, about five feet broad, and is, by its elevation, a prominent feature in the landscape. Another series run from the Three Buttes (or Sweetgrass Hills), on the southern side, but they have only short length, and connect the different peaks. Another series of dikes exist in the vicinity of Ft. Shaw, their direction, granitic character, and the angle of deposition of the neighboring cretaceous beds, identifying them with the upheaval of Square and Crown Buttes, Bird-tail Rock, and other less prominent peaks existing between the Dearborn and Sun rivers.

With these few remarks, I must close my notes on the unstratified rocks, otherwise I should prolong this paper to an unreasonable length. For the same reason, I shall have to omit the lodes of precious minerals contained in these rocks, and for which this Territory is so famous.

THE JURASSIC PERIOD.

This, the lowest stratum of rocks, that I have examined personally in Montana, which contain fossils, is well represented, there being a belt of these rocks, pertaining to the early and middle periods, which stretch from the neighborhood of the Black Hills in the southeast, across the Yellowstone river, striking the Musselshell near the great bend, and reaching the Missouri in the neighborhood of Little Rocky Mountain creek and Carroll.

In the vicinity of Crooked creek these rocks are the best represented, their strata being tilted up at a considerable angle in the neighborhood of the Snowy Mountains and those of the Judith range.

The coulées entering Crooked creek have their beds often literally paved with the remains of reptiles and marine shells. Ammonites are found here whose diameter range from two to three feet. Radiates, mollusks, conchifers, and

gasteropods are found so numerous as, in some places, to form masses of rock of their remains. On the bluffs above Carroll the terebratulæ are innumerable. Roots and stems of cycads, ferns, etc., are also found. The same characteristics are reproduced across the Missouri river, and range up to the Little Rocky Mountains.

THE WEALDEN EPOCH (LATER JURASSIC).

I have only found the remains of this epoch in one locality, and that is on the west side of Cow creek, near its confluence with the Missouri river. It is very likely, however, and certain, that it will be found elsewhere.

These beds consist of sandstones, and clayey layers, containing thin calcareous beds, which yield fresh-water shells in abundance. It was by the discovery of these fresh-water shells that I first suspected the presence of the Wealden rocks. The following shells are common, viz: Unios, paludinas, and planorbis. I feel confident that research will yield the remains of insects, fishes, and reptiles, for which these rocks are so famous. I found plenty of fish scales and teeth during my short visit there. This section of the Wealden can not, however, be of great breadth, as the Jurassic are a little east of it and the cretaceous west of it.

THE CRETACEOUS PERIOD.

The rocks of this period occupy the largest area of any stratified ones in central and northern Montana, being found even on the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains, and occupying a large area north of the Missouri river. These rocks form a portion of the great cretaceous belt which stretches across this continent from Mackenzie's river in the north to the Gulf of Mexico in the south. Most of the rocks are of marine formation, a few of estuarial or fresh

water; their composition is sandstone, clay, marl, loosely aggregated limestone, compact limestone, and colored sands. These sands are exceedingly friable, and often can be rubbed to pieces with the hand. They vary in color, and in the bad lands render the view very picturesque by their variegated appearance.

Chalk is reported to exist in the bad lands in the vicinity of Cow creek. I have not verified it, though, by personal observation. The green-sand exists in the low, rugged peaks and ravines south of the Bearpaw Mountains, and will some day find its use as a great fertilizer, as it does at the present time in New Jersey. The marls and limestone beds, in some localities, contain vast numbers of shells, evidently being deposits of sea beaches or the beds of shallow seas.

Taking the classification of Messrs. Meek and Hayden, we find the lowest beds of this period to be "The Dakota Group."

This group is so called from its extensive development in Dakota Territory. These beds can be found near the headwaters of Sun river, in the vicinity of St. Peters' Mission, and on the flanks of Highwood and Little Belt Mountains. This series is remarkable for the beds of lignite and numerous vegetable remains found in it. The leaves of numerous genera of trees are found, some of which are allied to the living species. Lignite beds exist on the Dearborn river, but I hesitate to place them in this group, as I have not examined them, and they might belong to the tertiary period.

In places these beds are covered by marine beds, yielding large numbers of shells, each locality yielding a preponderance of one species. This can be seen to advantage on Sun river, about twenty miles above Ft. Shaw, and also in the hills south of Square Butte. At the lat-

ter place the prevailing genera is *ostrea*, at the former *plagiostoma*. In the bluffs, two and a half miles south of Ft. Shaw, a small section of this group is visible, near the granite upheavals which I have mentioned before. Very probably these beds were deposited at their present inclination, as the point of contact with the granite is not metamorphized, as it would have been by the protrusion of melted rock. The beds, at this point, yield a fine building sandstone, which, though soft when quarried, hardens by exposure to the atmosphere. This sandstone yields impressions of different genera of leaves, and small bones of what I believe to be of reptilian origin. Covering this bed, and lying conformable with it, is a thin bed of coarse, shelly limestone, containing over nine species of shells, all, however, being in a crushed condition. On the Missouri river, below Ft. Benton, there is a bed of coal, formerly worked at the coal banks, and which is remarkable for containing innumerable small pieces of amber about the size of a pin's head. This bed, though I believe it to be cretaceous, I hesitate to place in the Dakota group, as it might possibly be later cretaceous. This bed disappears on the other side of a great fault, which stretches north and south a little below. A bed of coal of fair quality occurs on Dog creek, in connection with beds of ironstone, and from its resemblance to the Dakota bed I think it belongs to that group. The ironstone changes to iron ore a little further south, and apparently of valuable quality. This bed appears again in the section of the Musselshell valley, lying near the great bend, and preserves there the same characteristics. In some places in that locality it is nearly two feet thick, with a thin layer of shale in the center.

The "Benton Group" lies conformably over the "Dakota," but has the line of division almost imperceptible,

and in many places can only be distinguished by the change of fossils—the first named being a marine formation, and the latter an estuarial one. Messrs. Meek and Hayden gave the name to this group, as the greatest development of the beds is in the vicinity of Ft. Benton. From that place to the Great Falls the banks of the Missouri furnish splendid specimens of sections of the beds. At intervals these beds can be distinguished on the Teton, being in places, however, covered by tertiary deposits. These beds are composed of gray laminated clays, sandstones, and occasional thin beds of limestone. The best points for procuring fossils in these beds are when aggregations of limestone are found in the clays, as they are then perfect in the laminated clays, and in the sandstones they are generally crushed flat. Among these fossils are found three or four species of ammonites, inoceramus, ostræa, and pholadomya.

These beds are found also on Shonkin, Highwood, and Belt Mountain creeks, and Arrow, Teton, and Marias rivers. The thickness of the “Dakota” and “Benton” groups may be roughly estimated at one thousand two hundred feet. These are the only rocks of the “early cretaceous” that I have seen in this section; the “Niobrara” group I have not as yet identified.

The “Pierre” group, so called from the beds found at old Ft. Pierre, in Dakota Territory, are the first of the “later cretaceous beds.”

Outcrops of these beds are found in the hills south of Square Butte, the reservation of Ft. Shaw on the Yellowstone river, in the bad lands near Pryor’s fork, and on Milk river near the Three Buttes. The outcrops near Ft. Shaw I consider to be an isolated field; the remaining localities are possibly a continuation of the belt, stretching from the

central portion of Dakota Territory and the northern part of Wyoming.

At Ft. Shaw these beds are composed of dark and mottled laminated clays, with aggregated masses of limestone. The clays also include nodules of limestone containing large numbers of marine shells. The most common are *inoceramus* and *baculites*. *Ammonites* are not uncommon. *Terebratulæ*, *aporrhais*, *nerinæa*, *fasciolaria*, etc., are also found. Scales of fish are rare. There is, however, a remarkably total absence of *belemnites*. In the bluffs north of Sun river, in addition to the foregoing fossils, I have found *turrilites* (two species), a very rare shell, and also isolated specimens of the three-pointed teeth of fish belonging to the tribe of *otodus*.

On the Yellowstone river, these beds are dark laminated clays, remarkable for the large number of *baculites* and *ammonites* found in perfect preservation, and still retaining their pristine colors. This, as we proceed four miles northward, lies conformably over a layer of coarse yellow sandstone, containing numerous fossils, which gradually merges into Jurassic rocks.

The cretaceous and Jurassic rocks in Montana, by their conformation and dip of strata, would justify the assertion that during these periods a large, shallow inland sea existed in this part of Montana. From the nature of the marine fossil shells it might have been from two hundred to four hundred feet deep, and had connection with the inland sea, which then covered such a large portion of the North American continent. The Yellowstone and Missouri rivers were not yet in existence, as there were not yet any mountains to form the water-shed. For my description of the fossils pertaining to the cretaceous period, I am indebted to Mr. Drew, of Ft. Shaw, whose splendid collection of

shells of that period has, by their examination, helped me considerably in the identification of the different beds.

THE TERTIARY PERIOD.

The rocks of this period are found on the flanks of the Rocky, Belt, Bearpaw, and Big Snowy Mountains, and on Milk river, near the British line. These beds I have observed at various points, but have not had time to collect the fossils, with a view to the identification of the beds. I can therefore give only the following general remarks, viz :

It was during this period that probably the two great rivers of Montana began their mighty course. This was owing to the elevation at this time of the neighboring ranges of mountains (except the Bearpaw), though perhaps their height was not equal to that of the present day. The tertiary deposits on their summits would ascribe their elevation to be late in the period.

THE POST-TERTIARY PERIOD.

For the traces of this period I have turned my principal attention. Its (in my opinion) great influence on the deposition of placer gold, the great denudations of the surface area, and large deposits elsewhere, render it an exceedingly interesting geological study. My notes not being yet large enough on this period for me to enter into the classification of the beds to my own satisfaction, I shall simply compress them into general observations on the glacial or cold epoch and the champlain or warmer epoch.

The glacial or drift period takes its name under the supposition that ice in the form of icebergs and glaciers scraped ravines and cañons on the mountain sides, denuded hills

and plateaus ; in some places making valleys, and in others filling them up and altering river beds.

In the early part of this epoch, Montana must have presented the appearance of a series of large fresh-water lakes, whose shores were the summits of the present mountain ranges. These mountains had their flanks covered by huge glaciers, whose descent by the usual river-like flow of glaciers would bring down large quantities of rocks, pebbles, and mud. Reaching the edge of the lakes, they would, when advanced far enough by the superincumbent weight, break off, having been pushed by the pressure of the ice behind, it would float off as an iceberg, and would elsewhere deposit its hundreds of tons of gravel, mud, and rocks, the same manner as the glaciers of Greenland are at the present day sending their icebergs down the eastern coast of North America. What was the probable cause of this sub-arctic climate enveloping the land ?

Later back, we referred to the upheaval of the ranges of mountains in the tertiary period. Now, another upheaval probably took place of another five thousand feet or thereabouts, and it would bring this icy change quickly, and transform the smiling semi-tropical verdure of the tertiary period into stern winter sterility. It was probably at this time that the Bearpaw Mountains were thrown up. Now, by these terrestrial changes, which were not confined to Montana alone, the flow of the rivers would be stopped ; the lakes would rise silently, but sure ; and the intense cold would speedily bring this arctic climate to which I am referring.

The intense cold would, by its action, rend the rocks in the mountains, which would then fall in avalanches upon the glaciers, to be by them carried elsewhere. The glaciers, by their slow but constant motion, and their stupen-

dous weight, would, by erosion, plow for themselves a bed through the hardest rock.

At the headwaters of the Marias river, especially at the head of Cut Bank creek, a fragment of one of these glaciers still exists, covering each side of the range down to a certain height. The existence of this glacier is known, and probably others exist in the Rocky range, which will be found when the topography of the country is better known.

The proof of the other glaciers having existed lies in the drift groovings or scratches which occur in the bed-rock of all the mountain gulches that I have seen in this section; also by the numerous moraines and erratic boulders which are found on the great northern plateau, and on other several smaller ones.

In central Montana, there were two great centers of glacial action—one was the Rocky Mountains and its connecting ranges; the other was the Belt ranges.

In the Great Belt range, a large glacier commenced on the western side, near the head of Trout and Cottonwood creeks, cutting the range diagonally, crossing Montana and Confederate gulches, and emerging into the Missouri valley, a little south of the Confederate creek. Its course is north-northeast to south-southwest, and the present altitude of its old bed is probably over five thousand feet. In the vicinity, it is known as the gravelly range. This glacier must have existed prior to those that cut out Boulder, Confederate, Montana, White's, and other gulches in the vicinity, as wherever this ancient glacier has been cut by later ravines, it has yielded large deposits of gold. Its ancient bed is now filled up with debris, which is easily accounted for by the deposits of neighboring denudations. In the vicinity it is called an old river-bed, but its declina-

tion is too great for that, consistent with the gold deposits; also, the debris is identical with the rocks contained between its two extremities. If it had been a river, its length ought to have been greater; there ought to have been a larger amount of foreign debris, and a large water-shed, to account for its present breadth. Now, assuming this to have been a glacier, we should find the ice, by its motion, seraping and grooving the bed-rock of its course, continually widening its bed by its constant pressure and friction, and thereby denuding the rocks and quartz lodes that it passed. Naturally, gold would be left in the striæ of the bed-rock. Its carrying large amounts of debris on its surface in the form of moraines, wherever the contour of its bed compelled the glacier to change its course, it would naturally deposit large amounts of debris, which now form bars.

I stated that this glacier existed prior to the formation of the neighboring gulches. An intelligent observation of these gulches will convince any one that there must have been similar causes to produce these effects. Boulder, in the vicinity of Confederate, has innumerable proofs of glacial drift. There are erratic boulders there, which could have only been brought to their present position by ice. Indian, Beaver, and Last Chance gulches, on the opposite side of the Missouri, have similar characteristics. I have observed personally, in these localities, the striæ on boulders, and the parallel moraines of ancient glaciers. A perfect map of these localities could be made, by minute observation, as they existed in the glacial period. The course of the glacier would be known by the direction of the striæ on the bed-rock and boulders; the angle of declination would be known by the inclination of the striæ on the boulders on the mountain sides; and the depth would

be the height between the bed-rock and the line of bowlders left by the glaciers on the hill sides.

The elevated valleys in Upper Deep creek, on the east side of the Great Belt range, have over their whole surface the marks of glacial action. On the low mountains, north of Camp Baker, bowlders are on the sides, with the striae cut on them as plain as if done by a workman, and their surfaces finely polished, showing the friction they have undergone. Along the northern part of the valley, large numbers of bowlders cover one side of the hills, the bowlders on each hill being on the same side. This shows the deposition by icebergs, which, broken off from the parent glacier, and floating on the inland sea, deposited the detritus in this manner. All the mountains in the central and northern part of Montana, that I have seen, show these indubitable signs.

The large plateau in the north has large erratic bowlders, scattered here and there; they are not very common, but their size is exceedingly large. The most interesting one I have seen is in a small ravine which runs into the Dry fork of the Marias river, due north of Ft. Shaw. It is about nine feet long, six feet high, and five feet thick, and probably weighs about fifteen tons. It is composed of red granite, with a smooth, polished surface, and has evidently been brought a long distance, as no rocks of that kind are, to my knowledge, closer than about ninety miles. Other bowlders exist, but this one will serve as an example of the rest.

How long this epoch lasted, there is no telling; but, by the great denudation which took place, it must have been of considerable length. It was during this epoch that the numerous buttes lying east of the Rocky Mountains, and north of the Belt range, were denuded to their present

shape. Very probably Square and Crown Buttes formed once a continual range of high bluffs; and the same may be said of those east of the Highwoods. At the close of this period, a probable gradual subsidence of level raised the temperature of the climate; the inland lakes disappeared; the glaciers melted away, and we arrive at what is called

THE CHAMPLAIN EPOCH.

At the beginning of this epoch, most probably the rush of the retiring waters cut the terraces which bound so many of our Montana streams. The great mammals then appeared, and the huge mastodon covered the plateaus and valleys in numbers almost equaling the modern buffalo. The American elephant existed in this locality. A portion of a tusk pertaining to one was found on Badger creek, which is now in the possession of Mr. Drew, at Ft. Shaw. It is possible that the great pliocene deposits of Wyoming and Colorado extend northward into Montana, as I have been told often of the great bone deposits which exist in several parts of these localities. Several deposits of so-called buffalo bones, in the neighborhood of Sun and Marias rivers and Badger creek, I am inclined to ascribe to other animals; and it may be that as Colorado and Wyoming have within the two years yielded such palæontological treasures, so Montana, by proper search and investigation, will yield equally interesting organic remains.

In the foregoing paper I have endeavored to give a short account of the wonderful relics and convulsions of the prehistoric world, as recorded in the pages of nature's great geological book in Montana.

We are now in the age of man, and yet we find nature's unceasing changes still continuing, the inferior genera giv-

ing way to superior ones. The wild buffalo is disappearing from the prairies; the wolf, the bear, mountain lion, elk, etc., will soon be scarce, and in some localities things of the past. The native North American will either soon disappear or be amalgamated with the white race, whose energy is now piercing the mountains for their precious metals, plowing its great rivers with steamboats, covering the valleys with settlements, and before many years we shall hear the whistle of the iron horse echoing through its cañons. Already the flint implements used by the Indians hardly a generation ago for all uses are scarce, and their collection will soon be as interesting as the relics of the European drift.

The bench-lands, at present unfit for cultivation, through the absence of water, will, by boring artesian wells through the cretaceous and tertiary rocks, yield all the water required for irrigation or other purposes. All that is required is a large immigration, which will certainly come; and when the different rocks are made to yield up their treasures, then Montana, for precious and useful metals, alkalies, fertilizing marls, and chemical and mineral compositions required in arts and manufactures, will be found second to none of her sister States of the Union. In conclusion, if, by the foregoing paper, I have interested any one, so as to lead him to investigate the wonderful pages of nature's history, as found in Montana, I shall feel fully rewarded.

FT. SHAW, M. T., *April 20, 1875.*

EARLIEST DISCOVERY OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS,
VIA THE MISSOURI RIVER.

BY SIEUR DE LA VERENDRYE AND HIS SONS.

[The following article selected and forwarded to the Historical Society by Mr. John Potter, of Hamilton, Montana, attracted the attention of the members of the society by reason of the exceptional interest which it excited. It is believed to relate the first discovery of "The Shining," or Rocky Mountains, north of New Spain. It had been selected by Mr. Potter from a periodical published in Washington Territory, and the directors of the society resolved, contrary to their general rule, to publish it with their contributions, with such notes as it evoked, in the hope that thereby its author would be discovered and further particulars of this expedition be obtained.

There was nothing to indicate the author. Some portions of the story were confirmed by authorities known to the members of society; some portions bore inherent evidence of their truth, while as to the balance the directors of the society were not informed. The arrangements for publishing it were perfected, when the society was furnished with a pamphlet copy of the same, containing the name of the author, the Rev. E. D. Neill, the accomplished historian and president of Macalester College, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The society could do no less than explain the awkwardness of the situation to Mr. Neill, who, with characteristic generosity, relieved the officers of the society from their embarrassment by freely consenting that it, with its notes, be published by them. The notes explain somewhat the text, but it yet remains very obscure. It is not impossible that a recurrence to the original sources of information by those familiar with the country from personal observation will make the lines of this remarkable journal plain. It is probable that from the discoveries of Verendrye and his party Captain Jonathan Carver derived the information which enabled him to put forth the pretentious but inaccurate knowledge of the "sources of the four great rivers" flowing into the Gulf of Mexico, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Straits

of Annian, and the Hudson Bay. Twenty-three years before Captain Carver's journey, and sixty-two years before the party of Lewis and Clarke visited this region, this dauntless adventurer broke the stillness of these solitudes by a midwinter journey, fired by an enthusiasm for his faith and his king. It is to be hoped that the archives of French adventure in the Northwest now in process of publication will give in detail this chapter of the history of Verendrye. Those notes indicated by an asterisk (*), and that portion of the numbered notes included in parenthesis (), are by Mr. Granville Stuart, while the notes indicated by numbers are by Mr. Neill.—W. F. S.]

SIEUR DE LA VERENDRYE AND HIS SONS THE DISCOVERERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, BY WAY OF LAKE SUPERIOR AND WINNIPEG, AND RIVERS ASSINIBOINE AND MISSOURI, IN 1743. BY REV. EDWARD D. NEILL.

Three-Rivers, at the confluence of the St. Maurice with the St. Lawrence, ninety miles from Quebec, is one of the oldest hamlets of Canada. A wedding here took place on September 26, 1667, which received some notice at the time. On that day, Marie Boucher, and only twelve years of age, was made the wife of Lt. Rene Gaultier Varennes.

The son-in-law soon succeeded Boucher, and for twenty-two years was the governor of Three-Rivers, and one of his sons, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, was the Sieur de la Verendrye, the subject of this paper, and the explorer of a northern route to the Rocky Mountains.

When a young man, he joined, in 1697, in a war expedition against New England, and in 1705 was fighting with the French army in Flanders. Returning to Canada, he identified himself with the opening of the great unknown West.¹

In 1716, Bobe, a learned priest at Versailles, who had exposed the deception of Lahontan in placing Long river

¹ Parkman's "Old Regime in Canada," p. 227.

on the map, for which there was no foundation,* was constantly urging the French government to search for a northern route to the Pacific. On the 15th of March, 1716, he wrote to De L'Isle, geographer of the Academy of Science at Paris: "They tell me that among the Scioux of the Mississippi there are always Frenchmen trading; that the course of the Mississippi is from north to west, and from west to south; that it is known that toward the source there is in the highlands a river that leads to the western ocean. . . . For the last two years I tormented exceedingly the governor-general, M. Raudot, and M. Duehe, to endeavor to discover this ocean. If I succeed as I hope, we shall have tidings before three years, and I shall have the pleasure and the consolation of having rendered a good service to geography, to religion, and to the state."²

His importunity received its reward, and in 1717 the post erected by Du Luth in 1678 was re-established at the head of Lake Superior, near the mouth of the Kamanistigoya, by Lieutenant Robertel de la Noue, and another built among the Sioux, with a view of pushing westward the power of France.

*This is unjust to La Hontan, for there is good reason to believe that the information concerning Long river, which he obtained from the Indians referred to the Missouri, but in passing through the many intervening tribes it became greatly exaggerated. For instance, the many lakes on Long river do exist in the vicinity of the headwaters of the Missouri—such as Flathead Lake, Henry's Lake, Jackson Lake, Yellowstone Lake, Lake Pahkokee, Great Salt Lake, etc.; but by the time the knowledge of them reached the Indians with whom he came in contact, it is very natural that they should locate them all on and along the upper Missouri, and it may also be that La Hontan could but very imperfectly understand them, and therefore may have made these mistakes himself.

² Historical Magazine, New York, 1859.

Verendrye, in 1728, was stationed at Lake Nepigon, whose waters flow into Lake Superior from the north.³ While here, the Indians were so positive relative to a river which flowed toward the sea of the west that he resolved to make an exploration. At Mackinaw, while on his way to confer with the government of Canada upon the subject, Father de Gonor arrived from the post which had been established among the Sioux, nearly opposite Maiden Rock, on the shores of Lake Pepin.

After an interchange of views, the priest promised to assist him as far as he could in obtaining a permit and outfit for the establishment of a post among the "Knisteneaux," or the "Assiniboels," from which to go further west.⁴

Charles de Beauharnois, then governor of Canada, gave him a respectful hearing, and carefully examined the map of the region west of the great lakes, which had been drawn by Otchaga, the Indian guide of Verendrye. Orders were soon given to fit out an expedition of fifty men. It left Montreal in 1731, under the conduct of his sons and nephew, he not joining the party till 1733, in consequence of the detention of business.

In the autumn of 1731, the party reached Rainy Lake,

³ For many of the facts of this article, I am indebted to two articles of Pierre Margry, published in "Moniteur Universel."

⁴ The Jesuit, du Gonor, with his associate, Guignas, came to Lake Pepin with La Perriere Boucher, who had made himself notorious in Massachusetts by leading the Indian attack on Haverhill. They arrived on September 17, 1727, and erected Ft. Beauharnois opposite Maiden's Rock, on a low point. In the spring of 1728, the water rose two feet and eight inches above the floors of the post. Below Lake Pepin, in 1683, Perrot established a post. Above Lake Pepin, on Prairie Island, a stockade was erected in 1695. On a creek of the Blue Earth, not far from Mankahto, Le Suer had a post in 1700.

by the Nantouagan or Groselliers river, now called Pigeon.⁵ Father Messayer, who had been stationed on Lake Superior, at the Groselliers river, was taken as a spiritual guide. At the foot of Rainy Lake a post was erected and called Ft. St. Pierre; and the next year, having crossed Minnietie, or Lake of the Woods, they established Ft. St. Charles on its southwestern bank. Five leagues from Lake Winnipeg they established a post on the Assiniboine.⁶

⁵Groselliers and Radisson, adventurous fur-traders, about the year 1660 went by the Grand Portage to Lake Winnipeg, and were the first Europeans to go from thence to the bottom of Hudson's Bay. It has been said that the river was called after the trader, but it may be after the wild gooseberry bush, called in French "grosillier."

⁶Named from the Assiniboines, a separate band of the Sioux or Dakotahs, and known among themselves as Hohays, "fish-netters." The Chippeways call them Assenay Bwans, or "Stone Sioux," because, living on the wide prairie, they were, for want of fuel, obliged to cook their fish by warming the water with hot stones.

A Jesuit relation, written more than two hundred years ago, says: "As wood is very scarce and small with them, nature has taught them to burn stones in place of it, and to cover their wigwams with skins. Some have built mud cabins nearly in the same manner as swallows build their nests."

(In regard to the first part of the above, the question would arise as to how they could heat the stones without fuel. This curious error is easily explained, however, by the fact that it was not lack of fuel which caused them to boil their fish by putting hot stones in the water, but lack of vessels that would stand fire. Almost all savage tribes, before contact with the whites, did often cook their fish or other game by putting it into water-tight baskets or troughs, and then put hot stones into the water until it boiled. As to the other assertion that because "wood was scarce and small with them, nature had taught them to burn stones in place of it," it most probably arose from war parties of the Chippeways (who were hereditary enemies of the Sioux) watching at a distance, and seeing the Assiniboines gather something on the naked prairie, and make a fire with it, naturally

The river Winnipeg, called by them Maurepas, in honor of the minister of France in 1734, was protected by a fort of the same name.

About this time their advance was stopped by the exhaustion of supplies, but on the 12th of April, 1735, an arrangement was made for a second equipment, and a fourth son joined the expedition.

In June, 1736, while twenty-one of the expedition were camped upon an isle in the Lake of the Woods, they were surprised by a band of Sioux hostile to the French allies, the Knisteneaux, and all killed. The island, upon this account, is called in the early maps Massacre Island. A few days after, a party of five Canadian voyagers discovered their dead bodies and scalped heads. Father Ouneau, the missionary, was found upon one knee, an arrow in his head, his breast bare, his left hand touching the ground, and the right hand raised.

Among the slaughtered was also a son of Verendrye, who had a tomahawk in his back, and his body was adorned with garters and bracelets of porcupine. The father was at the fort on the Lake of the Woods when he received the news of his son's murder, and about the same time heard of the death of his enterprising nephew, Dufrost de la Jemerays, the son of his sister Marie Reine de Varennes, and brother of Madame Youville, the foundress of the hospitaliers at Montreal.⁷

they thought it must be stones, and so told the Jesuits, while in reality it was dried buffalo dung or "buffalo chips," which is still used by all the tribes of the great plains; but the Chippeways, who lived in timbered regions, knew nothing of its use.—G. S.)

⁷The Indians have a tradition of this occurrence. They state that early one morning, a French canoe, with eight men, left a trading-house, which the French had built about the middle of the Lake of

It was under the guidance of the latter that the party had, in 1731, mastered the difficulties of the Nantouagan or Groselliers river.

On the 3d of October, 1738, they built an advance post, Ft. La Reine, on the river Assiniboine, which they called St. Charles, and beyond was a branch called St. Pierre. These two rivers received the baptismal name of Verendrye, which was Pierre, and Governor Beauharnois, which was Charles. This post (Ft. La Reine) became the center of trade, and point of departure for explorations either north or south.

It was by ascending the Assiniboine, and by the present trail to Mouse river, they reached the country of the Mantanes,^s and, in 1742, came to the upper Missouri, passed the Yellowstone, and at length arrived at the Rocky Mountains. The party was led by the eldest son and his brother, the chevalier. They left the Lake of the Woods on the 29th of April, 1742, came in sight of the Rocky Mountains on the 1st of January, 1743, and on the 12th ascended them. On the route, they fell in with the Beaux Hommes, Pioya, Petits Renards, and Arc tribes, and stopped among the Snake tribe, but could go no farther in a south-

the Woods, and stopped upon an island near the last pass to enter the river of Rainy Lake. The atmosphere was so still that the wind could hardly be felt. Having built a fire, the smoke was perceived by Sioux warriors, who approached and landed unperceived on the opposite side of the isle, and massacred the missionary and party.—BELCOURT, in *Minn. Hist. Soc. Annals*, 1853.

^sThe Mandans, or White Beards, of the Dakotah family, are noted for being gray-haired. Sometimes children six years of age have this appearance. They were nearly destroyed by small-pox in 1837, and in 1874 they lived near the Arricarees and Gros Ventres, in the vicinity of Ft. Berthold, on the Missouri. Formerly, all dwelt in mud cabins, surrounded by ditches. A few yet live in dirt lodges.

erly direction, owing to a war between the Arcs and Snakes.⁹

On the 12th of May, 1744, they had returned to the upper Missouri, and in the Petite Cerise¹⁰ country they planted on an eminence a leaden plate of the arms of France, and raised a monument of stones, which they called Beauharnois.* They returned to the Lake of the Woods on the 2d of July.

North of the Assiniboine, they proceeded to Lake Dauphin, (Swan's Lake,) explored the river "des Biches," and ascended even to the fork of the Saskatchewan, which they called Poskoiac. The two forts were established, one near Lake Dauphin, and the other on the river "des Biches," called Ft. Bourbon. The northern route by the Saskatchewan was thought to have some advantage over the

⁹The Arcs may be the Aricarees. The first attempt to trace the upper Missouri is on De L'Isle's map of Louisiana; and on it the "Aricaras" are marked as dwelling north of the Pawnees. They speak the same language. In 1874, they lived near Ft. Berthold, and were about nine hundred in number.

¹⁰Petite Cerise—Choke Cherry.

* Among the papers of the late James Stuart, who was stationed, during the three years preceding his death, at Ft. Browning on Milk river, and Ft. Peck on the Missouri, was found a memorandum, evidently referring to a monument of which he had heard, and of which he made a note for the purpose of tracing it up; but his untimely death occurred before he had the opportunity of doing so. The memorandum reads as follows: "Twenty feet in diameter—on river bluffs—round, and run to point—spaces between the boulders filled with green grass and weeds." The fact of moss and earth having accumulated in the interstices between the stones, so as to sustain grass and weeds, would indicate great antiquity, and the Historical Society are instituting inquiries concerning it, in the hope that it may prove to be Verendrye's monument. The Indians of those regions erect no permanent monuments.—G. S.

Missouri, because there was no danger of meeting with the Spaniards.

Governor Beauharnois having been prejudiced against Verendrye by envious persons, De Noyelles was appointed to take command of the posts.

During these difficulties, we find the *Sieur de la Verendrye, Jr.*, engaged in other duties. In August, 1747, he arrived from Mackinaw, at Montreal, and in the autumn of that year he accompanies *St. Pierre* to Mackinaw, and brings back the convoy to Montreal. In February, 1748, with five Canadians, five *Knisteneaux*, two Ottawas, and one *Santeur*, he attacked the Mohawks near *Schenectady*, and returned to Montreal with two scalps, one that of a chief. On June 20, 1748, it is recorded that *Chevalier la Verendrye* departed from Montreal for the West Sea. *Margry* states that he perished at sea, in November, 1761, by the wreck of the "*Auguste*."

Fortunately, *Galissonière*, the successor of Beauharnois, although deformed and insignificant in appearance, was fair-minded, a lover of science—especially botany—and anxious to push discoveries toward the Pacific.

Verendrye, the father, was restored to favor, and made captain of the Order of *St. Louis*, and ordered to resume explorations. While planning a tour up the *Saskatchewan*, he died on December 6, 1749.

The Swedish professor *Kalm* met him in Canada not long before his decease, and had an interesting conversation with him about the furrows on the plains of Missouri, which he erroneously conjectured indicated the former abode of an agricultural people. These ruts are familiar to modern travelers, and are only buffalo trails.

Father Coquard, who had been associated with *Verendrye*, says that they first met the *Mantanes*, and next

the Brochets.¹¹ After these, were the Gros Ventres,¹² the Crows,¹³ the Flatheads,¹⁴ the Blackfeet,¹⁵ and Dog-

¹¹ Perhaps the Brochets or Fish tribe may be the Assiniboines. The Dakotahs call these Hohays, or Fish-netters. Fish were cooked by heating the water with hot stones.

¹² The Gros Ventres and Crows are bands of Minnetarees, and belong to the Dakotah family. They are found on the tributaries of the upper Missouri and Yellowstone.

The Crows are called Absarokis, or Upsaroka. The Gros Ventres are said to have formerly lived on the Assiniboine and Red rivers. Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, in a report, in 1850, to the Commissioners of Indian Affairs, says: "The chief of Red Lake Chippeways of Minnesota, some years ago, met a village of Gros Ventres, toward the sources of the Missouri. They learned that the smoke of the Gros Ventres lodges once arose at Sandy Lake, and that they had a large village of earthen houses at the mouth of the Savanna river, which empties into the St. Louis." The Gros Ventres now number six hundred and twenty.

¹³ The River Crows roam between the Missouri and Marias rivers, and number twelve hundred. The Mountain Crows are in the valley of the Yellowstone, and are estimated at three thousand.

(This is a mistake. The River Crows roam along the Missouri river, from the mouth of the Musselshell to Ft. Benton, and between the Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers. They never go between the Missouri and the Marias, that being in the Blackfoot country.—G. S.)

¹⁴ The Flatheads live west of the Rocky Mountains, in the vicinity of Flathead Lake and river. They are estimated to be about nineteen hundred. Are much diminished by wars with the Blackfeet. They hunt for buffalo on the plains east of the mountains.

(This estimate is much too high. There are only a few hundred Flatheads; but possibly it may have included the Pen d'Oreilles, who speak the same language and occupy the same region. But the combined tribes do not reach so high a number. It is probable that Verendrye met them on the Judith or Musselshell rivers, where they frequently go in search of buffalo.—G. S.)

¹⁵ The Blackfeet, or Satiska, are divided into: Bloods, 1,560; Pigeon or Pheasants, 2,450; and Blackfeet, 1,500. Some of the Gros Ventres

feet,* who were established on the Missouri, even up to the Falls, and that about thirty leagues beyond the rapids they found a narrow pass in the mountains.¹⁶

are now incorporated with them. They are between the Missouri, Sun, and Marias rivers.

* As there is now no such tribe in that region, and has not been since the time of Lewis and Clarke, it is highly probable that the "Dogfeet" were a village of Blackfeet, who took their name from their petty chief. In 1862-63, there was a chief residing near the Great Falls who was known as the "Little Dog."—G. S.

¹⁶ The entire sentence, as quoted by Margry in a letter dated July 5, 1875, reads: "Trouvent les Gorges des Missouri entre des Montagnes et le Missouri est la decharge du Lac dont on ne connait pas l'entendue."

Mullan, in a map of a military road from Ft. Benton, on the Missouri, to Ft. Walla-Walla, on the Columbia, marks Flathead Lake, whose waters enter the Pacific by the Columbia river, and are very near the sources of the Marias, a tributary of the Missouri.

At the Gate of the Rocky Mountains the Prickly Pear river enters the Missouri, whose headwaters flow through Mullan's Pass, and are not far distant from the Bitter Root river, whose waters enter the Columbia.

The Madison branch of the Missouri nearly interlocks with the discharge of Yellowstone Lake, and the Jefferson Fork is a short distance from the headwaters of the Snake river, a tributary of the Columbia.

(The literal translation of the sentence quoted by Margry would be: "Found the passes of the Missouri between some mountains, and the Missouri is the discharge of the lake of which they know not the extent." This goes to show that they ascended the Missouri as far as the Gates of the Mountains, at the "Bear's Tooth," near Helena, Montana, and ascended the mountains in this vicinity, on the 12th of January, 1743. They doubtless got the idea of the Missouri being the outlet of a large lake from the Flatheads, whom they met lower down, and who told them that they went up the river when returning to their country, and that in their country was a very large lake. It also seems from Stoddard's sketches of Louisiana, that from a very early period in the settlement of Canada and the Atlantic States, the idea prevailed that

Bougainville gives a more full account. He says: "He who most advanced this discovery, was the *Sieur de la Veranderie*. He went from Ft. La Reine to the Missouri. He met, on the banks of this river, the Mandans or White Beards, who had seven villages, with fine stockades, strengthened by a ditch. Next to these were the *Kinongewiniris*, or the *Brochets*,* in three villages; and toward the upper part of the river were three villages of the *Mahantas*.¹⁷ All along to the north of the *Wabiek* or *Shell* river¹⁸ were situated twenty-three villages of the *Panis*.¹⁹

among the "Shining Mountains" (the Rocky Mountains were first called by this name because of the glittering snow upon them), in the direction of the upper Missouri, was a great lake, whose shores were inhabited by a fair people, and where were many wonders.

Neither the Prickly Pear nor the Missouri, nor any other stream, flows through Mullan's Pass, or any of the passes of the main range; they do, however, pass through spurs that put out from the main divide, and in doing so have formed many magnificent cañons and gorges. Many of the passes in the Rocky Mountains are but little lower than the main chain on either side of them, but owe their name mostly to the peculiarly favorable nature of the approaches to them on both sides.—G. S.)

* Assiniboines.

¹⁷The Mahas, or Omahas, on De L'Isle's map of Louisiana, are marked as near the *Aiouez* (anglicized, *Iowas*.) They live now on the Missouri, in eastern Nebraska, and number about one thousand.

(This note would convey the impression that the Mahantas were the Omahas, which is evidently not the case; for Lewis and Clarke, in 1804, found a village of *Gros Ventres* called "Mahaha," at the mouth of Knife river, above old Ft. Clark, and these are doubtless the "Mahantas" of *Verendrye*.—MONT. HIST. SOC.)

¹⁸ Perhaps the *Musselshell* river of modern maps.

¹⁹The Pawnees, on De L'Isle's map, are marked on the Missouri, and on *Panis*, now *Platte* river. *Jeffreys*, on his map, marks a tribe west of *Lake Winnipeg*, called "*Cris Panis Blanc*." *Drake* speaks of *White Pawnees*, *Freckled Pawnees*, and *Pawnees of the Platte*. They

To the southwest of this river, on the banks of the Ouana-
radeba, or La Graise,²⁰ are the Hectanes or Snake tribe.²¹
They extend to the base of a chain of mountains which
run north-northeast. South of this is the river Karoskiou,
or Cerise Pelee, which is supposed to flow to California.²²

He found, in the immense region watered by the Mis-
souri, and in the vicinity, the Mahantas, the Owilinioc or

now number about eighteen hundred, and dwell on a reservation on
a branch of the Platte, in Nebraska.

(Lewis and Clarke say that the Mandans call the Aricarees, Paw-
nees; and this is correct, because they both speak the same language.
Therefore, it was Aricarees that Verendrye found near the Mussel-
shell river.—G. S.)

²⁰ La Graise. There is a shrub called Grease-bush, like the cur-
rant-bush, from which the Indians of the upper Missouri used to
make arrow shafts. In the Wind River valley is Greasewood creek.
Ounaradeba, perhaps derived from the Dakotah *wasna* (ouasna) grease,
and *watpa* (ouadeba) river.

(This river, Ounaradeba, is most probably Wind river. A portion of
the Snake Indians have lived there from time immemorial.—MONT.
HIST. SOC.)

²¹ The Snakes are known as Shoshonees, Bonacks, or Diggers. The
Hictans, Padoucas, or Comanches of Texas, as well as the Utahs, are
offshoots of this nation. In De L'Isle's map, the Padoucas are marked
as dwelling from the upper Missouri to the Arkansas. About eighteen
hundred Shoshonees are on a reservation in Wind River valley,
Wyoming, and fifteen hundred are about Ft. Hall or Snake river, in
Idaho.

(The Bonacks are a distinct tribe, whose language bears no analogy
to the Snake. There are Digger Snakes and Digger Bonacks. It is
supposed that the Comanches and Shoshonees were once one tribe, but
the Utahs are a different tribe, and speak a different language.—G. S.)

²² Near the southern sources of the Missouri are found the head-
waters of the Colorado, whose mouth is in the Gulf of California.

(The river Karoskiou, or Cerise Pelee (peeled cherry), is most prob-
ably what is now known as Green river, which is the most northern,
and also the longest branch of the Colorado.)

Beaux Hommes, four villages; opposite the Brochets the Blackfeet, three villages, of a hundred lodges each; opposite the Mandans are the Ospekakaerenousques or Flatheads, four villages; opposite the Panis are the Ares or Knisteneaux and Utasibaoutchactas of Assiniboel, three villages; following these the Makesch or Little Foxes, two villages; the Piwassa or Great Talkers, three villages; the Kako-koschena or Gens de la Pie, five villages; the Kiskipisounouini or the Garter tribe, seven villages.

Galissonière was succeeded by Jonquiere in the governorship of Canada, who proved to be a grasping, peevish, and very miserly person. For the sons of Verendrye he had no sympathy, and forming a clique to profit by their father's toils, he determined to send two expeditions toward the Pacific ocean—one by the Missouri and the other by the Saskatchewan.

Father Coquard, one of the companions of Verendrye, was consulted as to the probability of finding a pass in the Rocky Mountains, through which they might, in canoes, reach the great lake of salt water, perhaps Puget's Sound.

The enterprise was at length confined to two experienced officers—Lamarque de Marin and Jacques Legardeur de Saint Pierre.²³ The former was assigned the way by the Missouri, and the latter was given the more northern route; but Saint Pierre in some way excited the hostility of the Knisteneaux, who attempted to kill him, and

²³ St. Pierre, in 1737, was stationed at Ft. Beauharnois, on Lake Pepin. The Jesuit Coquard, the old associate of Verendrye, was present in September, 1755, at the battle near Lake George, and in a letter to his brother, says: "We lost on that occasion a brave officer, M. de St. Pierre."

burned Ft. La Reine. His lieutenant, Boucher de Niverville,²⁴ who had been sent to establish a post toward the source of the Saskatchewan, failed on account of sickness. Some of his men, however, pushed on to the Rocky Mountains, and in 1753 established Ft. Jonquiere. In Henry's Travels he says that Saint Pierre established Ft. Bourbon.

In 1753, Saint Pierre was succeeded in the command of the posts of the West, by De la Corne, and sent to French creek, in Pennsylvania. He had been but a few days there when he received a visit from Washington, just entering upon manhood, bearing a letter from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, complaining of the encroachments of the French.

Soon the clash of arms between France and England began, and Saint Pierre, at the head of the Indian allies, fell near Lake George, in September, 1755, in a battle with the English. After the seven years' war was concluded, by the treaty of Paris, the French relinquished all their posts in the Northwest, and the work began by Verendrye was, in 1805, completed by Lewis and Clarke, and the Northern Pacific Railway is fast approaching the passes of the Rocky Mountains, through the valley of the Yellow-

²⁴ Boucher de Niverville, in 1746, left Montreal to annoy the New England settlements, and returned in May with John Spafford and Israel Parker prisoners. In 1746, he attacked the stockade at Fall Mountain, Charlestown, New Hampshire, and during this raid burned three churches. In August, 1748, he was alarming the people at Williamstown, Ft. Massachusetts. Three years later, he is burning houses and capturing horses in Virginia, on the banks of the Potomac, fifteen leagues from Ft. Cumberland. He is next at the siege of Ft. William Henry, and then with Montcalm, in his contest with Wolfe.

stone, and from thence to the great land-locked bay of the ocean, Puget's Sound.*

* From the general tenor of the foregoing narrative, the Historical Society is inclined to believe that the route pursued by Verendrye was as follows :

Starting from Ft. La Reine, on the Assiniboine river, they went up Mouse river in a southerly direction, and then crossed over to the Missouri a little below where is now Ft. Berthold. They then ascended the Missouri as far as the Gates of the Mountains, where the river breaks through the Belt range (near Helena, Montana), and ascended those mountains on the 1st of January, 1743. Thence they passed up Deep or Smith's river, and over to the head of the Musselshell, and from there they went south to the Yellowstone, crossing which, they went up Pryor's fork, and through Prior's Gap, to Stinking river, which they crossed, and continuing on south, came among the Snake Indians, on Wind river, who told them that on the south side of the Wind River Mountains was the river Karoskiou (Kanaraogwa, in the modern Snake tongue), now called Green river. The Snakes also told them they would be killed if they tried to go any farther south, because war parties of the Sans Arcs band of Sioux, hereditary enemies of the Snakes, were always watching about the South Pass, to kill and plunder them as they passed to and from Green river, where lived another band of the Snake tribe. Here the party turned back, and, "on the 19th of May, 1744, they had returned to the upper Missouri, and in the Petite Cerise ('Choke Cherry') country, they planted on an eminence a leaden plate of the arms of France, and raised a monument of stones, which they called Beauharnois." This proves that they were about a year making this southern trip; but whether they returned by the way they went or not, can not be determined, as there is no tribe known as the "Choke Cherries" now in that region, and the fruit itself grows all over the Upper Missouri country. After erecting the monument they doubtless descended the Missouri to where they first struck it on their outward journey, and from there returned by the way of Mouse river and the Assiniboine, to the Lake of the Woods, where they arrived on the 2d of July, 1744.—G. S.

STEAMBOAT ARRIVALS AT FORT BENTON, MONTANA,
AND VICINITY.

1859.

Chippewa (Ft. Brule), July 17.

1860.

1. Chippewa, July 2.
2. Key West, July 2.

1861.

No arrivals.

Chippewa, bound for Benton, burnt in Disaster Bend. The owners, the American Fur Company, were smuggling alcohol through to Benton, for Indian trade, and one of the deck-hands, in the act of stealing a drink, took a candle and gimlet and proceeded into the hull of the boat, and in drawing the alcohol it ignited, and the boat caught fire.

She was loaded with Indian annuity goods, and also goods for the American Fur Company. There were about twenty-five kegs of powder on board. When the fire reached the powder, the boat blew up. Packages of merchandise were found three miles from the disaster.

1862.

1. Emilie, June 17.
2. Shreveport, June 17.
3. Key West No. 2, June 20.
4. Spread Eagle, June 20.

1863.

1. Shreveport (Cow Island), June 20.
2. Alone (mouth of Milk river).

1864.

1. Benton, June 10.
2. Yellowstone (Cow Island), June 21.
3. Effie Deans (mouth Marias), July 9.
4. Cutter, July 14.

The Benton arrived at Benton, Montana, on June 27, with a trip from mouth of Milk river, belonging to some other boat. She also brought another trip from same place to the mouth of the Marias, on July 9th.

1865.

1. Yellowstone, May.
2. Deer Lodge, May.
3. Deer Lodge, June.
4. Deer Lodge, June.
5. Effie Deans (mouth Marias), June.
6. St. Johns (mouth Marias), June 25.
7. Twilight (mouth Marias), June 29.
8. Deer Lodge (Dauphine's Rapids), July 21.

1866.

1. St. Johns, May 18.
2. Deer Lodge, May 18.
3. Cora, May 20.
4. Waverly, May 22.
5. W. J. Lewis, May 31.
6. Mollie Dozier, June 1.
7. Marcella, June 5.
8. Ontario, June 5.

9. Big Horn, June 6.
10. Walter B. Dance, June 8.
11. Iron City, June 9.
12. Amelia Poe, June 11.
13. Peter Balen, June 11.
(Seven boats here at one time.)
14. Miner, June 13.
15. Only Chance, June 13.
16. Tacony, June 15.
17. Favorite, June 15.
18. Gold Finch, June 15.
19. Luella, June 17.
20. Helena, June 27.
21. Tom Stevens, June 28.
22. David Watts, June 29.
23. Lillie Martin, June 29.
24. Agnes, June 30.
25. Sunset, July 1.
26. Huntsville, July 4.
27. Luella, July 11.
(Second trip from Ft. Union.)
28. Nellie Rogers, July 12.
29. Marion, July 13.
(Wrecked on return trip.)
30. Deer Lodge, July 13.
(Second trip from St. Louis.)
31. Gallatin, July 19.

1867.

1. Waverly, May.
2. Miner, May.
3. Only Chance, June 1.
4. Deer Lodge, June 3.

5. Walter B. Dance, June 3.
6. Gallatin, June 7.
7. Amelia Poe, June 9.
8. Mountaineer, June 10.
9. St. Johns, June 10.
10. Yorktown, June 11.
11. Nile, June 12.
12. Ben Johnson, June 13.
13. Huntsville, June 14.
14. Ida Stockdale, June 16.
15. Octavia, June 20.
16. Guidon, June 20.
17. Benton, June 26.
18. Ida Stockdale, June 29.
19. Amaranth, June 29.
20. G. A. Thompson, July 1.
21. Antelope, July 3.
22. Abeona, July 4.
23. Agnes, July 5.
24. Tacony, July 5.
25. Jennie Brown, July 6.
26. Luella, July 8.
27. Big Horn, July 8.
28. Tom Stevens, July 10.
29. Lady Grace, July 11.
30. Lillie, July 12.
31. Little Rock, July 14.
32. Ida Fulton, July 16.
33. Nymph No. 2, July 20.
34. Viola Belle, July 23.
35. Richmond, July 28.
36. Only Chance, August 29.
37. Zephyr, September 6.

38. Imperial (Cow Island).
39. Huntsville (Cow Island).

1868.

1. Success, May 15.
2. Cora, May 15.
3. Deer Lodge, May 19.
4. Nile, May 21.
5. Miner, May 25.
6. Only Chance, May 25.
7. Sallie, May 25.
8. St. Luke, May 28.
9. Henry Adkins, May 30.
10. Mountaineer, May 30.
11. Octavia, May 31.
12. Ida Stockdale, May 31.
13. Peninah, May 31.
14. Antelope, June 1.
15. Huntsville, June 1.
16. Bertha, June 2.
17. Lacon, June 8.
18. Guidon, June 8.
19. Benton, June 13.
20. Yorktown, June 14.
21. Importer, June 15.
22. Ida Reese, June 16.
23. Andrew Ackley, June 17.
24. North Alabama, June 19.
25. Fanny Barker, June 20.
26. Hiram Woods, June 23.
27. Viola Belle, June 26.
28. Columbia, June 27.
29. Urilda, June 28.

30. Deer Lodge, July 4.
31. Tom Stevens, July 7.
32. Silver Lake No. 4, July 7.
33. Andrew Ackley, July 23.
34. Leni Leoti, July 26.
35. Success, August 4.

Andrew Ackley brought some boat's freight from Dauphine's Rapids, in the month of August. She left Benton, for St. Louis, August 27.

1869.

1. Deer Lodge, May 19.
2. Importer, May 27.
3. Nile, May 27.
4. Ida Reese No. 2, May 30.
5. Cora, May 31.
6. Fanny Barker, June 1.
7. North Alabama, June 4.
8. Silver Bow, June 4.
9. Peninah, June 8.
10. Andrew Ackley, June 8.
11. Only Chance, June 8.
12. Big Horn, June 8.
13. Viola Belle, June 10.
14. Sallie, June 11.
15. Mountaineer, June 11.
16. Huntsville, June 11.
17. H. M. Shreve, June 12.
18. Miner, June 14.
19. Lacon, June 15.
20. Utah, June 15.
21. Silver Lake No. 4, June 16.
22. Peter Balen, June 18.

23. Colossal, June 20.

24. Bertha, June 21.

BOATS THAT DOUBLE-TRIPPED FROM DAU-
PIHNE'S RAPIDS TO BENTON IN 1869.

Cora, June 5.

Silver Bar, June 8.

North Alabama, June 9.

(A part of Mountaineer's trip.)

Big Horn, June 13.

North Alabama, June 13.

(With balance on Shreve's trip.)

Only Chance, June 14.

Fanny Barker, June 14.

Viola Belle, June 14.

Peninah, June 14.

Andrew Ackley, June 15.

Huntsville, June 19.

Big Horn, June 20.

Miner, June 21.

Peninah, June 23.

Only Chance, June 23.

Silver Lake, June 24.

Peter Balen, June 26.

Andrew Ackley, July 2.

1870.

1. Nick Wall, May 26.

2. Ida Reese No. 2, May 29.

3. Deer Lodge, June 1.

4. Viola Belle, June 9.

5. Sallie, June 17.

6. Bertha, June 18.
7. Peninah, June 19.
8. Ida Stockdale, June 20.

1871.

1. Ida Reese No. 2, May 13.
2. Ida Stockdale, May 25.
3. Far West, May 29.
4. Nellie Peck, June 2.
5. Peninah, June 18.
6. Flirt, June 29.

Miner came to Cow Island.

Silver Lake came to Cow Island.

Andrew Ackley came to Cow Island.

Nellie Peck came to Cow Island.

Flirt came to Ft. Peck.

1872.

1. Nellie Peck, May 18.
2. Far West, May 24.
3. E. H. Durfee, June 1.
4. Esperanza, June 9.
5. Fontenelle, June 11.
6. Sioux City, June 11.
7. Western, June 12.
8. Mary McDonald, June 15.
9. Far West, June 30.

(Quickest trip on record from Sioux City. 17 days, 20 hours. Martin Coulson, Master.)

10. Nellie Peck, June 30.
11. Katie P. Kountz, June 30.

12. Sioux City, July 23.
Sioux City, August 7.
(From Buford, with trip of Esperanza.)

1873.

1. Far West, May 22.
2. Nellie Peck, May 23.
3. E. H. Durfee, June 9.
4. Josephine, June 1.
5. De Smet, June 28.
6. Katie P. Kountz, July 5.
7. Western, July 13.

1874.

1. Fontenelle, May 21.
2. Western, May 28.
3. Nellie Peck, May 30.
4. Josephine, June 1.
5. Key West, June 4.
6. Josephine, June 22.

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE TERRITORY OF MONTANA
TO 1876.

BY WALTER W. JOHNSON.

GOVERNORS.

Sidney Edgerton,	Commissioned	June 22,	1864.
Green Clay Smith,	“	July 13,	1866.
James M. Ashley,	“	April 9,	1869.
Benjamin F. Potts,	“	July 13,	1870.

SECRETARIES.

Henry P. Torsey,*	Commissioned	June 22,	1864.
John Coburn,*	“	Mar. 3,	1865.
Thos. Francis Meagher,	“	Aug. 4,	1865.
James Tufts,	“	Mar. 28,	1867.
Wiley S. Scribner,	“	April 20,	1869.
Addison H. Sanders,	“	July 19,	1870.
James E. Calloway,	“	Jan. 27,	1871.

CHIEF JUSTICES.

Hezekiah L. Hosmer,	Commissioned	June 30,	1864.
Henry L. Warren,	“	July 18,	1868.
Decius S. Wade,	“	Mar. 17,	1871.
Decius S. Wade,	“	Mar. 17,	1875.

* Declined.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICES.

Ammi Giddings,*	Commissioned	June 22, 1864.
Lorenzo P. Williston,	“	June 22, 1864.
Lyman E. Munson,	“	Mar. 11, 1865.
Hiram Knowles,	“	July 18, 1868.
Hiram Knowles,	“	July 13, 1872.
George G. Symes,	“	April 5, 1869.
John L. Murphy,	“	Jan. 27, 1871.
Francis G. Servis,	“	Sept. 21, 1872.
Henry N. Blake,	“	July 30, 1875.

ATTORNEYS.

Edward B. Neally,	Commissioned	June 22, 1864.
Moses Veale,	“	April 20, 1867.
Alexander E. Mayhew,	“	July 11, 1868.
Henry N. Blake,	“	April 22, 1869.
Cornelius Hedges,	“	Mar. 3, 1871.
W. F. Sanders,*	“	Mar. 6, 1872.
M. C. Page,	“	Mar. 17, 1872.

MARSHALS.

Cornelius F. Buck,*	Commissioned	June 22, 1864.
George M. Pinney,	“	Feb. 20, 1865.
Niel Howie,	“	Mar. 18, 1867.
William F. Wheeler,	“	May 15, 1869.
William F. Wheeler,	“	Dec. 18, 1873.

* Declined.

COLLECTORS OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Nathaniel P. Langford, Commissioned July 15, 1864
 Andrew J. Simmons, " Sept. 28, 1868
 Wm. B. Judd, Acting Collector from March 5, 1869,
 to June 3, 1869.
 Samuel L. Watson, Commissioned April 14, 1869.
 Thomas P. Fuller, " April 14, 1873.

ASSESSORS OF INTERNAL REVENUE.

Truman C. Everts, Commissioned July 15, 1864.
 Lucius B. Church, from Feb. 16, 1870, to June 2,
 1873.

COLLECTORS OF CUSTOMS, DISTRICT OF MONTANA AND IDAHO.

John X. Beidler, Commissioned Mar. 12, 1867.
 Walter W. Johnson, " April 21, 1869.
 Thomas A. Cummings, " Mar. 15, 1873.

SURVEYORS GENERAL.

Solomon Meredith. Date of bond April 29th; commis-
 sioned April 18, 1867.
 Henry D. Washburn. Date of bond May 18th; com-
 missioned April 17, 1869.
 John E. Blaine. Feb. 27, 1871, to Dec. 18, 1873.
 Andrew J. Smith. Date of bond Jan. 7, 1874; commis-
 sioned Dec. 23, 1873.

REGISTERS OF LAND OFFICE.

Orville B. O'Bannon. Bond filed June 22, 1867; date
 of appointment April 10, 1867.
 Lorenzo B. Lyman. Bond filed June 29, 1869; date of
 appointment April 17, 1869.

Addison H. Sanders. Bond filed Jan. 17, 1871; date of appointment Dec. 28, 1870.

Willim C. Child. Bond filed May 23, 1872; date of appointment May 8, 1872.

James H. Moe. Bond filed Aug. 11, 1875; date of appointment July 29, 1875.

RECEIVERS OF LAND OFFICE.

Geo. McLean.* Bond filed April 22, 1867; date of appointment April 5, 1867.

Richard F. May. Bond filed Feb. 18, 1870; date of appointment Jan. 28, 1870.

Solomon Star. Bond filed May 23, 1872; date of appointment May 8, 1872.

H. M. Keyser. Bond filed Aug. 16, 1875; date of appointment July 2, 1875.

SUPERINTENDENTS OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Sidney Edgerton, ex officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs; appointed in 1864; service ceased in 1866.

Green Clay Smith, ex officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs; appointed in 1866; service ceased in 1868.

James Tufts, ex officio Superintendent of Indian Affairs from the time Governor Smith ceased to act until July, 1869.

Alfred Sully, Brigadier-General U. S. A.; detailed by War Department for duty as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, May 7, 1869.

Jasper A. Viall, superintendent; appointed Sept. 9, 1870; resigned in 1872.

James Wright, superintendent; appointed Dec. 19, 1872; held the position until June 30, 1873, when the office ceased to exist.

* Resigned Dec. 20, 1869.

Blackfoot Agency.

G. E. Upson, agent; appointed Oct. 13, 1863; died in March, 1866.

H. D. Upham (Upson's clerk), acted as deputy agent, after decease of agent Upson, until appointment of

Geo. B. Wright, agent; appointed April 12, 1866; resigned Nov. 10, 1868.

L. L. Blake was nominated to and confirmed by the Senate, but never entered upon duty.

W. B. Pease, Lieutenant U. S. A., was detailed by War Department for duty as agent in the spring of 1869; was relieved by military orders in 1870.

M. M. McCauley, agent; appointed Sept. 9, 1870; removed in 1871.

Jesse Armitage, agent, appointed Mar. 7, 1871; suspended from office in 1872.

Wm. F. Ensign, agent; appointed July 23, 1872; resigned in 1873.

Richard F. May, agent; appointed Nov. 6, 1873; suspended from office in 1874.

John S. Wood, agent, was appointed Oct. 24, 1874, and is the present incumbent.

W. J. Cullen was appointed a commissioner to negotiate a treaty with the Blackfeet and other Indians, April 27, 1868. His service terminated in same year.

Crow Agency.

H. M. Matthews, special agent for Mountain Crows; appointed by Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Nov. 15, 1867; service ceased in 1869. (The "Mountain" and "River" Crows were subsequently brought under one agency and a regular agent placed in charge.)

J. P. Cooper, special agent for Prairie Crows, was appointed Oct. 4, 1867; service ceased in 1869. (Cooper was succeeded by E. M. Camp, Captain U. S. A. See below.)

W. J. McCormick, special agent for Indians near Virginia City, Mon., was appointed April 23, 1867; service ceased Jan. 4, 1869.

W. J. Cullen, special agent for Indians in Montana, was appointed April 9, 1868; service ceased in same year.

E. M. Camp, Captain U. S. A.; detailed by War Department for duty as agent, in July, 1869; relieved in 1870.

F. D. Pease, agent, was appointed Sept. 9, 1870; suspended from office July, 1873.

James Wright, agent; appointed July 17, 1873; resigned in 1874.

Dexter E. Clapp, agent, was appointed Oct. 4, 1874.

Flathead Agency.

Charles Hutchins, agent; appointed Feb. 20, 1864; service terminated in 1865.

Augustus H. Chapman, agent; appointed Sept. 22, 1865; service terminated in 1866.

John W. Wells, agent; appointed Nov. 9, 1866; died in 1868.

M. M. McCauley, agent; appointed July 25, 1868; suspended from office in the spring of 1869.

A. S. Galbreath, Major U. S. A., detailed by War Department for duty as agent, June 11, 1869; relieved in 1870.

G. E. Ford, Lieutenant U. S. A., detailed in 1870, and relieved the same year.

Chas. S. Jones, agent; appointed Sept. 9, 1870; suspended in 1872.

Daniel Shanahan, agent; appointed Nov. 15, 1872; resigned in 1874.

Peter Whaley, agent; appointed May 2, 1874; suspended in 1875.

Chas. S. Medary, agent; appointed April 30, 1875.

Milk River Agency.

G. E. Ford, Lieutenant U. S. A., served during a part of 1870.

A. S. Reed, agent; appointed Sept. 14, 1870; appointment revoked Nov. 4, 1870.

Andrew J. Simmons, agent; appointed special agent Jan. 17, 1871; commissioned as agent (by the President) July 23, 1872; resigned in 1873.

W. W. Alderson, agent; appointed Sept. 1, 1873.

(This agency is also called the "Fort Peck" Agency.)

Fort Belknap Special Agency.

W. H. Fanton, special agent; appointed Aug. 12, 1873.

Lemhi Special Agency.

Harrison Fuller, special agent; appointed Nov. 13, 1873. (The reservation in charge of special agent Fuller is on the line of boundary between Montana and Idaho, but the Indians range largely into Montana.)

TERRITORIAL TREASURERS.

John J. Hull, 1864 to 1866.

John S. Rockfellow, March 20, 1866, to November, 1867.

William G. Barkley, November, 1867, to July 20, 1871.

Leander W. Frary [appointed 1869, but never obtained possession of the office].

Richard O. Hickman, July 20, 1871, to July 1, 1875.

Daniel H. Weston, 1875.

SUPERINTENDENTS OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

Thomas J. Dimsdale, 1864 to 1866.

Peter Ronan,* 1866.

Alexander H. Barret,* 1866.

A. M. S. Carpenter, 1866 to 1867.

Thomas F. Campbell, 1867 to 1869.

James H. Mills,* 1869.

S. G. Lathrop, 1869.

Cornelius Hedges, from January 15, 1872.

TERRITORIAL AUDITORS.

John S. Lott, 1864 to 1866.

John H. Ming, 1866, to December, 1867.

William H. Rodgers, December, 1867, to February 12, 1874.

James L. Fisk [appointed 1869, never obtained possession of office].

George Calloway,* February 12, 1874, to December 1, 1874.

Sol Star,* December 1, 1874, to January 5, 1876.

David H. Cuthbert, January 5, 1876.

* Resigned.

A LIST OF ALL PERSONS (EXCEPT INDIANS)
WHO WERE IN WHAT IS NOW MONTANA
DURING THE WINTER OF 1862-3, WHICH
WAS THE FIRST WINTER AFTER THE GOLD
MINES OF THIS REGION HAD BECOME
NOISED ABROAD.

(This list is not entirely complete. We ask information enabling us to
make it perfect.)

AT BANNACK CITY AND VICINITY (DAKOTAH TERRITORY).

Arnold, W. S.	Arnett, Harry.
Ault, John.	Arnett, —.
Arnold, Hosea.	Arnoux, Jas. M.
Babbett, Wm.	Buchanan, Wm.*
Ball, Smith.	Buchanan, Stewart.*
Bartlett, W. F.	Bachelder, Sam'l W.
Bachelder, Geo. S.	Beeken, Wm.
Bell, Wm. II.†	Bell, Henry A.
Bender, Joseph.	Benson, Charles.
Bentley, David A.	Bertwhistle, John.
Biddle, Dr. (dentist.)	Biggs, R. M.
Bostwick, Ephraim.‡	Bozeman, J. M.

* Brothers.

† Died November 12, 1862. First death at Bannack.

‡ Killed by Crow Indians, on Big Horn river, 1863.

|| Killed by Indians, on Yellowstone river, 1867.

Bray, Con.*	Brown, Rich'd Tinker.
Bray, Pat.*	Brown, Joseph.†
Brown, George.	Brown, Ed. (of Nugget Hill.)
Browne, Joseph A.	Buckner, Henry.
Bothwell, John.	Buffington, Wm.
Burnett, John.†	Burris, N. W.‡
Burchett, B. B.	Butz, Wm.
Beatty, Geo.	Blake, A. S.
Buttica, —.	Brooks, Henry R.
Bryan, Henry B.	Butler, Peter.
Burton, Felix, Capt.	Boyd, —.
Cook, Billy. (blacksmith.)	Caldwell, Thos.
Campbell, John.	Carhart, Geo. M.
Carrico, John.	Carr, Wm.
Carrol, Joe. (Whisky Joe.)	Cardwell Peter.
Carrigan, Joe.§	Castner, J. M.
Caven, J. B.	Chandler, Josiah.
Clarke, Albert G.	Crooks, Jesse.
Clark, Heman.	Clark, Thos. H.
Colburn, Geo.	Cole, Wm.
Cole, —. (Old man Cole.)	Copley, George.**
Cox, Dr.††	Conover, Houk.
Cox, Dr.††	Cover, Thomas W.
Crawford, Henry.	(rawford, E.
Crawford, Robt. Homer.	Crow, J. W. (alias Texas.)

* Brothers.

† Killed by Indians, on Salmon river, in March, 1863.

‡ Killed by Indians, at mouth of Marias river, in 1865.

|| Killed by the road agents in 1863.

§ Buffalo Joe; killed by Indians, on Salmon river, 1863.

** Killed while attempting to arrest a road agent, 1864.

†† Brothers, and both doctors.

Curtis, F. E.	Cleveland, Jack.*
Cossette, Louis.†	Carter, Alex.
Clancy, Wm.	Carrick, Theodore.
Cobb, Geo.	Clemens, —.
Cobb, Geo.‡	Cooper, —.
Dalton, —.	Durgan, John.
Dalton, —.§	Dance, Walter B.
Dalton, —.§	Davenport, L. W.
Davis, Nath. J.	Davis, Chas. M.
Deriar, Wm. II.	Deweese, Geo.
Donnelly, J. (alias Scotty.)	Dukes, Edwin D.
Dunphy, Elijah M.	Dunbar, Frank.
Durant, Gilbert.	Dyke, James.
Duffey, Tom.	Duryea, Richd. (Deaf Dick.)
Dobbins, —.	Dorrica, Baptiste.
Edwards, George.**	Ellis, John.
Eddings, Jason W.	Emerick, Wm. H.
Emory, J. F.	Entwhistle, Chas.
Ells, Robt.	
Falls, John.	Falen, Chas.
Fergus, James.	Faulds, Wm.
Ferster, James S.	Foster, Thos.
Foster, Thos.	Forst, Watson.
Folsom, David E.	Fallon, Thos.††

* Killed by road agent Plummer, December, 1862.

† Killed by road agent Reeves and others, January, 1863.

‡ Son of the other.

|| Desdemona's father.

§ Desdemona's brother.

** First man murdered by road agents, January, 1863.

†† Killed by Indians, on Salmon river, March, 1863.

Fox, ——.*	Fenton, Wm.
Farlin, W. L. †	Fossett, Dock. †
Farlin, O. D. †	Florida, Pat.
Galloway, J. M.	Gemmell, James.
Geery, H. T.	Gilson, Barney.
Gill, John G.	Gillette, W. C.
Graham, Maj. W.	Graves, Wm. §
Griffith, William.	Glick, Dr. Jerome S.
Goodrich, William.	Gould, Danl.
Gunn, Jack.	Guy, Chas. **
Gourley, James.	Gillem, Lon.
Godfrey, Ard.	Gwin, —— ††
Gardner, Philip. ††	
Harby, James.	Hamilton, Wm. T.
Hall, Amos W.	Hall, John J.
Hauser, Saml. T.	Heusted, Harry.
Hibbard, Ed.	Hillerman, Geo. §§
Holman, ——.	Horan, Peter.
Hoyt, Judge Frank. †	Horton, Hector.
Hoyt, ——, Dr. †	Hughes, Barney.

* With Bull when he killed Arnett, at Gold Creek, in July, 1862.

† Little old Dock.

‡ Brothers.

|| Killed by Crows on Big Horn river, May, 1863.

§ Whisky Bill; hung by Vigilantes, at Ft. Owen, 1864.

** Murdered on Red Rock creek, November, 1862, by unknown persons.

†† Known as Big Gwin; killed by Sioux, while descending Missouri river, in 1863.

‡‡ Old Phil the Man Eater.

|||| Wild Cat Bill.

§§ Great American Pie Biter.

House, Edward.*	Hunkins, Col. Dan'l H.
House, Freeman.*	Hunter, William.†
Hurd, George.*	Hawley, —.
Hurd, Rolla.*	Harrison, Henry C.
Hacker, Geo.	Hauxhurst, James.
Heister, —.	Higgins, Johnny.
Harris, Richard M.	Hammond, Chas.
Holladay, Robt.	Hopkins, David A.
Innes, John.	Irwin, J. F.
Ives, George.‡	
Jacobs, John M.	Johnson, Leander.
Jones, David.	Jorden, Augustus.
Kiplinger, William.	Keeley, Lawrence.
Koars, Conrad.	Knox, R. C.
Knowles, John.	Kuster, G.
King, James.	King, E. R.
Kinney, Wm.	Kirkpatrick, Thomas.
Kane, John.	Kritze, John.§
Ketchum, A., Dr.	
Laffin, Joshua.	Langford, N. P.
Lansing, Henry.	Le Graw, Frank.
Lear, —.	Leavitt, Dr. E. D.
Lewis, E. P.	Lovell, Phil.

* Brothers.

† Hung by Vigilantes, near Gallatin City, February, 1864.

‡ Hung by Vigilantes, at Nevada City, December, 1863.

|| Murdered by Pete Horan, in 1863.

§ Killed by a cave in Alder Gulch, in 1864.

Lowe, B. Franklin.	Luce, Wilford.
Luce, Jason.*	Luzi, Andy.
Lyon, Hays.†	Lynch, Henry.
Livingston, Saml.	Leadbetter, Mark.
Lott, M. H.	
Madison, Frank M.	Manning, Geo.‡
Mandeville, H. M.	McCafferty, Richard.
Maxwell, Capt. O. H.	McAdow, Perry W.
McFadden, Daniel.§	McIntyre, Geo.
McLean, Col. Samuel.	Merry, John.
Mendenhall, John S.	Menefee, Robt.
Miller, L. C.	Mitchell, Wm.‖
Mood, H. H.	Morgan, David.
Moore, Capt. —.	Moore, Harry.
Moore, Wm. (road agent.)	Morley, Jas. H.**
Morrell, H. F.	Morley, Julius.**
Morris, Gabriel.	Murray, Andrew.
Murphy, John.	Metcalf, Thos.
Markham, Elijah.	McNamara, Thos.
Mannheim, John.	Maekey, —.
Meredith, —.	Marsden, James.
Murphy, Charles.	
Nichols, Alfred L.	Nuckolls Lemuel.
Oliver, A. J.	Orcutt, W. H.
O'Connor, Thomas.	

* Shot in Salt Lake, in 1863, for murder of Bill Button.

† Hung at Virginia City, by Vigilantes, in January, 1864.

‡ Buckskin Clerk.

§ Bummer Dan.

‖ Killed by Indians, on Salmon river, in March, 1863.

** Brothers.

Parrish, Frank.*	Perkins, George.
Prairie, A.	Pitcher, Tom.
Pitt, Thos. D.	Phillips, David.†
Place, C. W.	Plummer, Henry.‡
Putnam, ———.	Porter, H.
Porter, E.	Potter, John.
Pratt, George.	Purkins, S. Jeff.
Purple, Edwin R.	Phleger, Harry.
Peck, Fred.	Post, Mark.
Pease, Alonzo.	Parks, Wm.
Ray, ———, Dr.	Ray, Ned.
Ray, Frank.	Raymond, ———.
Reeme, Chas.	Reeves, Chas. (road agent.)
Revil, Chas.	Rouch, Wm.
Rumley, Charles.	Rikards, Harry.
Rheem, W. C.	Rhinehart, John.
Riley, Thomas.	Rockwell, Orson J.
Root, Fred. W.	Rodgers, Henry.
Russell, John W.	Roup, James.
Richie, L. F.	Rowley, ———.
Skye, Paddy.	Shepherd, J. H.
Shaw, ———.	Stark, Joe.
Stamps, Wm.	Scudder, John.
Sewell, M. V.	Stanley, Asa.§
Shears, George.**	Stanley, ———.§
Skinner, Cyrus.**	Short, ———.

* Hung by Vigilantes, in Virginia City, in January, 1864.

† Murdered with Lloyd Magruder's party, in 1864.

‡ Chief of the road agents.

|| Died from accidental gunshot wound, in 1863.

§ Brothers.

** Hung at Hell Gate by Vigilantes, in 1864.

Sharp, O. J.	Spencer, R. M.
Spencer, Wm.	Simpson, Wm.
Smith, John A.	Smith, A. J.
Smith, H. P. A.	Smith, Enoch.
Smith, —.*	Smith, Lew P.
Spencer, Capt. John B.	Spence, Jimmy.
St. Clair, Charles.	Smith, Geo. H.
Sweeney, —.	Stapleton, G. W.
Surprenant, J. V.	Stickney E. C.
Still, Wm.	Stanton, A. K.
Stuart, James.†	Sturgis, Wm.
Stuart, Granville.†	Stoker, Christopher.
Sullivan, Jerry T.	Swift, Joseph, Jr.
Thompson, F. M.	Tilley, —.
Tisdale, C. L.	Trask, C. O.
Tyler, H. T.	Trainer, —.
Terwilliger, Wm.	Thibodeaux, —.
Townley, Wm.†	Terrill, John C.
Townley, Ben.†	Tingley, Robt.‡
Underwood, Drewyer.	
Vedder, John.	Vanderbilt, John.
Vancourt, —.	
Wildman, J. H.	Woodworth, —.
Walton, Sub.	Waddams, Wilson.
Wall, Capt. Nick.	Wallace, Wm.
Waters, E. P.	Watkins, Cyrus D.

* Killed by Indians, on Salmon river, in March, 1863.

† Brothers.

‡ With two grown sons; one was also Robert.

Watkins, Frank.	Wheat, Horace.
White, John.*	Wickham, Geo.
Williamson, Ned.	Wilson, J. R.
Wing, George.	Whitcher, Warren.
Woods, P. C.	Woody, Frank H.
Wright, Wm.	Willard, J. S.
Wilds, —.	Wyman, Wooster.†
Wiggington, Jas.	Wyman, Chas.†
Wendell, —.	
York, James N.	Young, Dr. Chas. L.
Zoller, Henry.	

FEMALES AT BANNACK.

Arnold, Mrs. W. S.	
Ball, Mrs. Smith.	Bennett, Widow.‡
Biddle, Mrs. Dr.	Buckner, Mrs. Hank.
Burchett, Mrs. B. B.	Burchett, Miss Sallie.
Burchett, Miss Mary.	Brown, Widow.
Caldwell, Mrs. Thos.	Carrol, Mrs.
Castner, Mrs. J. M.	Caven, Mrs. J. B.
Dalton, Mrs.	Dalton, Miss Matilda.
Dalton, Miss —.	Davenport, Mrs. L. W.
Donnelly, Miss Mary.	Durgan, Widow Catharine.
Hewins, Widow.	Harby, Mrs. James.

* Discoverer of the mines at Bannack City, in July, 1862.

† Brothers.

‡ And young daughter.

Kuster, Mrs. G.

Le Graw, Mrs. Frank.*

Meredith, Mrs.

Peabody, Mrs. Susan.

Ray, Mrs. Frank.

Short, Mrs.

Tilley, Mrs.

Tyler, Mrs. H. T.

Waddams, Mrs. Wilson.

Waddams, Miss Sarah.

Zoller, Mrs. Henry.

Zoller, Miss Emma.

AT BIG HOLE BRIDGE (DAKOTA TERRITORY).

Burr, Fred. H.

Ervin, Louis D.

Coulan, James.

Minesinger, James M.

IN DEER LODGE VALLEY (WASHINGTON TERRITORY).

Adams, Thos., Gold Creek.

Allen, Charles S., Dublin.

Anderson, Rezin, Gold Creek.

Barasta, Alejo.

Broadwater, C. A., Dry Cottonwood Creek.

Bratton, Hugh, Gold Creek.

Beauregard, Henry, La Barge City.

* The Countess.

- Carr, John, Dempsey Creek.
Cosgrove, Anthony, La Barge City.
Carrol, Calvin, La Barge City.
Carrol, Mrs. (alias "Blinkey"), La Barge City.
Contoi, David, La Barge City.
Cook A., Gold Creek.
Cabban, Frank, Gold Creek.
Courtoi, Antoine, La Barge City.
- Demars, Louis, La Barge City.
Dionisio, ———.
Descheneaux, Louis, La Barge City.
Dayton, John, La Barge City.
Dempsey, Robert, Dempsey Creek.
- Edgar, Henry, Dempsey Creek.
Fairweather, Wm., La Barge City.
Franks, John, Dempsey Creek.
Fernier, Stephen, Gold Creek.
- Grant, John F., La Barge City.
Grant, Jas. C., La Barge City.
Grandmaison, Louis, La Barge City.
- Hill, Joseph, La Barge City.
Howard, Joe, Gold Creek.
Hewins, Homer, La Barge City.
Hewins, Widow, Gold Creek.
- Ives, George, "Dublin."
- "Joe" ——— (Kishner's partner), Gold Creek.
Josef, ———.
- Kishner, Peter, Gold Creek.

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- Lavatta, Thos., La Barge City.
La Breche, Charles D., mouth Little Blackfoot Creek.
Larriveé, Henry, La Barge City.
La Montague, Francois, La Barge City.
Linn, Capt. —, Gold Creek.
- Martin, Josef.
Martin, Peter, Gold Creek.
Martin, Amelia, Gold Creek.
Morgan, John B., La Barge City.
Modesto, —.
Maillet, Louis R., La Barge City.
Milot, H. A., La Barge City.
“Mack,” the Fiddler, La Barge City.
- Narmondin, Francois, La Barge City.
Nelson, Robt., Gold Creek.
- Olin, Giles S., La Barge City.
Olin, Frank, La Barge City.
Olin, Mrs. G. S., La Barge City.
Orr, Geo., La Barge City.
- Powell, John W., La Barge City.
Pambrun, Thos., La Barge City.
Peltier, Madame René, La Barge City.
Peltier, Augustus G., La Barge City.
Peltier, Mrs. A. G., and daughter, La Barge City.
Pellerin, Eli, La Barge City.
Prudhomme, Joseph, La Barge City.
Pemberton, John S., Dry Cottonwood Creek.
Pond, Henry S., Gold Creek.
Parker, —, Gold Creek.

Peabody, Benoni S., La Barge City.

Peabody, Mrs. Susan, La Barge City.

Quesnelle, Leon, La Barge City.

Quesnelle, Baptiste, La Barge City.

Quesnelle, Joseph, La Barge City.

Riley, Thomas, La Barge City.

Reed, Jimmy, La Barge City.

Thompson, R. A., Gold Creek.

Townsend, Job, Gold Creek.

Thomas, Henry ("Gold Tom"), La Barge City.

Truchot, Francois, La Barge City.

Young, —, La Barge City.

LIST OF CITIZENS LIVING AT FT. BENTON,
MONTANA, DURING THE WINTER OF 1862
AND 1863.

Arnoux, James M.

Burdeau, Antoine, voyageur, Ft. Benton.

Bostwick, Henry, employe at Ft. Benton.

Cournoya, Clement, employe at Ft. Benton.

Cournoya, Chas., employe at Ft. Benton.

Champagne, Michael, employe, interpreter and trader, Ft.
Benton.

Carafel, Dan'l, free man.

Chouquette, Chas., interpreter and trader, Ft. Benton.

Chouquette, Peter, interpreter and trader, Ft. Benton.

Carroll, M., chief clerk, Ft. Benton.

Cunaud, Chas, employe, Ft. Benton.

Cunaud, Edward, employe, Ft. Benton.

Dawson, Andrew, bourgeoisie or governor, Ft. Benton.

De Roche, Benj., interpreter and trader, Ft. Benton.

Foy, Milton, employe, Ft. Benton.

Hule, Joseph, employe.

Hunick, —, sub-clerk in store.

Keiser, Wm. (Buffalo Bill), employe.

Largent, John, employe.

Laurion, Joseph, carpenter.

Lucier, Joe, employe.

Longleine, Paul (overseer of workmen), employe.

Mercure, Vincent (carpenter), employe.

Martin, Henry (blacksmith), employe.

Nubert, John, (tailor), employe.

Robert, Henry, interpreter and trader.

Spearson, Jos., interpreter and trader at Ft. Benton.

Stull, George, chief clerk, Ft. Benton.

Teasdale, Wm. (alias Col. Spike), employe, Ft. Benton.

Tremblez, Isaiah, employe, Ft. Benton.

Weipert, Geo. (tinner), employe, Ft. Benton.

Veiele, Francis, interpreter, Ft. Benton.

Phil. Barnes, (negro), employe, Ft. Benton.

Henry Mills, (negro), employe, Ft. Benton.

Vanlitburg, Jas. (negro), cook, Ft. Benton.

SUN RIVER.

Vail, J. A., and wife, farmer at Blackfoot reservation.

O'Brien, Miss, sister-in-law of Vail, afterward Mrs. Plummer.

Reid was the Indian agent, but did not remain during the winter.

James M. Arnoux was in this section also.

A LIST OF WHITE PERSONS WHO RESIDED IN
MISSOULA COUNTY (WASHINGTON TERRI-
TORY) DURING THE WINTER OF 1862 AND
1863.

Asline, Joseph, Frenchtown.

Bison, Frank, St. Ignatius Mission.

Barnes, O. S., Agency.

Badger, Dr. Wm., Agency.

Blodgett, Joseph, Bitter Root Valley.

Blake, L. L., Ft. Owen.

Burk, Edward, B. R. Valley.

Brooks, E., B. R. Valley.

Babcock, Wm. H., B. R. Valley.

Bantee, William, and wife, B. R. Valley.

Brown, Louis, Frenchtown.

Brooks, David M., Two-Creeks.

*Brooks, Henry R., Grass Valley.

Botte, Peter J., Hell Gate.

Batchelder, Albert, Hell Gate.

Bills, Worthington, Grass Valley.

Beaupre, George, Frenchtown.

Carnana, Father Joseph, Mission.

Claessens, William, Mission.

Caliphonio, Father, Mission.

*Henry R. Brooks was the first justice elected, or appointed, who held a court or tried a cause within the limits of our present Territory. The cause was tried in the spring of 1862—"Tin-Cup Joe vs. O'Keeffe."

-
- Coture, Joseph, Mission.
 Corville, Louis, Mission.
 Clairmont, Louis, B. R. Valley.
 Carron, Edward, B. R. Valley.
 Chatfield, John, B. R. Valley.
 Cone, Henry M., and Cone, Elva (first white couple married
 in Bitter Root Valley), B. R. Valley.
 Craudall, Benjamin, B. R. Valley.
 Calkins, Daniel S., Hell Gate.
 Caldwell, John S., Missoula Ferry.
 Carr, Philip, Frenchtown.

 *Dillingham, John, Agency.
 Dumontie, Napoleon, B. R. Valley.
 De Lacey, Capt. W. W., Ft. Owen.
 Dobbins, George W., Ft. Owen.
 Dobbins, Louisa, Ft. Owen.
 Dusharme, Baptiste, Frenchtown.
 Dubreuil, Adolphe ("Tin-Cup Joe"), Frenchtown.
 Doan, Marcus, Hell Gate.

 Frush, Charles, Agency.
 Frewen, Thomas, B. R. Valley.
 Frazier, John, Hell Gate.

 Grassi, Father Urbanus, Mission.
 Giorda, Father Joseph, Mission.
 Gird, A. K., B. R. Valley.
 Goodrich, Mrs. Wm., Ft. Owen.
 Grant, Mrs. Helen, Hell Gate.
 Grant, Julia P., Hell Gate.
 Grant, Adeline, Hell Gate.
-

* Killed by Haze Lyons, Buck Stinson, and Charley Fubs, in July, 1863. This is the first man killed at Alder Gulch.

Hutchins, Maj. Charles (Indian agent), Agency.

Holmes, William, Agency.

Harris, Thomas W., B. R. Valley.

Hurst, George, B. R. Valley.

Higgins, Capt. C. P., Hell Gate.

*Higgins, W. B. S., Hell Gate.

Holman, George, Hell Gate.

Henderson, A. B., Agency.

Irvine, Peter, Mission.

Irvine, Capt. C. E., Ft. Owen.

Johnson, W. W., mail-carrier on Walla-Walla road.

Johnson, E. B., and children, B. R. Valley.

Kitson, David, Frenchtown.

Larkin, Michael, Agency.

Lafontain, P. M., B. R. Valley.

Lomprè, Joseph, B. R. Valley.

Lambert, Edward, Frenchtown.

Larose, Joseph, Frenchtown.

Lavallie, J. B., Two Creeks.

Little, John, Two Creeks.

Lowre, John, Hell Gate.

Ledoux, Damien, Frenchtown.

Mènètre, Father Joseph, Mission.

Magri, Father, Mission.

McIver, James, H. B. Post.

McLeod, Angus, H. B. Post.

McLaurin, Lochlin, H. B. Post.

Montgomery, —, H. B. Post.

* See Bannack City.

Meridith, William, and wife, B. R. Valley.

Miller, Henry W., Frenchtown.

Miller, Caroline, Frenchtown.

Miller, Lucretia (now Worden), Frenchtown.

Miller, Mary C. (now Lent), Frenchtown.

Mineinger, Thomas, Hell Gate.

McDonald, Peter, Hell Gate.

Martineau, Antoine, B. R. Valley.

McWhirk, Cyrus, Ft. Owen.

Neron, Eustah ("La Shaw"), Frenchtown.

Nichols, Daniel P. ("Big Nick"), Two Creeks.

Nolan, James, Two Creeks.

Owen, Maj. John, Ft. Owen.

O'Keeffe, C. C. ("Baron O'Keeffe of Castle O'Keeffe"),
Koriaken Defile.

O'Keeffe, D. C., Koriaken Defile.

Overlander, Amos, Two Creeks.

Pelky, Adeline, Hell Gate.

Pelky, Robert A., Hell Gate.

*Pelky, Jeff Henry, Hell Gate.

Pelon, Louis, Mission.

Parker, C. J., B. R. Valley.

Pion, Joseph, Hell Gate.

Poutré, Joseph, Frenchtown.

Patter, David, Hell Gate.

Peters, John, and wife, B. R. Valley.

*Jeff. Henry Pelky, son of R. A. and Adeline Pelky, was born at Grass Valley, three miles below Hell Gate, January 13, 1862, and is beyond doubt the first white child born within the limits of the present Territory of Montana.

Reidt, Charles, Mission.

Reeves, Moise, Frenchtown.

Richards, Luther, Frenchtown.

Rouse, H. E., and wife, Hell Gate.

Sherwood, Fred., Agency.

Sinnett, James, Agency.

Sullivan, Daniel, Agency.

Specht, Joseph, Mission.

Schafft, Charles, Mission.

Silverthorne, John, B. R. Valley.

Slack, John, B. R. Valley.

Sinclair, Wm., Hell Gate.

Sinclair, Jeremiah L., Hell Gate.

Sinclair, James, Hell Gate.

Sinclair, Mary, Hell Gate.

Sinclair, Colin, Hell Gate.

Stinson, I. N. ("Buck;" hanged at Bannaek by the "Vigilantes," in January, 1864), Hell-Gate.

Sellers, James, Hell Gate.

Sellers, Susan, Hell Gate.

Scott, Wm., Hell Gate.

Smith, Richard ("Beaver Dick"), Hell Gate.

Taylor, Wm., Joeko Valley.

Tallman, W. A., B. R. Valley.

Tipton, M. T., Frenchtown.

Tuleau, Emil, Frenchtown.

Thompson, —, Frenchtown.

Terry, Dr., Agency.

Vereruyssen, Father Louis, Mission.

Vanzini, Father Aloysius, Mission.

Van Dorn, Hezekiah, Grass Valley.

White George P.,* Hell Gate.

White, Josephine,* Hell Gate.

Windes, George M., B. R. Valley.

Williams, Henry, Hell Gate.

Worden, Frank L., Hell Gate.

Young, George, Frenchtown.

* This couple were married March 5, 1862, at Hell Gate, and were the first white couple ever married within the present limits of Montana.

MOUNTAINS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The following is the height in feet of the principal mountains in the United States, as compiled from Professor Hayden's report in the United States Register:

ROCKY MOUNTAINS, SIERRA NEVADA AND CASCADE RANGE.

Mount St. Elias, Alaska (estimated).....	15,860
Mount Fairweather, Alaska (est.).....	14,783
Mount Whitney, Cal.....	15,000
Mount Shasta, Cal.....	14,442
Mount Rainer, Washington Ter.....	14,434
Mount Tyndall, Cal.....	14,386
Mount Harvard, Colorado Ter.....	14,270
Pike's Peak, Colorado Ter.....	14,216
Irwin's Peak, Colorado Ter.....	14,192
Gray's Peak, Colorado Ter.....	14,145
Mount Lincoln, Colorado Ter.....	14,124
Mount Yale, Colorado Ter.....	14,081
Long's Peak, Colorado Ter.....	14,050
Mount Brewer, Cal.....	13,886
Mount Hayden, Wyoming Ter.....	13,858
Horse Shoe Mountain, Colorado Ter.....	13,806
Silver Heel's Mountain, Colorado Ter.....	13,650
Fremont's Peak, Wyoming Ter.....	13,570
Mount of the Holy Cross, Colorado Ter.....	13,500
Mount Hodge's, Uintah Mountains.....	13,500
Mount Tolwano, Uintah Mountains.....	13,500
Velie's Peak, Colorado Ter.....	13,456
Mount Audubon, Colorado Ter.....	13,402
Gilbert's Peak, Uintah Mountains.....	13,250
Mount Dana, Cal.....	13,227

Mount Lyell, Cal.....	13,217
Mount Guyot, Colorado Ter.....	13,223
Parry's Peak, Colorado Ter.....	13,133
Three Tetons, Idaho Ter.....	13,000
Bald Mountain, Idaho Ter.....	13,000
Mount Flora, Colorado Ter.....	12,878
San Francisco Mountains, Arizona Ter.....	12,052
Wahsatch Mountains, Utah Ter.....	12,000
Spanish Peaks, Colorado Ter.....	12,000
Mount Englemann, Colorado Ter.....	12,000
Snow Line, 41° North Latitude.	
Mount Wright, Colorado Ter.....	11,800
Mount Silliman, Cal.....	11,623
Mount San Bernardino, Cal.....	11,600
Mount Hood, Oregon.....	11,225
Mount Pitt, Oregon.....	11,000
Lone Peak, Utah Ter.....	11,000
Black Hills, Wyoming Ter.....	11,000
Wind River Mountains, Wyoming Ter..	11,000
Electric Peak, Yellowstone Park.....	10,992
Mount Baker, Oregon.....	10,719
Emigrant Peak, Montana Ter.....	10,629
Lassen's Butte, Cal.....	10,577
Mount Sheridan, Wyoming Ter.....	10,420
Mount Washburn, Yellowstone Park.....	10,388
Ward's Peak, Montana Ter.....	10,371
Mount Delano, Montana Ter.....	10,200
Mount Blackmore, Montana Ter.....	10,134
Mount Doane, Yellowstone Park.....	10,118
Mount San Antonio, Cal.....	9,931
Mount St. Helen's (Volcano), Washington Ter.....	9,760
Old Baldy, Montana Ter..	9,711
Mount Garfield, Idaho Ter.....	9,704
Mount Adams, Washington Ter.....	9,570
Bridger's Peak, Montana Ter.....	9,000
Crater Lake, Cascade Range, Oregon.....	9,000
Mount Olympus, Coast Range, Wyoming Ter.....	8,136
Yellowstone Lake, Wyoming Ter.....	7,788

Mount Mitchell, Alleghany Mountains, N. C.....	6,732
Mount Washington, White Mountains, N. H..	6,285

PASSES OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

32d Parallel, near El Paso	5,714
35th Parallel, near Albuquerque.....	7,472
38th Parallel (Coochecopa Pass).....	10,000
41st Parallel (U. P. R. R.).....	8,241
42d Parallel (South Pass).....	7,085
47th and 48th Parallels (Cadott's Pass).....	6,044
47th and 48th Parallels (Deer Lodge Pass).....	6,200
47th and 48th Parallels (Lewis and Clarke's).....	6,323
Flathead Pass (Northern Montana).....	5,459
Kutanic Pass (British America).....	6,000

PASSES OVER THE SIERRA NEVADAS.

Tejon Pass, 34° 45' North Latitude.....	5,250
Walker's Pass, 35° 30' North Latitude.....	5,300
New Pass, to Owen's river.....	3,164
Mono Pass, to Mono Lake.....	10,700
Donner Pass, C. P. R. R.....	7,042
Beckwith's Pass, to Pyramid Lake.....	4,500
Truckee Pass	7,200
Madelin Pass.....	5,667

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